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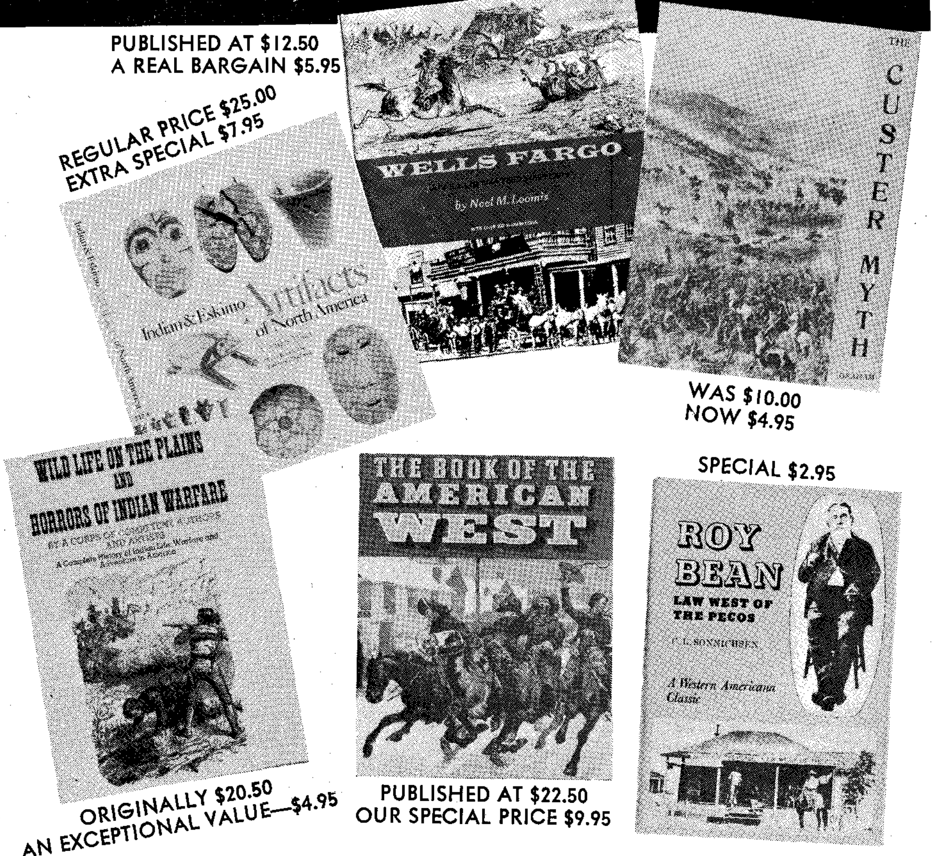

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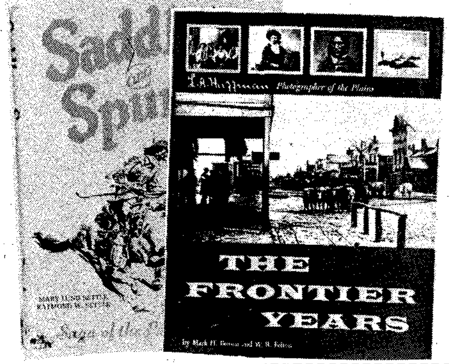
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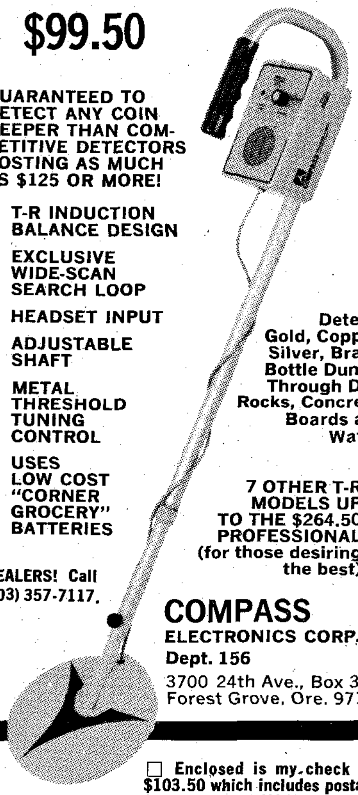

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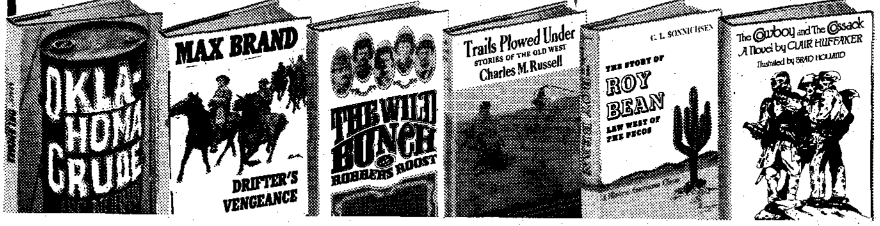

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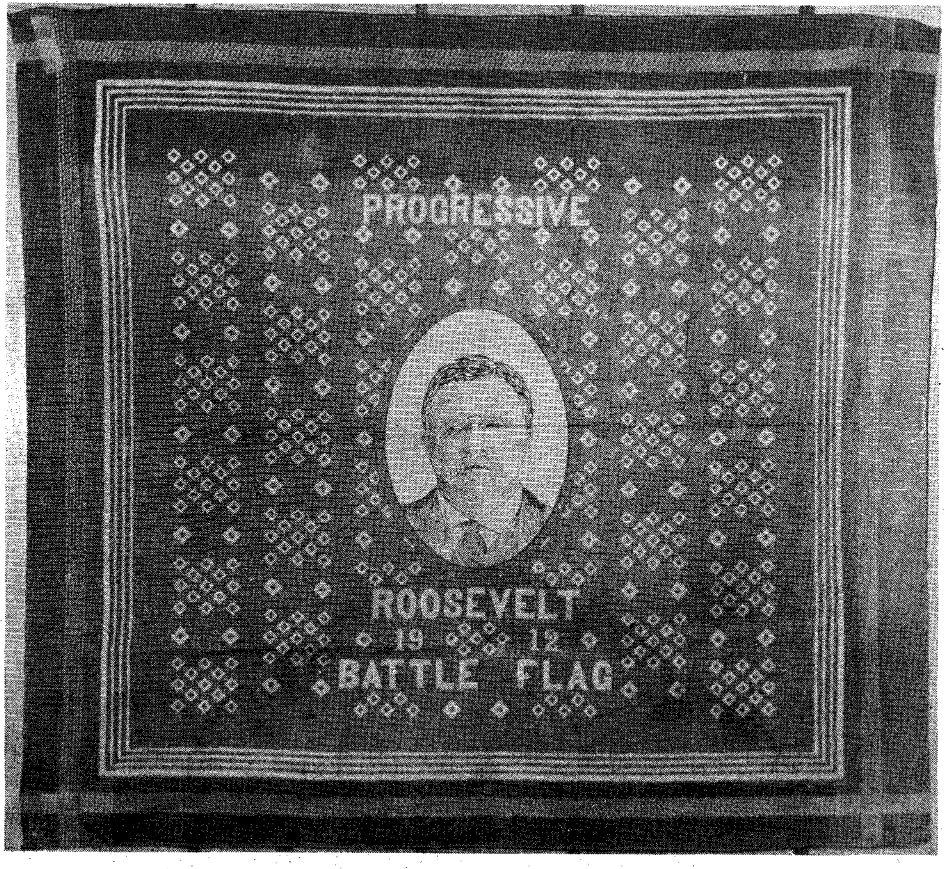

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I am sending along a picture of a 1912 "Progressive Roosevelt Battle Flag" which I have had for over fifty years. The flag measures 23½" x 22". I am interested in selling the flag and thought perhaps one of your readers might want it.—J. G. Hilgart, Rt. 1, Box 26, Yerington, Nevada 89447

Glory Hole

Regarding "Gold of the Coquihalla" in the November '72 issue, the glory hole mentioned in this article is about seventy-five miles from here. I feel somewhat disgusted with myself as I've gone right past it several times, but it's reassuring to know that such pockets are still being found in the area.

I lived and worked on the Lone Wolf Mine near Lytton, B. C., three years ago and I absolutely agree with the statement that Mr. Cyr "lives, breathes, and sleeps gold."

As regards the nuggets found in the article, the author states that the gold is nearly 25 carat fine. I have a copy of *Placer Gold Production of British Columbia*, 1950, a bulletin produced by the government and now quite rare. From it I quote: "Coquihalla River 1931-1940, 131 ounces, value $3,332. Fineness used for conversion 875. Fineness assumed to be same as average of Ladner and Fifteen Mile Creeks." This fineness is above British Columbia's average of 861.

Next I quote: "Ladner Creek 1931-1935, 9 ounces, value $156. Fineness used for conversion 850. Fineness calculated from dollar value of gold." This fineness is below British Columbia's average.

Now, to untangle the confusion, consider this: "Fifteen Mile Creek, 1931-1935, 3 ounces, $100. Fineness used for conversion 901-1/4."

This greatly improves the average of the two creeks which happen to be tributaries of the Coquihalla River and whose confluences are located upstream from the glory hole mentioned in the article.

Mr. Peter Lowe's gold, being nearly 24 carat fine, may very well have its origin somewhere along Fifteen Mile Creek which is seven or eight miles farther up the Coquihalla River.

I sincerely hope you will find this information usable and wish to add that it is this kind of research which can eventually lead a prospector to his final goal.—Morley G. Brook, 11431 232 Street, Route 1, Maple Ridge, British Columbia, Canada.

First Western Motion Picture

For my eightieth birthday, my granddaughter gave me six copies of your magazines. In the July 1971 issue I was most interested in the story, "Little Jo," by Roger Rickert. Albert Smith of the Vitagraph Company was my uncle. I would like to add a little to the story. Albert Smith had a partner, J. Stuart Blackton, and the two owned Vitagraph Company. In 1907 they sold out to Edison. I remember seeing their first western motion picture. The film part lasted about fifteen minutes, followed by stage acts, sharpshooting and rope spinning. The projector was operated with gas. The motion picture was on the order of a newsreel. It was the talk of the century. Albert Smith and A. M. Whaylen's first wife were cousins. Just thought you might be interested.—Sarah Smith, Newport, Virginia 24128

Crenshaw Home

I would like to hear from anyone who may have information on the home of John Hart Crenshaw built in 1834 at Equality, Illinois. It is now known as the Old Slave House. Also, any information about "Uncle Bob" or his descendants would be welcome. Uncle Bob was stationed in this home as a stud breeder and died in 1949 at the veterans hospital at the age of 114. Any information will be greatly appreciated.—B. Royal Hayes, Box 1092, Paducah, Kentucky 42001

Peralta Stone Maps

I found the McGee article in the May 1973 FRONTIER TIMES, "Are the Peralta Stone Maps a Hoax?", very interesting and informative. I have been spending my winters down in that area. Yep, I'm one of the "Lost Dutchman" bugs. I didn't get much accomplished this past winter on account of the rainy and cold weather. I am going to have to reread that article quite a few times before making any kind of a critique.

Even though the McGees may be absolutely right about the stone maps, it does not mean that the Lost Dutchman, Spanish mines or caches do not exist. It could be that the hoaxster did find them and merely spent a bit of time pointing to a dead trail for insurance against nosy people. This article is going to have a decidedly negative effect on many of the treasure hunters down here.—(Alias) Justin Hathaway, Hawthorne, Nevada 89415

Wagontrain Log

This is a copy of a log kept of a wagontrain trip in 1812, April 8, from Bell Buckle, Tennessee to Texas. It took 299 days on this, the first trip. (There were three trips in all—one in 1812; one in 1814; and one in 1816.) It took 199 days to reach the big bend of Red River, which

(Continued on page 63)

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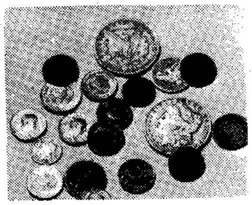

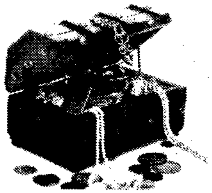

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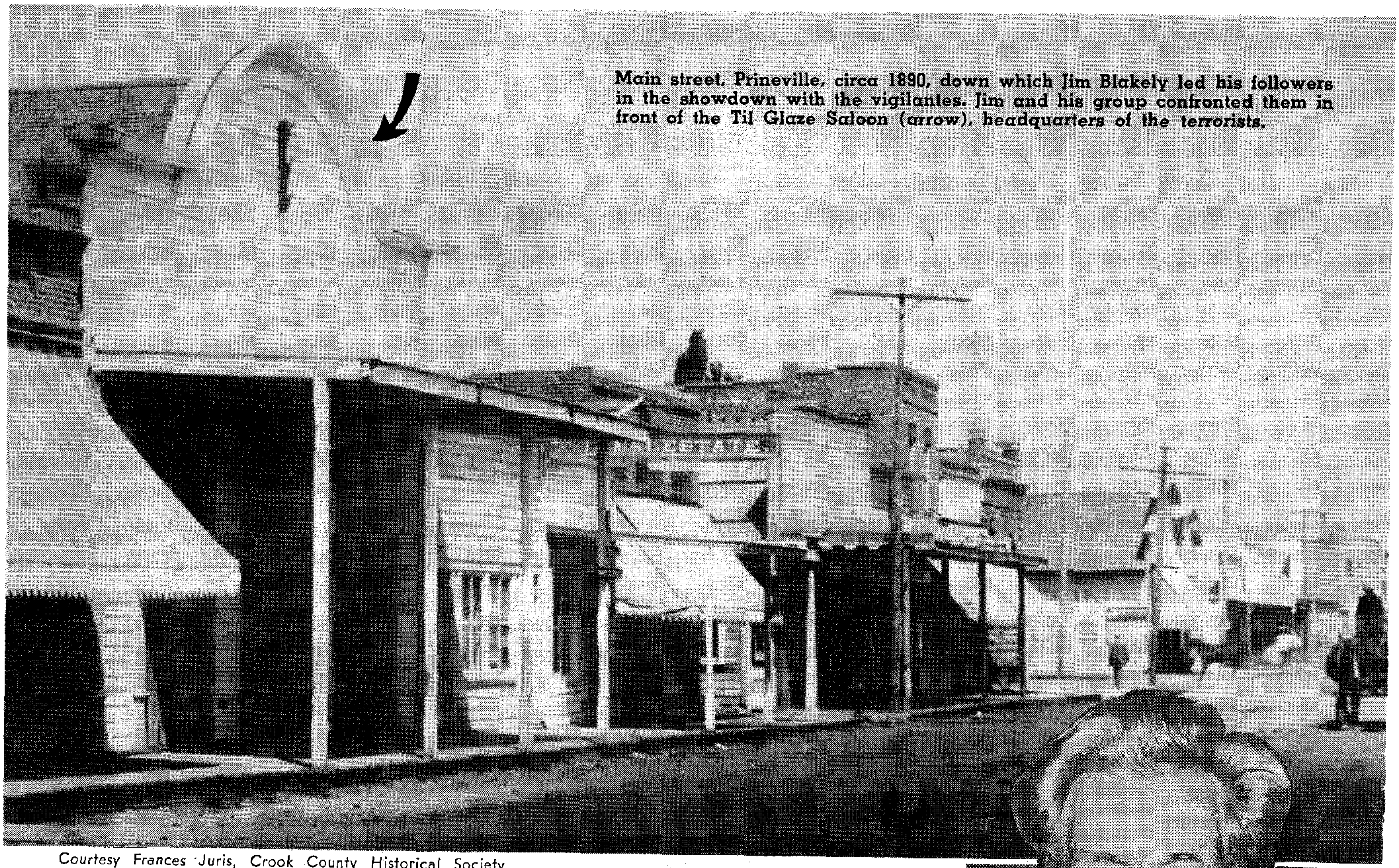
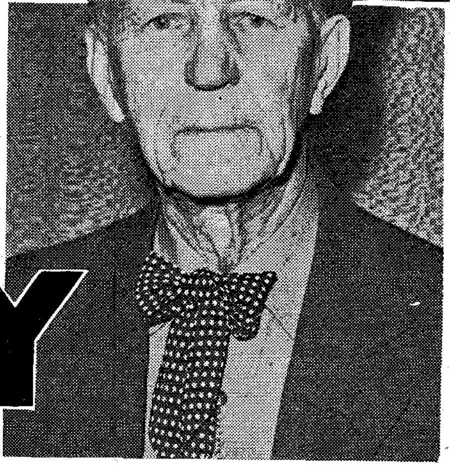


Main street, Prineville, circa 1890, down which Jim Blakely led his followers in the showdown with the vigilantes. Jim and his group confronted them in front of the Til Glaze Saloon (arrow), headquarters of the terrorists.

Courtesy Frances Juris, Crook County Historical Society

OREGON'S LEGENDARY SHERIFF



James Blakely in later years.

BY LARRY WARREN

Photos Courtesy Author

THE COMMUNITY of Prineville, center of a flourishing cattle industry in Central Oregon, was locked in a reign of terror in the early 1880s. Guns roared in the night; ranchers disappeared, never to be heard from again; and the limbs of juniper trees sagged with the hanged and bullet-ridden bodies of men who had defied a gang of vigilantes.

Ruling the 8,600 square miles of cattle country, as well as the booming town itself, was a group of cattlemen, merchants, saloonkeepers and others, operating ostensibly to prevent rustling and similar illegal activities, but actually to fatten their own bankrolls, settle personal arguments and grievances, and satisfy a thirst for power.

Colonel William Thompson, pioneer printer, editor, Indian fighter, rancher, and judge, was the leader. In his hectic career he had been wounded several times, and even left for dead once. Thompson carried a bullet in his neck for half a century.

He had been commissioned a colonel in the Oregon Militia to fight Captain Jack's

Jim Blakely had no desire to be a peace officer, but as he said, "I was born in this country and I'll be damned if anyone is going to tell me when and where I can ride!"

Modoc Indians. He was a friend and classmate of Joaquin Miller, who later became a poet of world renown at the old Columbia College in Eugene. Thompson worked for Miller's "pony express" outfit, shipping gold from the mines at Orofino, Idaho, to Walla Walla, Washington, as well as getting his first instruction as a "printer's devil" from Miller on the Eugene *Herald.* Later, Thompson was presented with what purported to be a newspaper but in reality was merely a political organ in the state capitol at Salem, for Governor LaFayette F. Grover.

Thompson's unorthodox journalism, political manipulations, and flamboyant behavior soon resulted in his being dubbed the "Madcap Colonel" by Harvey Scott, editor of the leading newspaper in the Pacific Northwest, *The Oregonian.*

In 1871 Thompson killed two rival newspaper publishers in Roseburg, Henry and Thomas Gale, and fled across the Cascade Mountains into Central Oregon. There he acquired some cattle and soon became one of the Prineville area's leading ranchers, as well as a civic leader. By the beginning of 1882, he had organized a gang of vigilantes and was ruling the region with an iron hand. Many of the ranchers and townspeople, of course, secretly opposed Thompson's methods but were powerless to resist the gunmen and other hoodlums who carried out his orders.

One of the opposition, however, was not so quiescent—James M. (Jim) Blakely, member of a pioneer family. His paternal great-grandfather, Charles, migrated from Ireland to Virginia, and was a veteran of the American Revolution. Charles' son, Joseph, served in the War of 1812 and then moved to Knox County, Tennessee. He later moved to Missouri, where he farmed and was circuit judge for twenty-six years.

Joseph's son, James C., was Jim Blakely's father who, with his wife, Sarah, had joined a large train of oxen-pulled covered wagons in the 1846 migration to the Pacific Northwest. James C. had been chosen captain of the train.

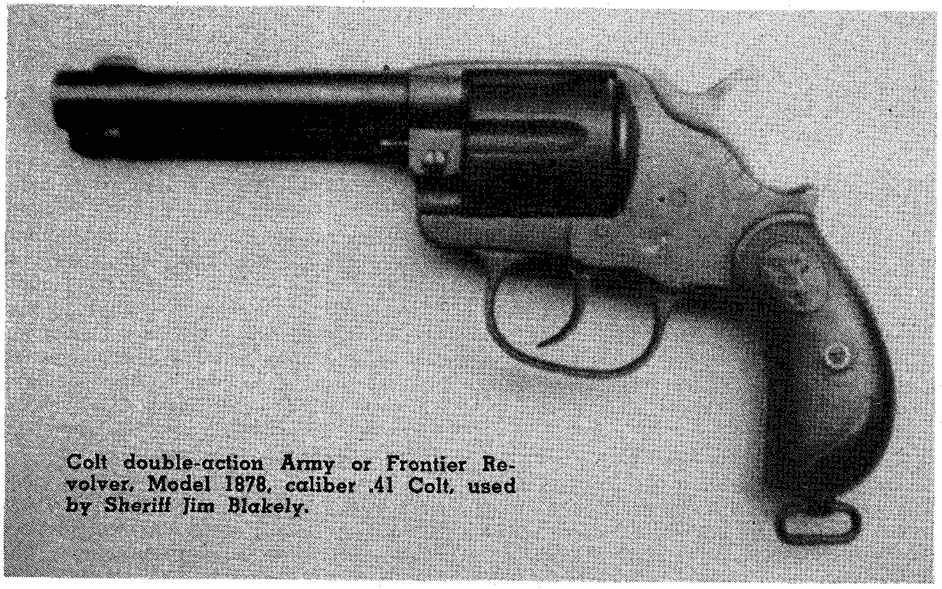
There was nothing but a Methodist Mission at The Dalles, Oregon, when they passed through, so the Blakelys proceeded to Tygh Valley and west via the old Barlow Road through the Cascade Mountains to Oregon City. They settled on a donation land claim in Linn County near what is now the town of Brownsville. Here James C. became a stockman and here his eleven children grew up. The erstwhile wagonmaster built one of the first flour mills in Oregon and erected the first store in Brownsville. He also organized a company of mounted volunteers and fought as captain of that group during the Rogue River Indian War of 1858. Afterwards he became a member of the State Legislature.

Jim Blakely was born July 31, 1852. He attended school in Brownsville, reaching the seventh grade, but at an age when most youths of today are entering high school, he was in the saddle, a seasoned cowhand and a crack shot with pistol or rifle.

In 1868 Jim and his father drove a herd of 600 cattle across the Santiam River and the Cascade Mountains to winter in the dry climate of the Wild Horse country near what is now Pendleton in Umatilla County. Bunchgrass was belly-deep to a horse in those days, lush and waving in the breeze. Soil erosion was unknown. The following year the big three- and four-year-old, grass fattened steers were driven down to the Nevada mines—the nearest important market for Oregon beef—and sold for around $30 per head.

In 1869 young Blakely moved part of his father's cattle to Madras, in Central Oregon, where hay feeding was unknown. He stayed there nearly ten years, running cattle and marketing them in California and Nevada. One time (in 1878) the young man and his father, on their trip south, ran smack into part of the army of Digger Indians—renegade Bannocks from the John Day country—who had

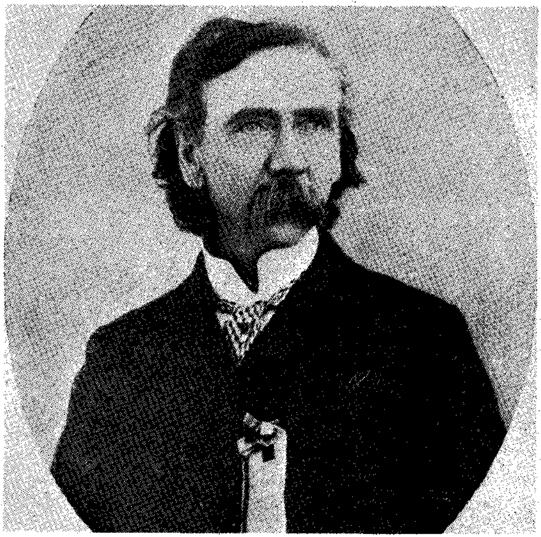
Courtesy Oregon State Sheriffs' Assn., Photo by Bill Hawley



Colt double-action Army or Frontier Revolver, Model 1878, caliber .41 Colt, used by *Sheriff Jim Blakely.*

Courtesy Frances Juris, Crook County Historical Society

Justice was served in Crook County's courthouse (left) after Blakely was elected sheriff. Colonel William Thompson *(below),* leader of the vigilantes, whose hold on the community Blakely broke.



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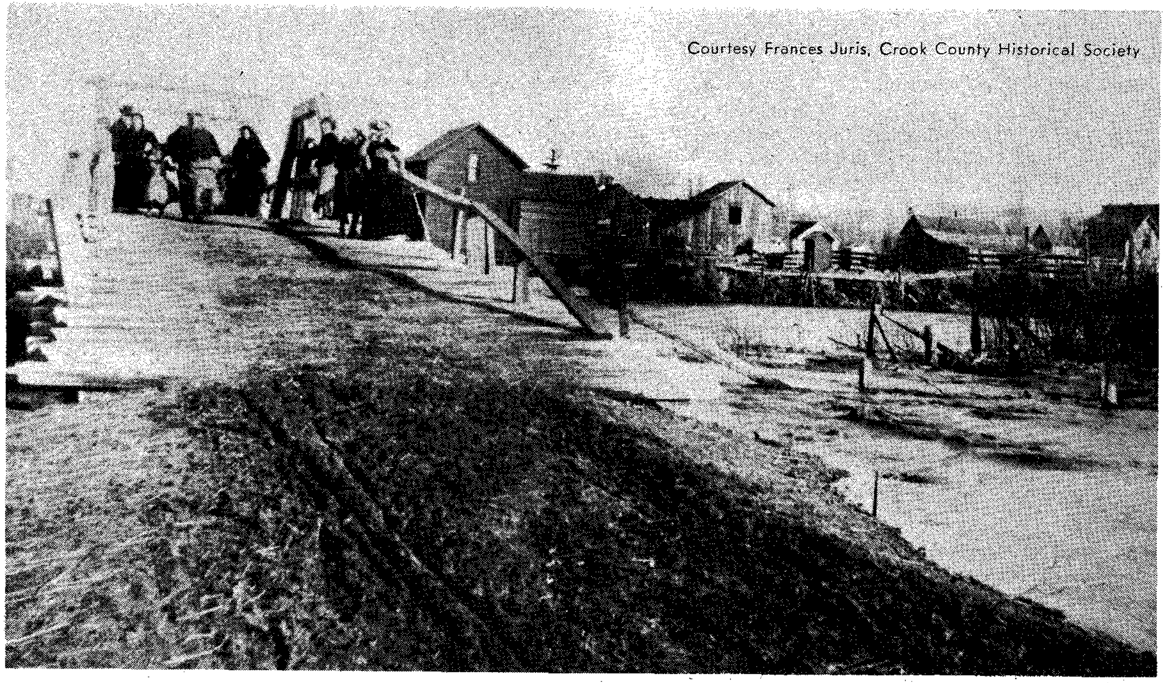
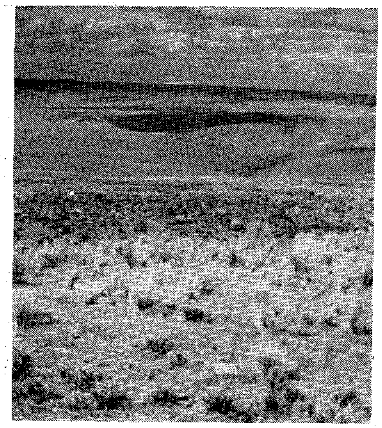

Courtesy Frances Juris, Crook County Historical Society

Crooked River Bridge (above) from which the vigilantes hanged the innocent farm hand, W. T. Harrison.



Right: General view of the rangeland (top) where one rancher was shot to death and another disappeared and was never found. In an area like this (bottom), two men were hanged to a juniper tree, then shot in the back of the head.

invaded Umatilla County and spread terror among the settlers, slaughtering numerous sheep and cattle and demolishing all the property they could, while the helpless settlers fled for their lives. There was nothing for the Blakelys to do but scatter their herd in the Silver Creek area and fight off the Bannocks. The pair eventually managed to get away, and after the uprising had been quelled they went back, rounded up the cattle, and marketed them.

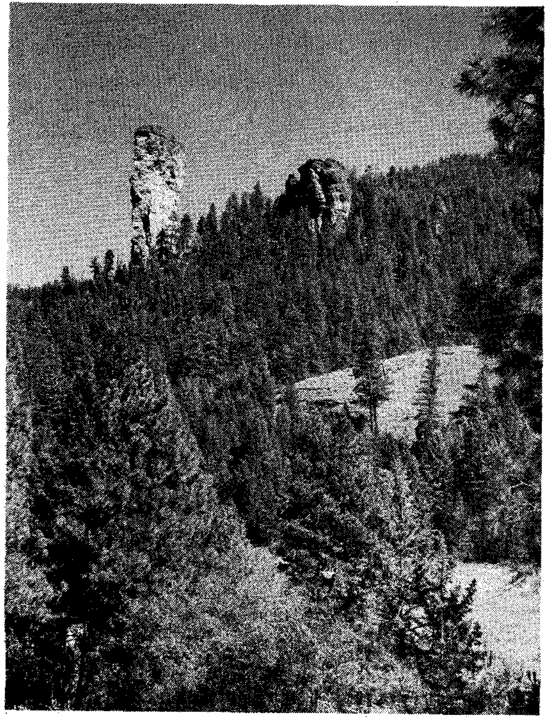
These livestock endeavors were profitable but quite hazardous. On one of their return trips, for example, the Blakelys carried $20,000 in gold, secreted in their provision packs, and traveled by night to minimize the possibility of robbery.

With his share of the profits, Jim set up his own business near Prineville and by 1882, at the age of thirty, was firmly established with approximately 1,500 head of stock in the Willow Creek area some fifteen miles from town.

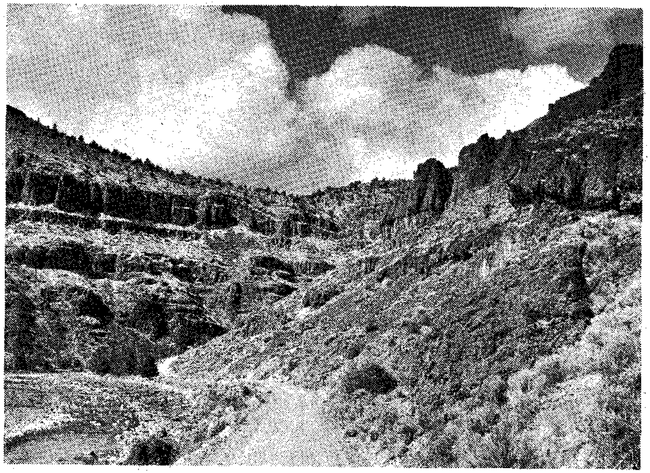
IT WAS on March 15 of that year that the first of a chain of killings took place in Oregon's black chapter of mob rule. Until then, Colonel Thompson and his fellow vigilantes had used only intimidation, but murder was inevitable.

On the fatal day, A. H. Crooks and his son-in-law, Stephen Jory, were running and blazing the line of some government land in the edge of the timber near Grizzly Butte, alongside the ranch of Lucius Langdon. There had been some hard feeling between Langdon and Crooks about property lines. At noon Crooks and Jory left their axes leaning against a big tree near Langdon's barn and went home to eat. Langdon was waiting when they came back. He shot and killed them both.

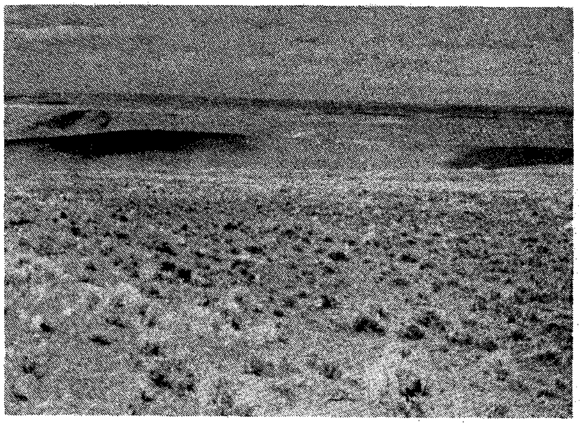
When word of the slaying reached Prineville, Deputy Sheriff John Luckey, the only law officer in the remote area far from the Wasco County seat at The Dalles, suddenly had other business to attend to and disappeared. Although he

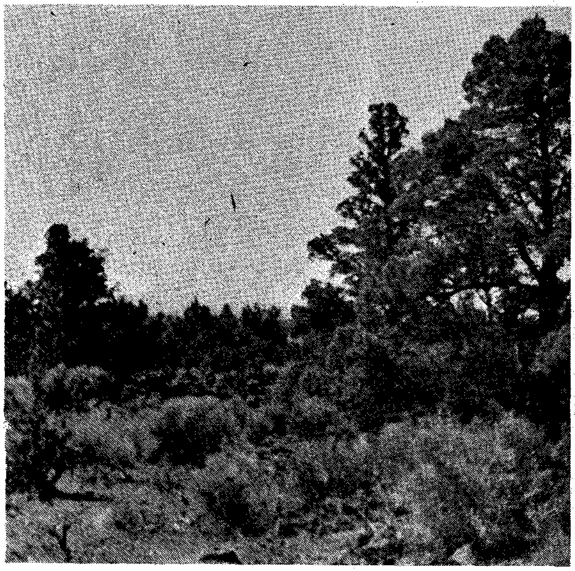


Some of the country in which Blakely ranched and was sheriff. Left to right: Stein's Pillar, a solid rock slab on a natural rock pedestal, eight miles off of present U.S. Highway 26 in the Ochoco National Forest, east of Prineville; the Crooked River Canyon, in central Oregon's Crook County; looking across the Ochoco Mountains. Nearby are fossil formations, the Ochoco Lake, and the Ochoco National Forest.

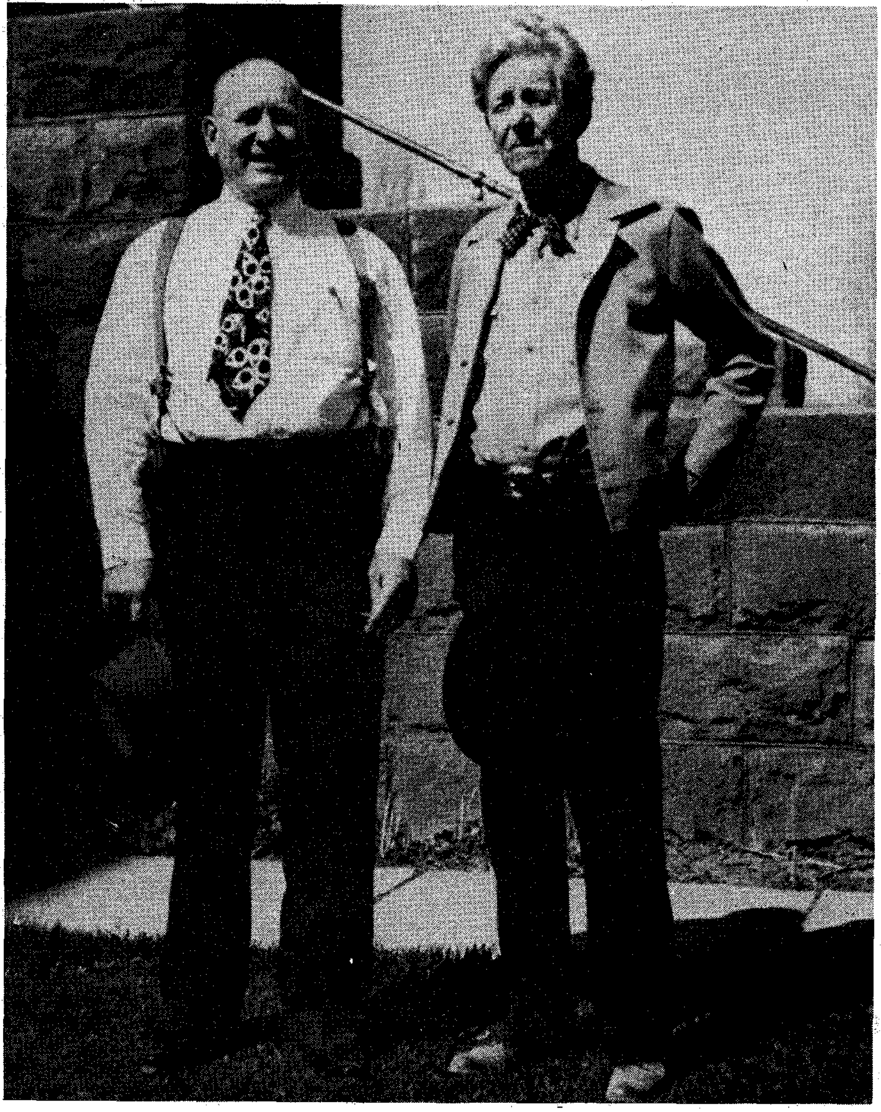


Bottom photos Courtesy Oregon State Highway Division





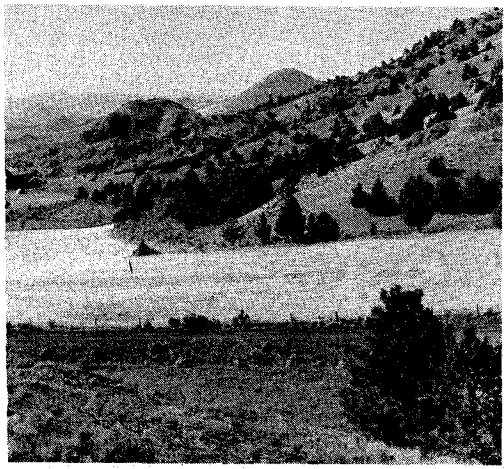
Courtesy Oregon State Sheriffs' Assn.



Right: James M. Blakely, standing on the right, was sheriff of Crook County, 1884-87 and of Wallowa County, 1904-08. With him is Sheriff Reuben Booten, Crook County, 1938-47. Photo was taken May 6, 1944; Blakely was 91 or 92 years old.

disclaimed any connection with Colonel Thompson's vigilantes, it was an accepted fact in Prineville that he was one of them.

The townspeople, fearing that Langdon would continue the killing spree, wanted him taken into custody. With Deputy Luckey unavailable, the citizens turned to Jim Blakely to bring in the slayer. Blakely was reluctant, not being a law officer, but his concern for the welfare of the community prompted him to take the responsibility.



He quickly formed a posse and rode for the Langdon Ranch, accompanied by Langdon's hired man, W. H. Harrison, who had been in town at the time of the double killing. It was getting dusk when they came within 200 yards of the house and Blakely spotted the rancher as he mounted a white horse in front of his home and started for the road.

When Blakely called to him, Langdon hesitated, reaching for his six-gun. It seemed that more blood would be shed, but Blakely, who abhorred violence in any form, convinced the rancher that he should give himself up and stand trial. Langdon surrendered without gunplay.

The hired man, at his own request, went back to town with the posse. Blakely delivered the prisoner to Deputy Luckey, who had reappeared as quickly as he vanished. Harrison wanted to stay with his employer, who was taken to the Jackson House, a hotel, for safekeeping, as there was no regular jail in Prineville.

The next morning Blakely was awakened by the ringing of the school bell and by people shouting. Looking out the window, he saw some of the crowd carrying a dead man in a red shirt. Harrison had worn such a garment.

Deputy Luckey claimed that a group of masked men had overpowered him in the hotel lobby where he was guarding Langdon. He said the gang shot Langdon to death and dragged Harrison behind a horse and hanged him from the Crooked River Bridge.

Refusing to believe the story, Blakely scouted around and learned from Leo Fried, a storekeeper who had been in the hotel lobby at the time, that the lynchers were not masked and were, in fact, the vigilantes. The deputy hadn't tried to stop them, even when they seized Harrison who was completely innocent.

THE SITUATION soon went from bad to worse. In October of that year, when Crook County was formed out of oversized Wasco County, with Prineville as the county seat, Governor Z. F. Moody appointed a number of the vigilantes to county offices, presumably because of Colonel Thompson's political influence. This gave the vigilantes complete and legal control.

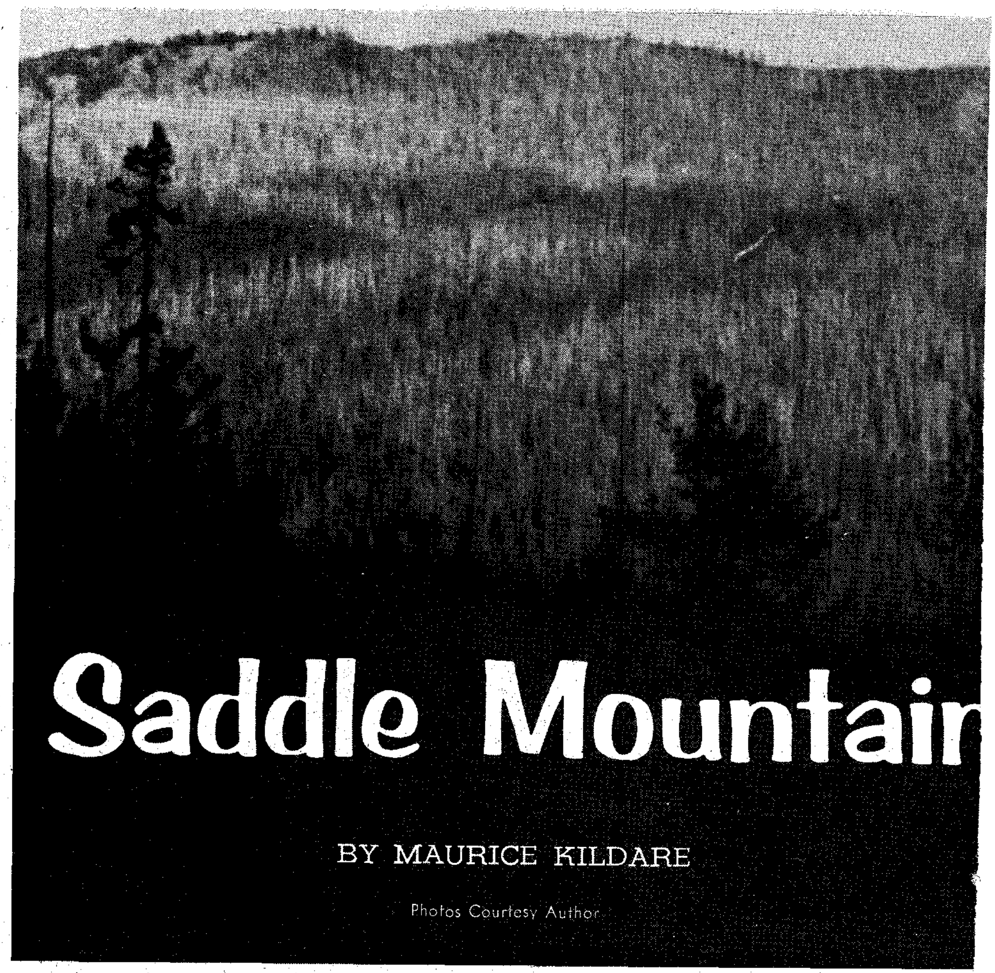
Flushed with their success, Thompson and his confederates formed the Prineville Stock Association and began giving orders to all nearby cattlemen—including one directive requiring a permit for anyone to ride the range.

At this point Jim Blakely became the first of the ranchers to openly defy the vigilantes. "I was born in this Oregon

(Continued on page 42)

Saddle Mountain

BY MAURICE KILDARE



Photos Courtesy Author

A STRANGE CRY echoed out of the balmy July night to where Harry Penol sat by a dying cooking fire.

He rose to his feet and listened for it again, wondering if it had been created by a cougar or some other wild animal.

Then he heard plainly, "Hel-up! Hel-up!" The begging voice floated down from the eastern heights of Saddle Mountain. Someone up there must be in serious trouble, he thought, someone whose presence on the Montana mountain the rugged young Penol had not even suspected.

Running up a slope he was forced to detour around an especially thick stand of timber. Brambles farther on deflected his course even more. Deciding that he was surely at an angle away from the source of the emergency call, Penol drew his six-gun and fired twice into the sky. Before the reverberations faded away in the dense forest he heard the cry again. It came from his right so he turned in that direction, hurrying up the mountain as fast as he could through the timber and rocks.

Twice more Penol heard the plea for help before he came out onto a narrow bench. Starlight revealed a prospector's usual meager camp where two burros grazed off to one side. Over the bench from the mountain slope bulged a low cliff. Penol shouted and was answered by a weakening voice which seemed to come out of a patch of deep blackness at the base.

Hurrying down he found a narrow cave opening but could see nothing through the Stygian curtain. "I'm here!" he called loudly.

Not six feet inside the same voice replied hoarsely, "I'm fastened solid under rocks. There's candles in the pack. Thank God you came!"

Rushing back to the camp Penol found the candles in a pannier of supplies. Taking one he returned to the cave and examined the interior.

The prospector, a short-statured man past middle age with a long beard, lay with his left leg and thigh pinned under an extensive fall of rock. His fingers were worn bloody from trying to free himself.

Placing the candle in a niche in the wall Penol started removing rocks. In about half an hour he had the prospector clear. From the crushed leg seeped the putrid odor of gangrene.

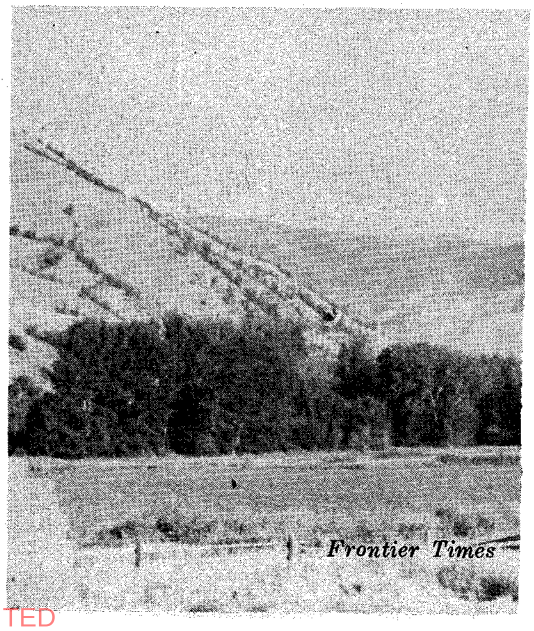
The old prospector raised himself upward to rest on his stiff right leg and by holding onto the cave wall and with Penol's help he made it outside to his soogans.

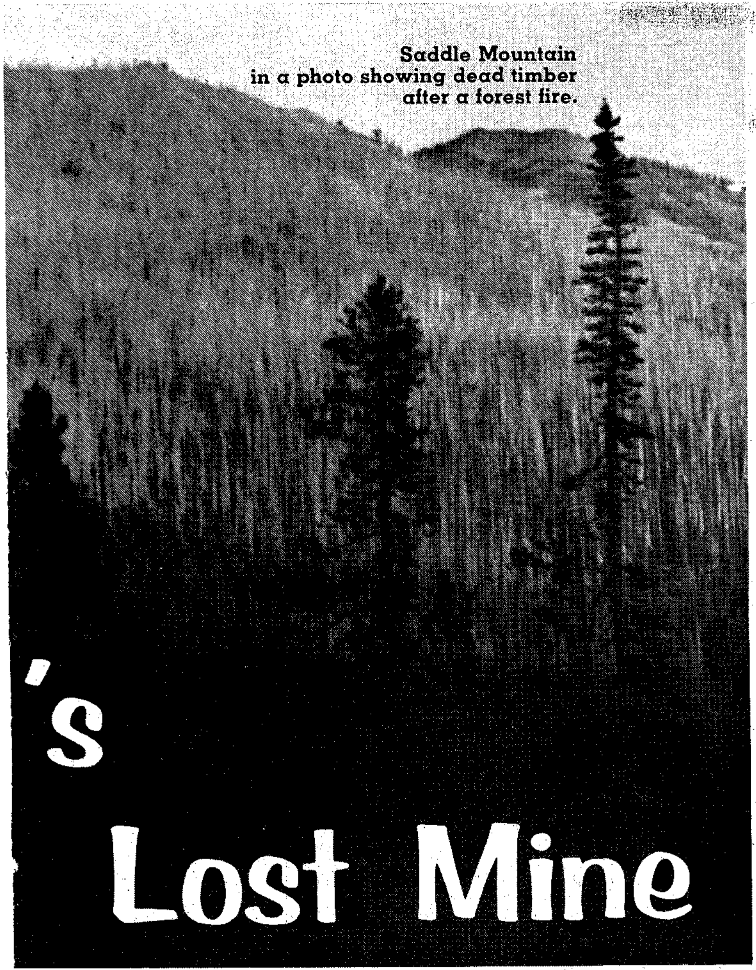
"Don't do any moving around until I get some splints cut and on the leg," Penol cautioned.

"Not likely," the prospector shook his head. "Been under them rocks for three days and got no feeling left in the leg at all. Mostly I'm hungrier than a widowed skunk."

WHEN Penol had the man sitting up and eating he took a short-handled ax into the timber and selected a sapling. A section of the right length was chopped out and carried back to camp. There he

When Harry Penol reached the North Fork of the Salmon River (left) Fosterson had become delirious. This valley (right), south of the North Fork, was as far as Penol could get the dying prospector. From there he was carried in a wagon to a nearby ranch and buried.





Saddle Mountain
in a photo showing dead timber
after a forest fire.

's Lost Mine

Many nights Penol sat by his cooking fire, chunking it up and wondering why in the devil he couldn't find the shallow cave. It just didn't seem possible that he could miss it . . .

split and shaved down splints while the prospector explained his predicament.

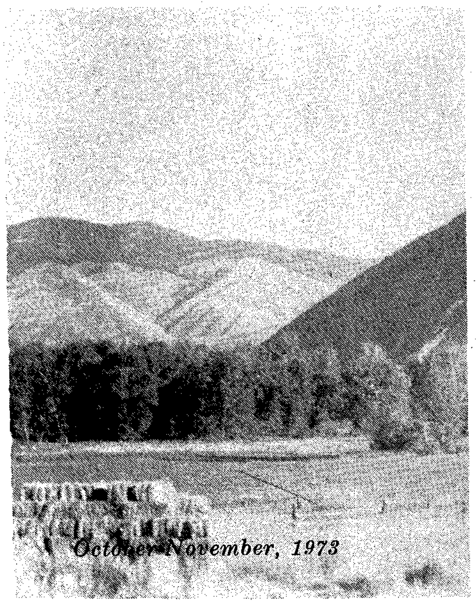
His name was Frank Fosterson. He had set off a large charge of powder that somehow exploded before he could get out of the cave. For the past two years he had been prospecting on the northeast side of Saddle Mountain.

Fosterson had eaten his fill when the last splint was carved from the sapling. His leg was swollen enormously but Penol tied the splints over Fosterson's denim trousers rather than cut them off.

"Maybe I could get outside to a doctor

Courtesy Mrs. S. I. Richardson

Harry A. Penol (right). Salmon, Idaho (below), as it appears today, where Penol was accidentally shot in a saloon.



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tomorrow," the old man ventured hopefully.

"You're going out tonight," Penol replied between set teeth. "At least as far as you can stand it. We'll head for Salmon."

"That's too much trouble for you," Fosterson began and was stopped.

"The important thing to do is get you to a sawbones."

"Yeah, I reckon. Smell purty rank, don't I? Put me on the jenny. She'll take me out."

Hurrying, Penol got his burros, packing Fosterson's little amount of equipment and some grub in the panniers on one. The open bedroll went over the pack saddle on the jenny. With Fosterson aboard her, Penol led the way afoot down the mountain slope, coming off at his camp near the base where a drip spring provided some water.

When asked if Fosterson wanted to get off and rest while Penol packed up his own camp gear the prospector replied. "I'm plumb comfortable here. But this is sure a lot of trouble to you."

"Oh, shut up. Us kind of fellers always stick together."

"Plumb funny how I started yelling for help," Fosterson said. "Had no idea anybody else could be on the mountain. But where I lay I could see the tops of some tall trees. Saw reflected firelight on them and started shouting, maybe an hour before you showed up."

Penol loaded his outfit in record time and set off around the mountain on a game trail that his burros knew. Toward the last, steep slopes had to be ascended but sometime around midnight Penol guessed by the position of the Big Dipper that they finally had reached Lost Trail Pass.

From the summit, at nearly 7,000 feet elevation, a trail followed canyons and creeks to the Salmon River in Idaho. It was easy descent all the way, which was lucky for the badly injured man. Penol's one fear was that complications would prove fatal before they reached Salmon.

When almost to the North Fork of the Salmon, a couple of hours after sunup, Fosterson asked to rest a spell. Penol got him off the jenny. He wanted to hurry as much as possible for Fosterson was in an extremely bad way, so during the rest period he threw together a smattering of breakfast. The old prospector appeared unusually drowsy and ate very little.

By noon, when they arrived at where the North Fork joined the Salmon, Fosterson was not only delirious with a raging fever but appeared about to laspe into a coma. Sadly Penol realized that he would not live long enough to reach Salmon.

Just below the North Fork, about the middle of the afternoon, Fosterson fell to the ground. Penol placed him on a bedroll where there was shade. Obviously he had no choice but to make camp right there.

AROUND five o'clock that afternoon two riders emerged from the forest into the small valley where Fosterson lay. He was by then babbling in feverish delirium. The riders stopped, staring from the injured prospector to Penol who was advancing to meet them.

The older rider said, "I'm Orvil Fetterman and I run cattle all through here. What's wrong with your partner?"

"Not my partner—just a prospector I ran across yesterday night," Penol replied. "He was on Saddle Mountain, and blasted off a pile of rock that pinned him down. Gangrene has set in and he hasn't much chance of living but I hope to get him on down to a doctor at Salmon."

"Don't look like there's much chance of him riding a flop-ear there," the cowman replied. "You've come from Saddle Mountain to here? You sure have been traveling. We'll go on to the ranch and I'll send a wagon back for him and let a rider high-tail it for Salmon to fetch a doctor."

"Much obliged."

Fetterman and his cowboy departed in a run. Thereafter, using rags dipped in the creek, Penol tried to ease Fosterson's raging fever. Sundown came but there was hardly any use cooking supper. Penol did keep a fire burning so that the wagon driver would see it and be guided in.

Fosterson's fever abated around seven o'clock. He called Penol to him and his mind was perfectly clear. "Ain't gonna make it, am I?" he asked quietly.

"We'll let the doctor from Salmon decide." Penol told him that a wagon was due to arrive any time to haul him out.

Fosterson replied almost casually, "It ain't goin' to be no use. I can smell death. The gangrene is going to get me, ain't it?"

"I've seen sicker cats get well," Penol tried to grin, "but if the worst should happen, you got any relatives to be notified?"

"No one worth a damn. And I ain't seen even the sorry ones in forty years."

A few minutes later a wagon could be heard approaching noisily, iron-rimmed wheels resounding over rocks and a muleskinner cursing loudly.

"Before they get here," Fosterson said painfully, "I want to tell you about the cave where you found me under them rocks. There's an ore vein inside it, some twenty inches wide, that contains more gold than black colored quartz. I was trying to blast it out wider to work better is why I got hurt. It's hardly a cave—more like a hole in the wall.

"I got maybe 200 pounds of coarse gold in there. It's in five canvas sacks under all them rocks. Aimed to go outside in a few days and sell it.

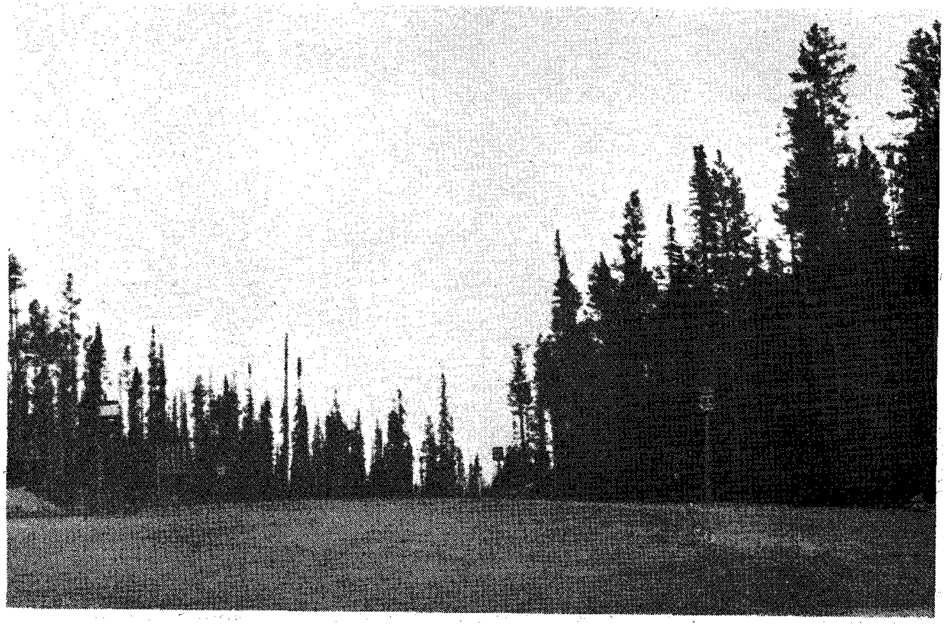
"If I go under, and sure as hell I will, it's all yours for helping me out. Only bury me in a box and not just wrapped up in one of my soogans, will you?"

"Shucks, when you recover from this you can go back there and clean out the cave," Penol protested, trying to encourage Fosterson into holding onto life.

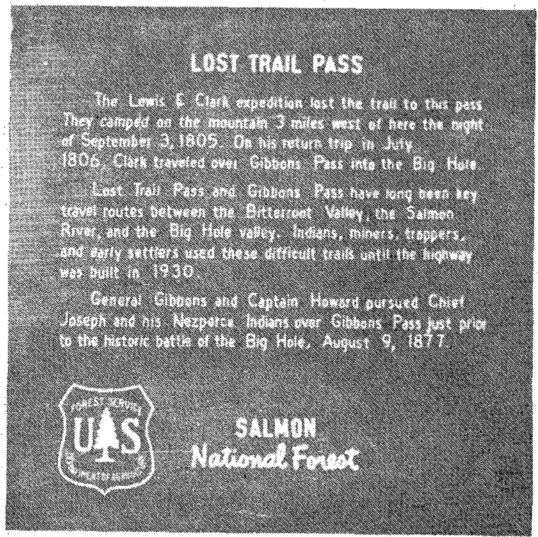
The old prospector spoke few words after that. Fetterman soon came with the wagon and they departed at once with Penol following behind with the burros.

The wagon must have been more than three hours on the road when it drove up before the ranch house. The doctor from

(Continued on page 68)



Lost Trail Pass (left) after the highway was constructed, generally following the old trail. Historical marker at the pass (below).



LOST TRAIL PASS

The Lewis & Clark expedition lost the trail to this pass They camped on the mountain 3 miles west of here the night of September 3, 1805. On his return trip in July 1806, Clark traveled over Gibbons Pass into the Big Hole.

Lost Trail Pass and Gibbons Pass have long been key travel routes between the Bitterroot Valley, the Salmon River, and the Big Hole valley. Indians, miners, trappers, and early settlers used these difficult trails until the highway was built in 1930.

General Gibbons and Captain Howard pursued Chief Joseph and his Nezperce Indians over Gibbons Pass just prior to the historic battle of the Big Hole, August 9, 1877.

SALMON
National Forest

In less time than it takes to tell it, two friends put their feet on the rail, quarreled, and shot their future full of holes in

That Joint Down By The River

BY
WILLIAM
URBAN

Photos Courtesy Author

"Mamie" Osterlund (above), the author's grandmother, as a young girl, a few years after John Frey was shot in Sylvan Grove. Part of main street (left) taken in 1910.

BENEATH a full half page of corset ads a headline of the Sylvan Grove *News* of June 30, 1904 read: "Young Frey Shot and Badly Wounded by Sam Wells." It was obviously a juicy local scandal, and my grandmother remembers the incident clearly. As she says, "You have to live and see those things."

John Frey was the step-son of Chris Meyer, a prosperous cattleman and farmer living right next to our family farm. "Mama and his mother were very good friends when they lived in Kansas City." John was just seventeen, and "rather wayward," Grandmother remembered. She lived on Main Street then. There was only one street at that time, though a few years later her step-father moved the family "up on the hill." And the Meyers were best friends then, as now almost seventy years later.

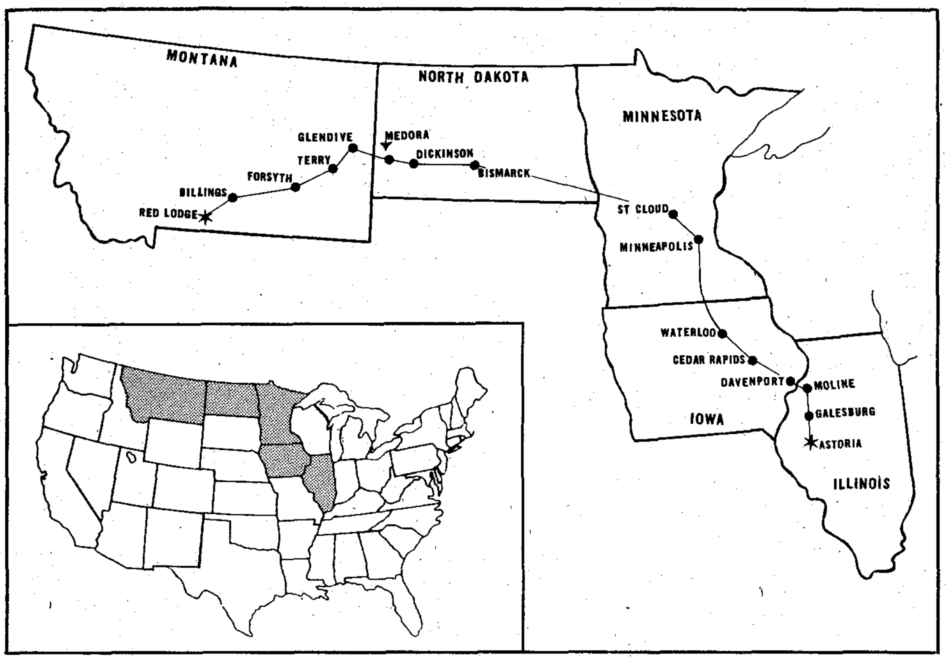
The tragic incident began in "the joint down by the river"—as both the newspaper and Grandmother called it. Sylvan lay in the valley of Kansas' Saline River, and was named in honor of the few trees along the banks of that small stream. It was a veritable oasis compared to the barren grassland plateau that surrounded the pleasant valley. The town lay a short distance from the river, however, partly to be safe from floods and partly to be near the Union Pacific railroad station. Only a hundred people lived there, half of those being German and Bohemian immigrants.

The joint was a small gambling house near the ford where whiskey and beer were available. One of the professional gamblers there was Sam Wells, the villain of the piece. He was, Grandmother says, "A good looking guy but, Lordy, what a gambler!" He lived in a soddy four miles west of town with his mother and sister, and supported them in good style. They helped with their keep, though. His pretty sister was the town's lady of the evening. "Did she dress! Beautiful!" In short, Sam had lots of advantages—looks, brains, skill—but his environment was not what it should have been, and he had some weaknesses.

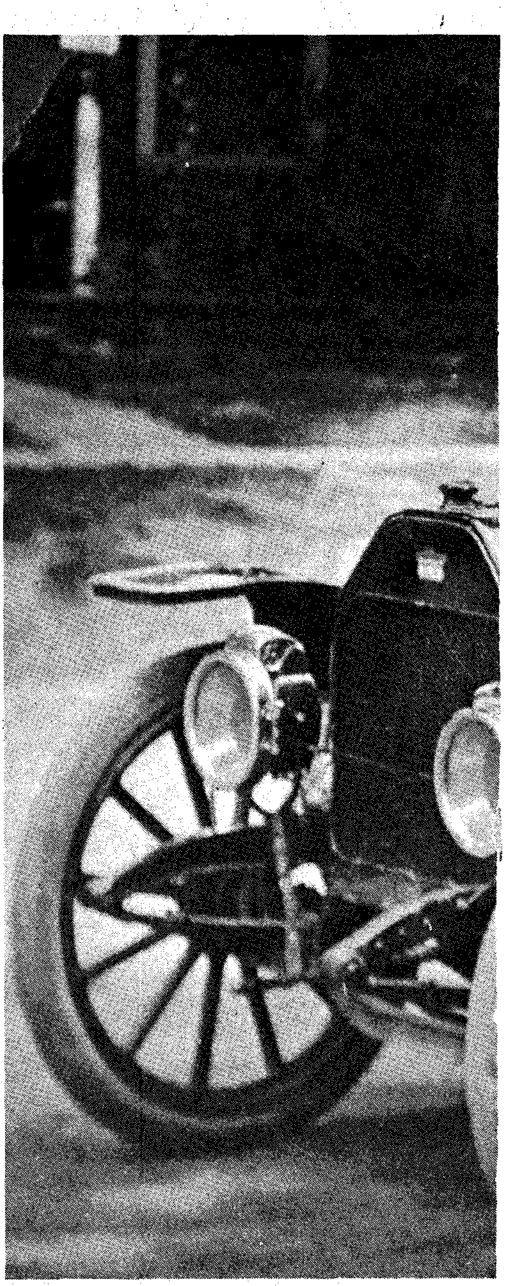
Sam's downfall was drink. Liquor and good times required money and leisure, and gambling was the quickest, and easiest way to get them. Sam also wore a gun, and tended to be a bully. Since most bullies are cowards, that trait is a bad combination when mixed with cheap whiskey. On the day of the shooting Sam was on a real jag. He had been into town and had quarreled with a number of citizens over inconsequential matters, threatening "to use his gun over several." About five o'clock he met young John

(Continued on page 50)

There was nothing like a classy "35" to make a boy forget his horse!



Above: Map of the route taken by the boys, with shaded inset showing the area. Right: Photograph taken the morning of June 5, 1911, marking the launching of the remarkable motorized adventure. Driver and owner of the automobile, is Milford R. McClelland. His three companions, seated in the back seat, are left to right, Don Waggoner, Gilbert Bader, and Leland Rowland, the latter the son of the high school superintendent. Seated in front with young McClelland is his father, who rode with the boys as far as Galesburg, Illinois.



THE

BY
MARSHALL K. McCLELLAND

Photos Courtesy Author

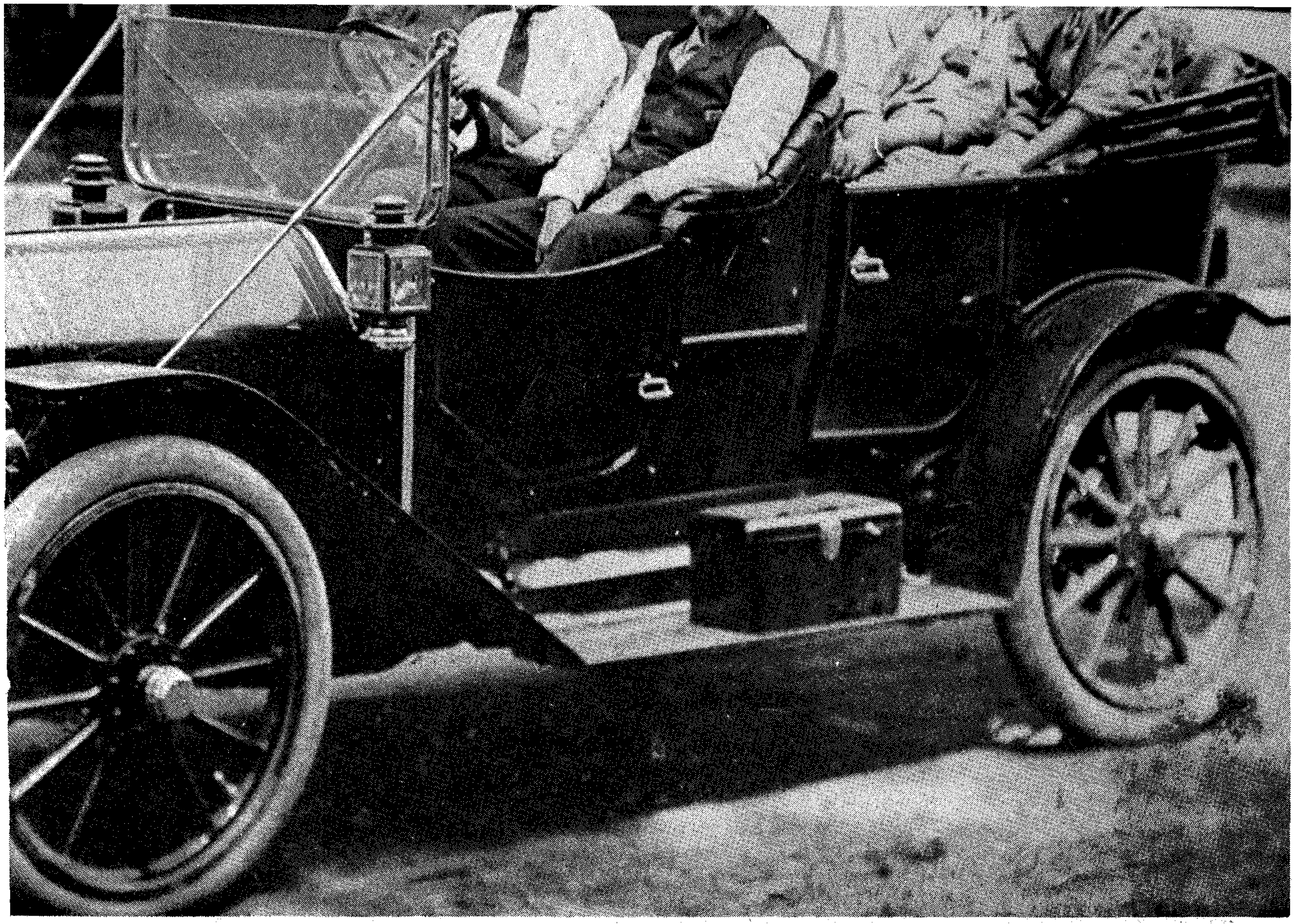
THE last week of school in May, teen-aged Milford Robertson McClelland purchased a new 1911 Moline "Dreadnaught 35"—one of the classiest automobiles of that time—for $1,600, which was $250 off the list price. He obtained the discount when he convinced the Moline Automobile Company of Moline, Illinois that a little pioneering trip he had in mind would be terrific publicity for their car. Seeing the "Wild West" was a bang-up way to celebrate graduation from high school.

The day of days arrived on June 5. Mac and his three friends—Gilbert Bader, age seventeen; and eighteen-year-olds Don Waggoner and Leland Rowland, who was the son of the high school superintendent (a plus argument the other boys had used in the debates with their parents!)—were up at the first rooster announcement of daybreak. Within two hours they had tied down the last of the quilts, blankets, and canvas bags, along with the gas can, the stone water jug, the shovel, the rifle, and the one extra large picnic lunch. There was no spare tire, but the boys had a complete tire repair kit.

To assist in their navigation of the practically roadless West, they had timetables and maps of the Chicago Burlington and Quincy, and the Northern Pacific Railroads. They also had the then famous "Blue Book," a popular guidebook which *attempted* to show the road system in Iowa. According to the book, you started at a certain point on a road, followed it so many miles as registered on your speedometer, looked for a large red barn, or some similar landmark, then turned either right or left, followed another road to the next landmark, perhaps a dead tree, and if you were lucky you could see your destination in the distance.

After tearful farewells from four mothers, the boys set forth in a northerly direction to Galesburg, Illinois accompanied by Mac's father, Edward McClelland, who expressed the wish that he might be young enough to be invited to continue the trip to its western goal. He was at that time sixty-one.

Arrival in Galesburg signaled the first engine trouble, and almost immediately its repair. A faulty oil pump was replaced from a new car that the Galesburg Machine Company chanced to have on display. The next stop, after bidding farewell to Mr. McClelland, was Moline, where the boys spent the first night of the trip at the Manufacturer's Hotel. The next morning they drove the car to its birthplace, the Moline Auto Company, where factory mechanics pronounced the car fit and ready for its long journey. There was some headshaking over whether or not the boys would successfully complete the trip, or whether they would physically survive, but there was not a trace of doubt in their own young minds. They were ready for anything and everything—Indians, wild animals, hardships, narrow escapes—and the more of each, the better!

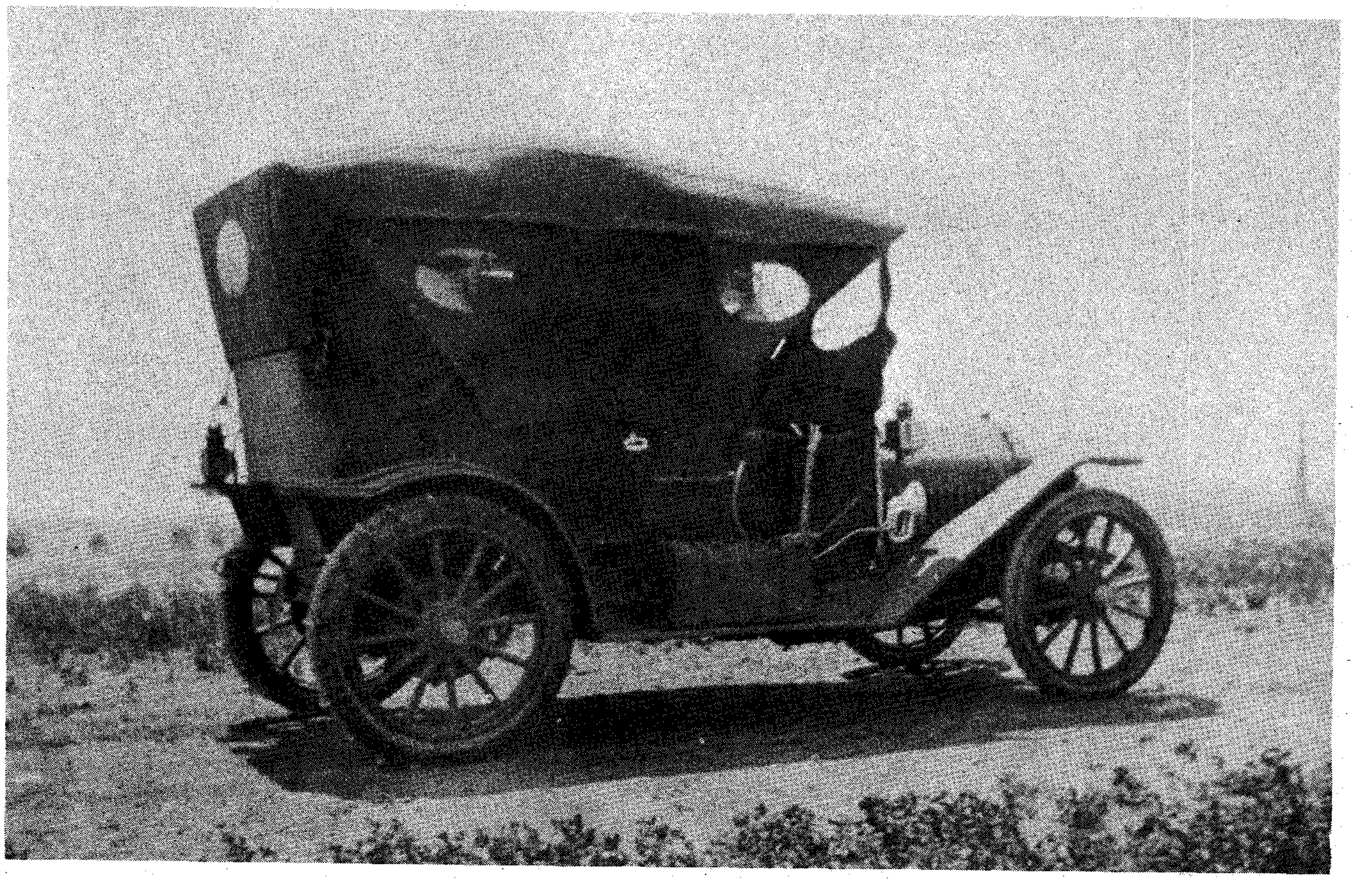


MOLINE DREADNAUGHT

They crossed the Mississippi River on a double-decker bridge to Davenport, Iowa. The Rock Island Railroad trains used the upper deck and the lower deck was for wagons, buggies, horses, pedestrians—and, last *and* least, automobiles. After leaving the Iowa towns of Tipton and Cedar Rapids, young McClelland and his assistant navigators missed a turn that was rather vaguely described and made a complete circle of ten miles trying to find Waterloo. Darkness fell, making further driving too hazardous, so the teen-agers curled up in the car, going to sleep with supreme confidence that in the morning Waterloo would be where it was supposed to be. It was—just over a hill and around a bend of the Shellrock River.

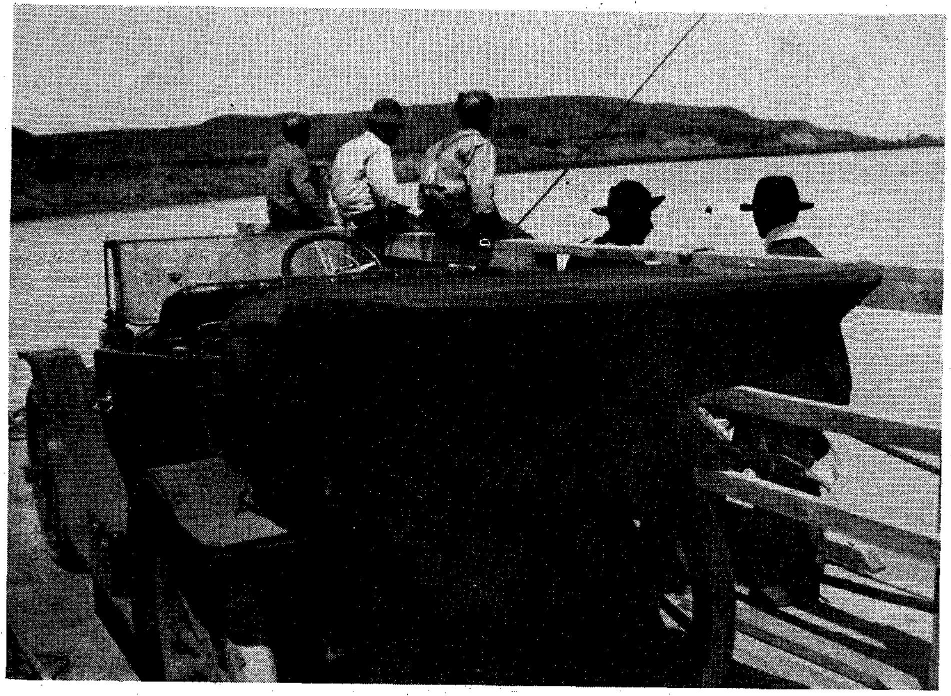
OVER the first five days of the trip, this motorized expedition averaged 100 miles a day, a remarkable accomplishment. When the boys arrived in Minneapolis-St. Paul on the fifth day, they reported to the Chase Auto Company, local dealers for the Moline Dreadnaught. There they received their first taste of public acclaim. The executives of the Chase firm posed the four boys in their car in front of the State Capitol. A photographer snapped several pictures, one of which appeared the next day, along with a two-column story, in the Minneapolis *Tribune*. (They were to discover later that the newspaper write-up of their epic journey made them instant celebrities throughout North Dakota.)

The next stop was near St. Cloud, Minnesota where young McClelland's uncle, Walter Robertson, had homesteaded some farmland not far from those upper waters of the Mississippi River. Following rather vague directions in a letter that Uncle Walter had written in the spring, Mac soon admitted to being hopelessly lost, and a stop was made at the first farmhouse that came into view. To expressions of mutual surprise, Uncle Walter opened the door—it was his farmhouse!



Above: All buttoned up and with its chains on, the Moline Dreadnaught was more than a match for the muddy roads of Minnesota after a sudden summer squall.

Below: After leaving Bismarck, North Dakota the adventurous teen-agers found it necessary to cross the Missouri River by ferry. Young McClelland snapped this photo with his three high school pals sitting on the railing.



After an overnight visit the boys continued to chug on northwestward through Minnesota toward North Dakota. They were eager to make the state line because they felt that North Dakota signaled the beginning of the *real* Wild West!

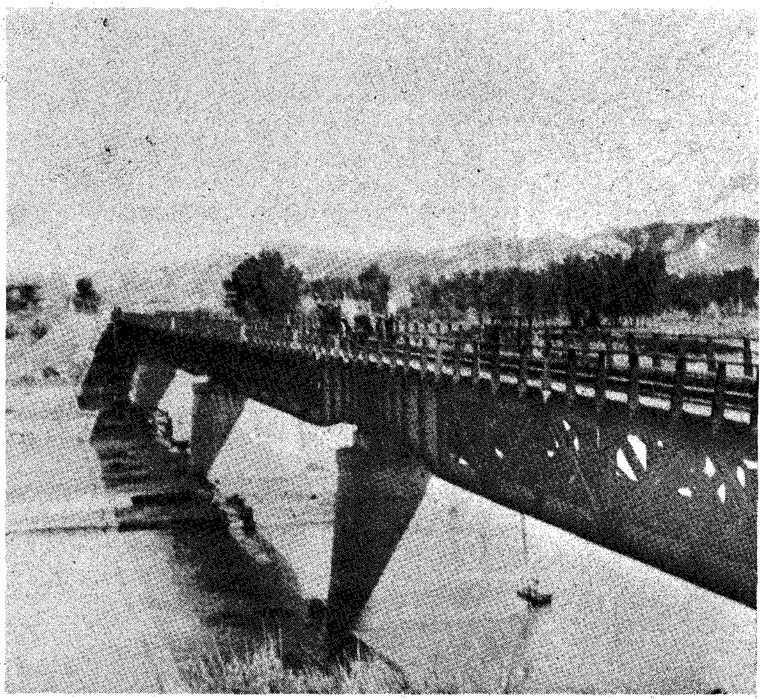
The Dreadnaught was getting fifteen to eighteen miles to the gallon of gas over level terrain. Some of the rural roads were in fairly good shape, having dried out from the spring rains, and Mac won excited approval from his passengers when he opened it up to thirty and forty miles per hour. Although gas stations did not exist, keeping the gas tank full was no problem. Every grocery and hardware store in the little towns they passed through kept a supply of gasoline. The price—12¢ per gallon.

The first bad weather was encountered as they left Fargo. A heavy shower caught the boys frantically buttoning-up the canvas roof and side curtains. The rain quickly softened the dirt road and another stop was made to put on the tire chains. With this added traction the Dreadnaught forged ahead easily, proving itself a true "mudder."

Ten miles outside of Bismarck, the boys were flagged down by two men standing alongside the road. They were newspaper reporters seeking interviews with the four youngsters from Illinois who were driving a motor car to the western United States. They had been alerted by the story in the Minneapolis *Tribune*, and had hired a buggy to bring them out to where they could be the first to greet the adventurers.

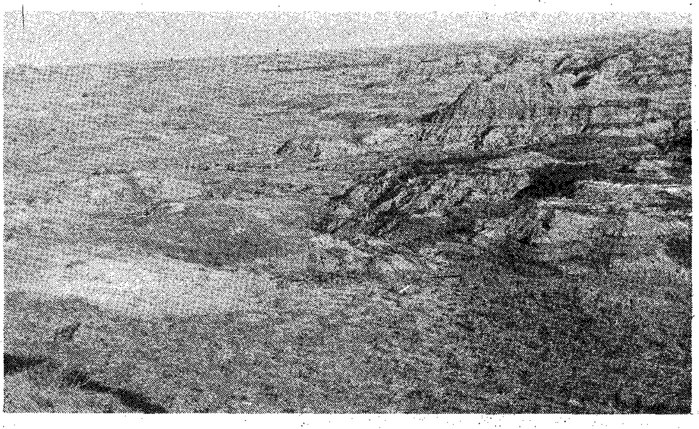
Delayed for an entire day in Bismarck while the car's radiator was repaired, the youngsters were fussed over and treated royally by the local citizens. They answered hundreds of questions, signed autographs, posed for pictures, and were offered more food than the Dreadnaught could possibly hold.

Most of the folks in Bismarck were skeptical of Mac's statement that he was going to drive the car right through the notorious Bad Lands of North Dakota. The Bismarck paper ventured that the boys were having a little fun with everyone and that actually they were shipping



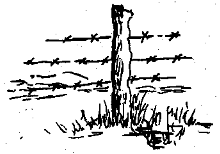
Above left: As the boys drove westward across the plains of North Dakota from Bismarck they followed the tracks of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Above: All thirty citizens of Medora turned out to cheer the teen-agers as they crossed the railroad bridge, the only means of getting over the Little Missouri River at that time.

Left: As they prepare to enter the storied Bad Lands of North Dakota the boys posed for this photo. The gully directly ahead of the car dropped off some 500 feet and required skillful driving to negotiate. Below: there was a great deal of excitement as they gazed out across the Bad Lands. They were the first to challenge this forbidding terrain in an automobile.



the motor car by railroad train through the Bad Lands.

Laying any claims to being the "first" to do something is always a tricky boast. Yet, from all that can be determined, McClelland, Bader, Waggoner, and Rowland were the first in history to travel through the Bad Lands by automobile. This trail blazing gave Mac his greatest satisfaction of the entire trip.

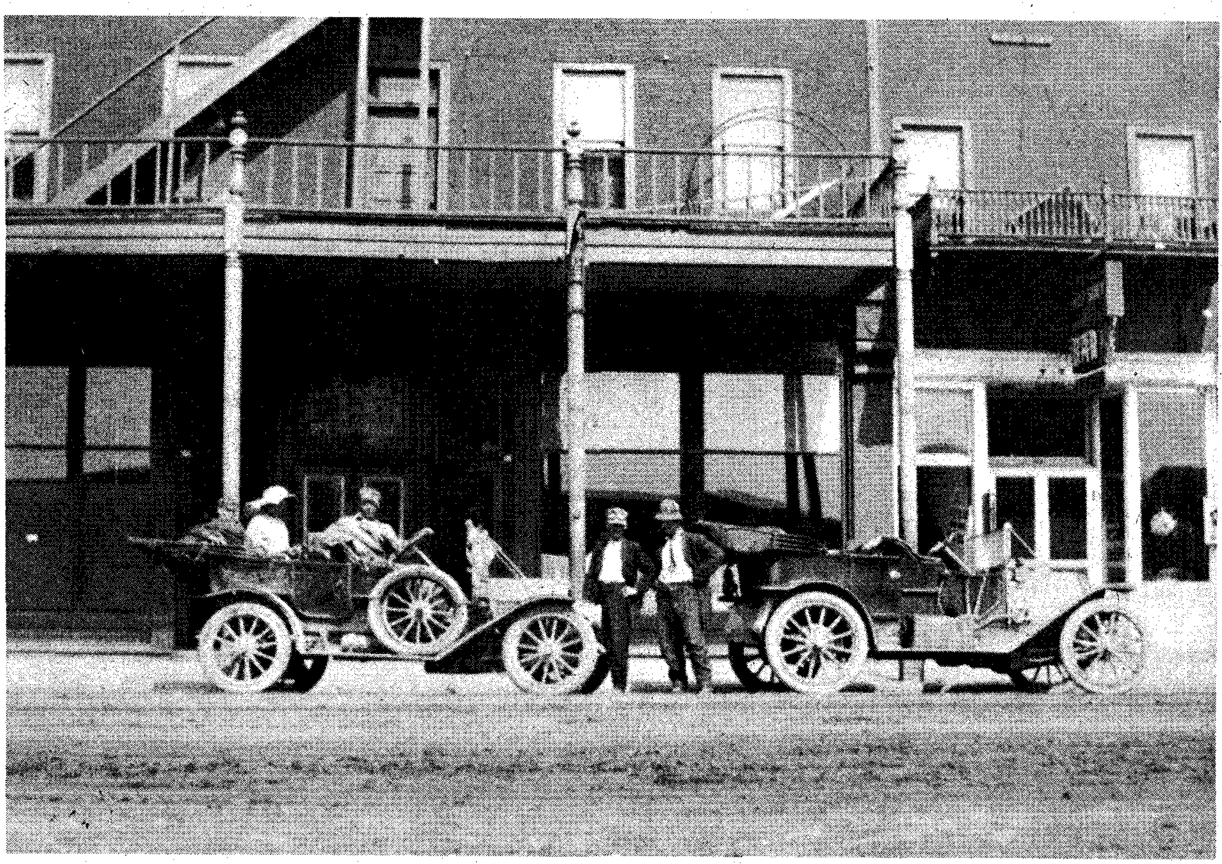


AFTER departing Bismarck, the boys crossed the Missouri River by ferry. The boatman was uncertain as to what he should charge for the transportation because his prices were figured only per wagon or buggy, per horse, or per human. The boys finally settled with him for a total of 25¢.

Empty land spread on all sides to the farthest horizons. The only way they could find such ports of call as Mandan, New Salem, Glen Ullin, Hebron, Richardson, and ultimately Dickinson, was to follow the Northern Pacific Railroad tracks and the telegraph line. With the vast sky above them and not a human being or a building in sight, the boys fell silent, awed by this encounter with Mother Nature in her purest form. The experience was so overwhelming that McClelland stopped the car time after time, turning off the engine so he and his companions could sit quietly, looking and listening and marveling. Quail and pheasant occasionally exploded into the air; hawks lazily circled in the sky, sharing it with a hundred other varieties of birdlife. Rabbit, chipmunk, fox, gopher, and raccoon were all about, rising up on hind legs to stare at the boys and the car; bees and butterflies flitted among the acres of wild flowers—it was as if the four boys were the only humans on earth.

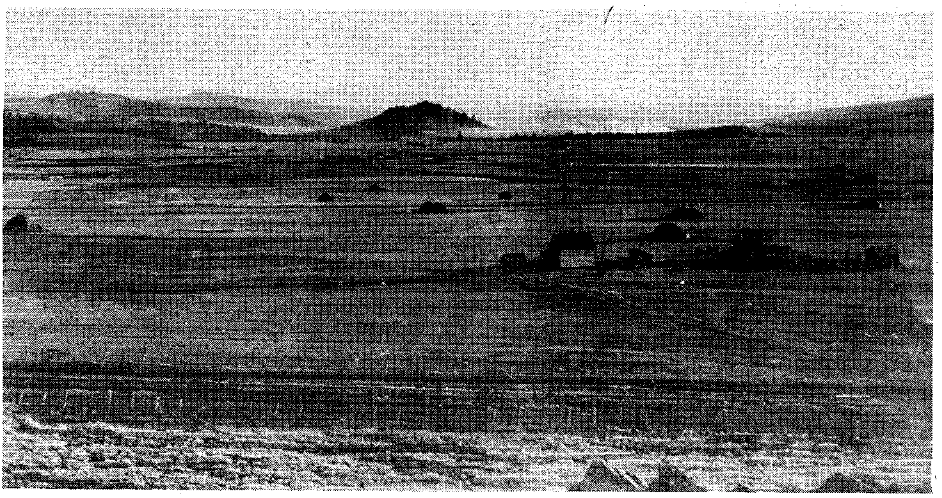
From Dickinson, the little expedition plunged headlong into the heart of the Bad Lands. There were times when Mac and his friends found their confidence wavering ever so slightly. They started out by following a wagon trail, but heavy rainstorms had washed out the ruts so badly that the center of it was too high for the Dreadnaught to clear. It was necessary to break out the shovel and fill in part of the ruts before the car could be driven onto more level ground. An effort was made to keep the railroad tracks in sight, but it was not easy to do. For hours on end the boys had to clear brush, logs, stumps, and rocks from the Dreadnaught's path.

At last the small town of Medora popped into sight, right in the middle



The Moline Dreadnaught 35 (right) and the family in the Regal automobile that was rescued from a mudhole, stopped for this photo in front of the Opera House, Glendive, Montana, 1911.

Below: Flint Creek Valley, south of Philipsburg, where McClelland astounded visiting friends by catching mountain trout in the middle of haying fields. A large irrigation ditch ran through these fields, supplying them with water from nearby mountain streams. The trout came with the water.



of the Bad Lands. On the far side of town was the Little Missouri River. The only way over the river was via the railroad bridge. As Mac steered the car to the Northern Pacific depot, he found he was leading a parade. The entire population was excitedly accompanying him—all thirty people! There were shouts of "These are the boys from back East!" and "Hey, they brought this contraption through from Dickinson without no horses!" Children were held high so that they might see and remember Medora's first automobile.

At the depot Mac started to speak to the agent, who stopped him with upraised hand, saying grumpily, "Now, see here, you boys, I ain't about to give you permission to run that thing across this railroad bridge—no, sir!"

Mac was momentarily stymied. Then he said, "Well, sir, I wasn't thinking anything like that at all. I was just wondering if maybe you could tell us when the next train will be along, please, sir?"

Mac never forgot the agent's change of expression and attitude. A big grin spread across his face. Harumphing loudly, the agent held up a forefinger, wagged it, and said, "Now, that's a proper request for *train information*, and that's exactly what I'm here for!"

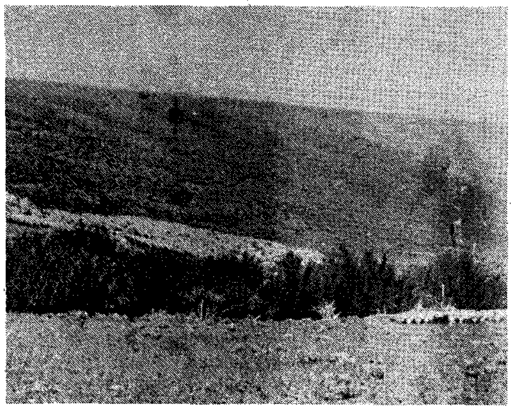
The next train was due in one hour, so after handshakes with all the Medora folks, the boys piled into the Dreadnaught. Mac guided the car right along the tracks and across the bridge to the ringing cheers of the populace.

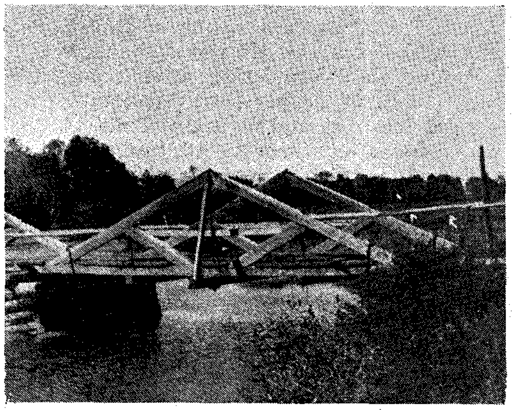
CONTINUING ON through the rugged, completely wild country, the boys reached Glendive, Montana where they picked up a carload of traveling companions. Two men, a woman, and a small boy were trying to get to Terry in a Regal automobile which had been shipped from the East by train. They followed along behind the Moline Dreadnaught since Mac had more driving experience than either of the men. The Regal was not quite the car for hilly country and it was up to the Dreadnaught to pull both itself and the Regal up the steeper inclines.

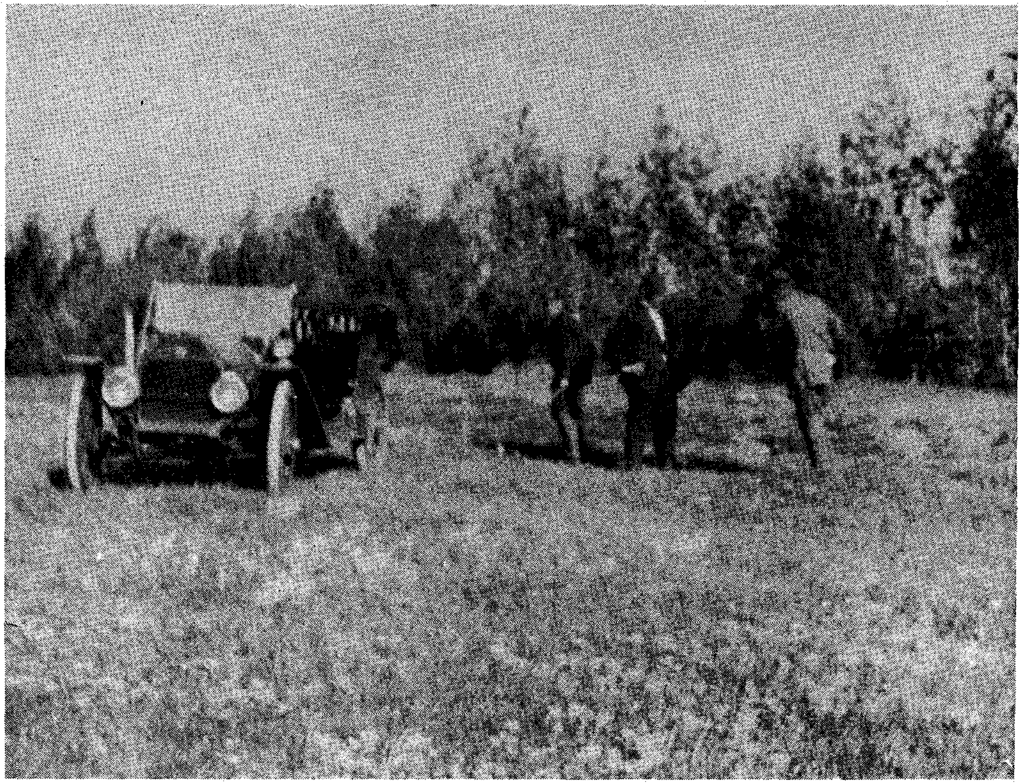
At Forsyth the boys had planned to cross the Yellowstone River, but it was flooding the road leading to the bridge. Several wagons loaded with wool were lined up, awaiting a chance to get across. The boys were impatient to get on with their trip.

A wagon driver told them, "Look here, if you boys could get that auty-mobile through the Bad Lands, then you can sure direct it right on down this side of the river to Billings. You can cross the river there."

The boys followed the man's sugges-



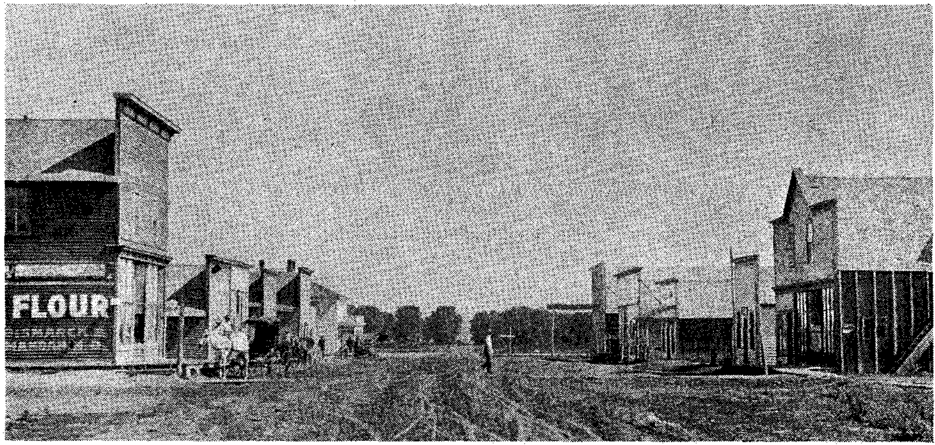




Above: In this part of Montana there were few trails an automobile could follow, making it necessary for frequent stops to scout for the best possible route. Shortly after this photo was taken the boys became mired in a sandy creek bed.

Left top: A portion of the flock of sheep, covering a hillside and spilling into a valley, which the boys encountered in their search for water between Forsyth and Billings, Montana. Left bottom: Bridge over the Musselshell River at Two Dot was later frequently crossed by young McClelland when he taxied passengers from Red Lodge to Billings during the summer of 1911.

Below: Main street in Two Dot, 1911. McClelland's uncle, Frank Robertson, owned and operated the general store, at left with the flour sign, and lived with his family on the second floor.



tion. They had no visible guides—no trails, no railroad tracks, no telegraph lines, no landmarks—just one vast expanse of rolling hills, and wild, virgin beautiful wide-open country. They took turns scouting ahead on foot for possible routes through valleys, across gullies, and over hills.

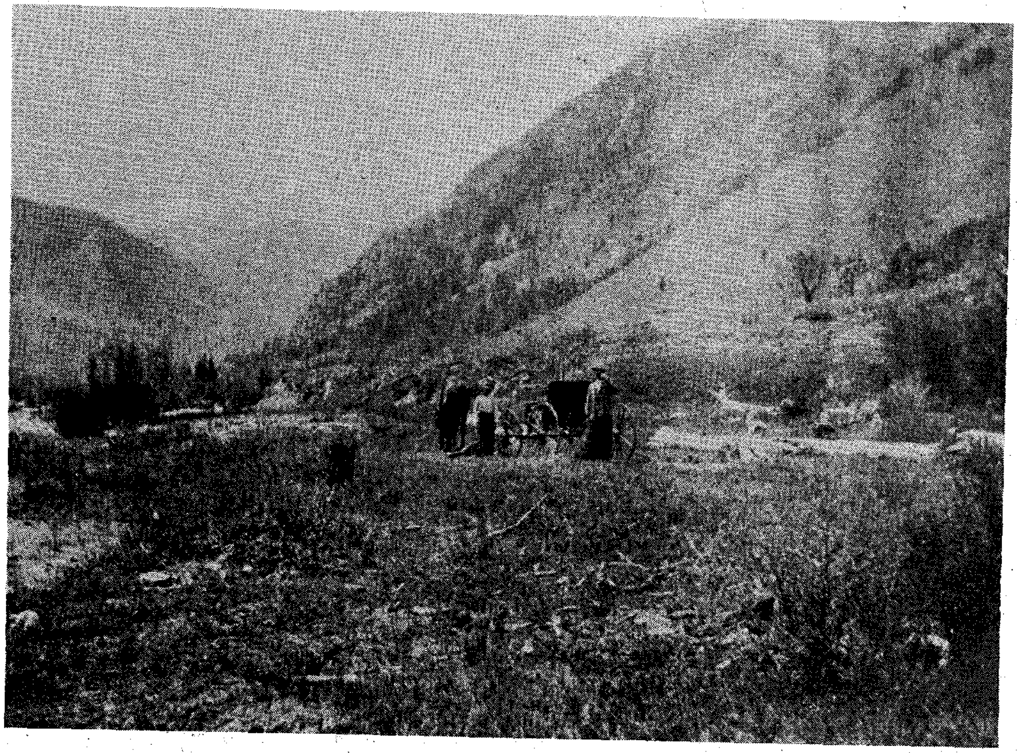
It soon became extremely hot. All of the water had been used up to keep the Dreadnaught going. The boys were beginning to feel some alarm when their throats became dry, then their mouths. Suddenly they spotted a tremendous flock of sheep moving slowly down a grassy mountain slope. Mac drove the car toward the flock until they were within walking distance. The boys saw the sheepherder at the same time he saw them. With a wild yell the herder started running in the other direction. The Moline finally caught up to him as he fell breathless to the ground.

It took a lot of talking to reassure the sheepherder that no harm was about to befall him. When the boys explained how thirsty they were, he said, "You boys are welcome to all the water you can drink from my barrel on the wagon, but you can't have no water for that thar thing!" And he pointed dramatically toward the car.

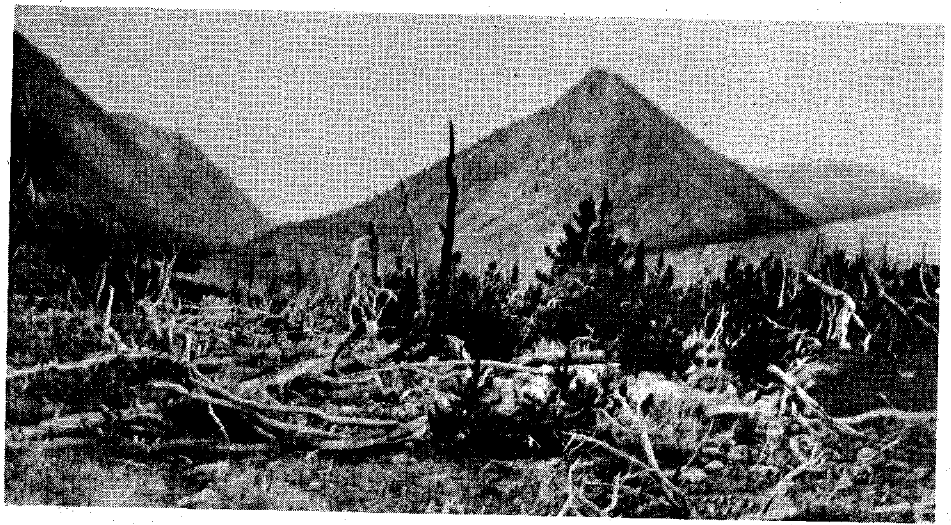
The teen-agers hid their snickers behind their hands, thanked the man, got back in the car, and drove farther on up the slope until they found his wagon. But when they removed the lid from the water barrel, four thirsty and unhappy youngsters just stood looking at each other. The surface of the water was covered with a layer of dead flies and strange-looking bugs. Checking to make certain that the sheepherder was not observing them, they quickly filled the car's radiator, then went on their way.

Mac continued to drive cross-country until about five o'clock in the evening when he got the car stuck in a dry sandy creek bed. Knowing that the course they had been following definitely placed the Yellowstone River somewhere up ahead of them, the boys set out on foot, leaving the Dreadnaught in the creek. All they could think about was a drink of clear, clean, cool water to quench their now raging thirst. As they learned later, the river was much farther ahead than they figured—almost eight miles.

A BIT of panic touched each of the boys as they passed from the top of one hill to the top of the next hill to the top of another hill, only to see even more hills ahead. Where, oh where, was the river? Darkness fell swiftly and Mac urged that they press on, but the other three boys declared they weren't moving another step. As his friends sat dejectedly on some rocks, young McClelland



Above: Clearing rocks and brush from this level area some six miles south of Red Lodge is another of McClelland's uncles, Harvey Hitchcock, and his young cousin, Paul Hitchcock. The various road clearing parties eventually had a "roadway" extending about two miles up Rock Creek. The Yellowstone Park Road now goes through this area, winding over the mountain at the far left. Below: How would a modern-day taxi driver like to face a "traffic jam" of this magnitude and make-up?



started up the side of the hill on which they had paused. The darkness seemed vast and filled with nameless things as he trudged his lonesome way.

Glancing up at the dimness of the skyline, Mac's heart skipped a beat, and he stopped stock-still. Something was moving! In fact, a lot of somethings! The first thought that flashed through his mind was bears.

Mac let out a war whoop and the hillside exploded. Several hundred cattle came stampeding toward the intruder. The other boys had heard Mac's yell, followed by the thunder of hoofs. They thought it was a herd of buffalo. Fortunately, everyone remained perfectly still and the cattle flowed by on both sides.

When the excitement died down, all four boys continued to the top of the hill. They could see a light in the far distance, but decided it was risky to proceed toward it in the darkness. The only thing left to do was bed down for the night. They gathered some sagebrush and built a roaring fire, but there was nothing to eat, no water to drink, and only the clothes they were wearing to protect their bodies.

One by one the boys dropped off into an exhausted sleep, except for Gilbert Bader, who pulled guard duty. He stayed fairly alert until about three o'clock in the morning, when he dozed off, lost his balance, and rolled right into the fire. The long tail of his coat ignited and his frenzied yells shocked everyone wide-awake. There was little damage, but no more sleep for anyone.

The boys were moving again as soon as it became light and in just a short time were looking down on the Yellowstone River. They ignored its heavy mud content, from the flooding, and satisfied their thirst at last. Nearby was a small log cabin. Good luck began making up for all the bad luck. The cabin was stocked with provisions, and contained a stove and dishes. The young adventurers fixed themselves a hearty breakfast, washed the dishes in muddy river water, then left enough money on the table to pay for what they had eaten.

A short time later, as they wandered over the hills, Mac and his buddies met their first real cowboy, sitting astride a beautiful black horse. He was astounded at finding them wandering around out in the middle of nowhere, with no equipment and no food, and no sense of direction. He escorted them to his brother's ranch house, which proved to be located only a mile from the mired Dreadnaught.

With the help of the cowboy, his brother, several blankets to use under the wheels for traction—and with everyone else pushing—Mac drove the Dreadnaught out of the creek and onto solid land. Neither of the ranchers had ever seen a motor car "in the flesh," although they had heard about them and seen pictures. So Mac gave them a thrill with a fast ride around most of their range land.

WHEN the boys finally arrived in Billings, Montana they headed directly for the YMCA, where they paid 25¢ each for a hot bath. They were covered from head to toe with layers of Yellowstone dust and Yellowstone mud.

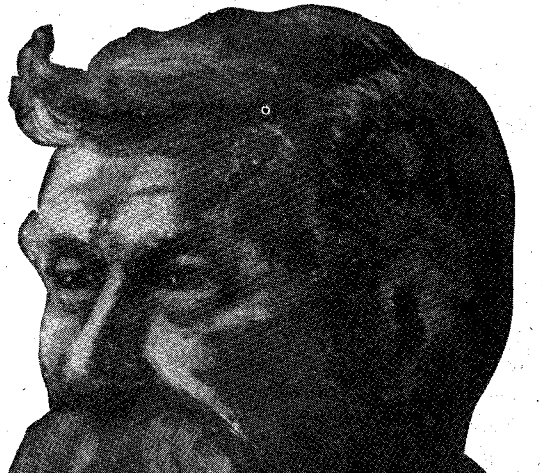
The final leg of the journey from Billings to Red Lodge was a breeze through flat valleys. The quartet arrived in Red Lodge on June 18, 1911, just thirteen days after leaving home. The folks in the mining town gave them a rousing reception. Everyone wanted to hear about the trip, and the boys took turns at the telling, with only a little embellishment here and there. It was hail to four boys who had put four wheels through country that previously had been crossed only by four hoofs!

The total cost of the trip was $56.70. This included $12.00 for lodging, $12.25 for gas, $31.20 for food, 25¢ for the ferryboat crossing, and $1.00 for four baths. Strangely enough, there had been no tire trouble, although at times they picked up so many cactus spines that the tires looked like huge fuzzy caterpillars. The spines were soft and didn't puncture the tubes. Probably the major disappointment of the trip was the fact that no Indians had been seen, although the boys were sure the redmen must have been watching from the distant hills!

All too often high adventure invites some form of stark, dramatic tragedy. Two of Mac's schoolmates, Don Waggoner and Gilbert Bader, went on down to Gardiner from Red Lodge, seeking employment for the summer at Yellowstone

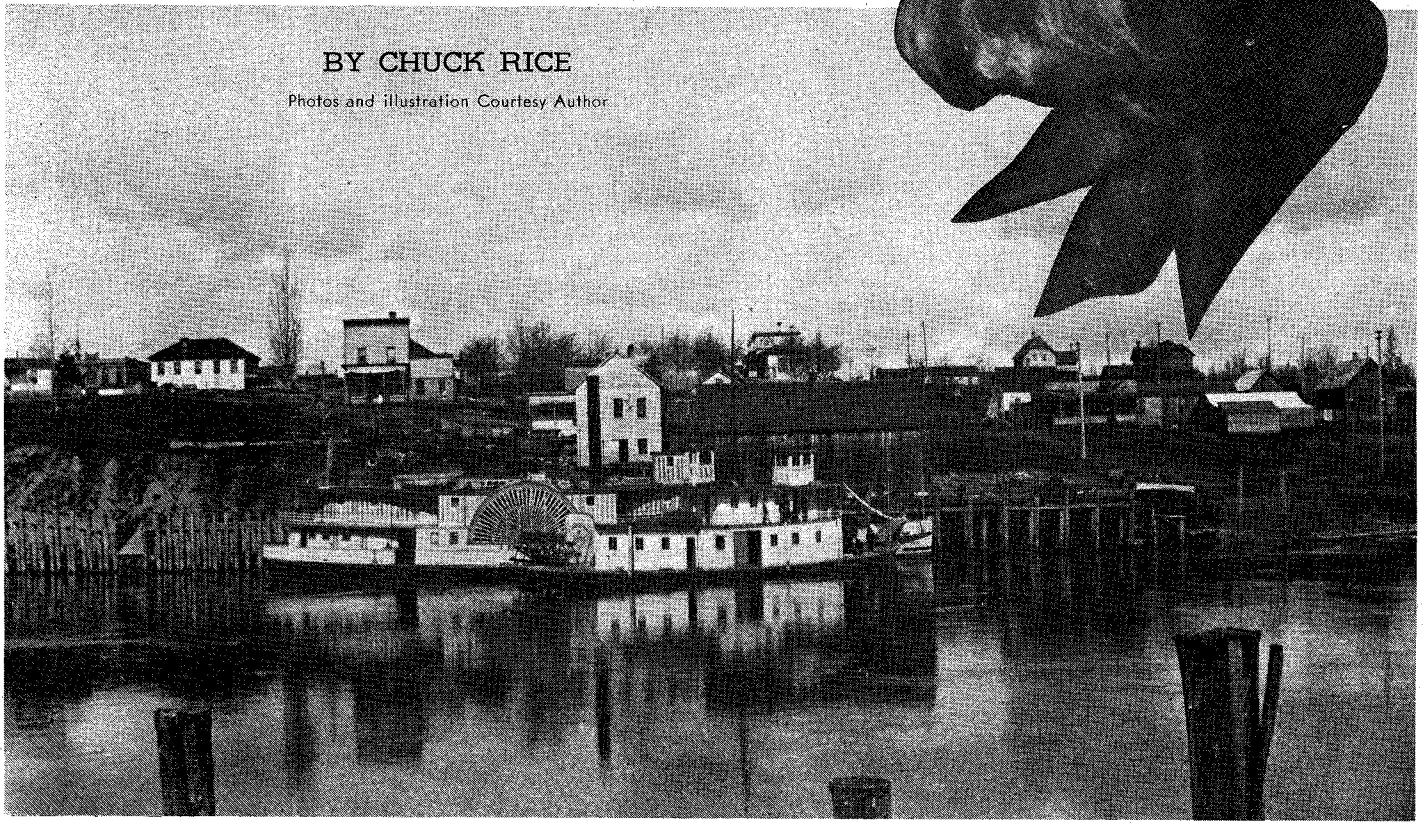
(Continued on page 45)

MacDougall's GREAT GOLD HOAX



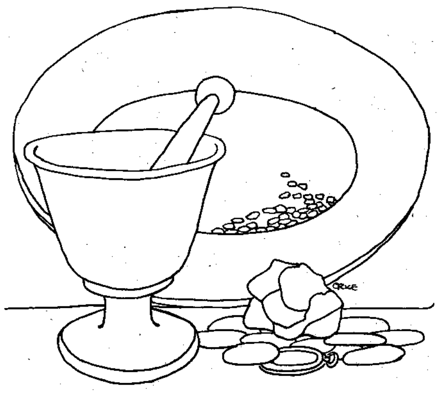
BY CHUCK RICE

Photos and illustration Courtesy Author



Courtesy **Snohomish County Tribune**, Bill Bates, Editor

Top right: From a portrait of Samuel MacDougall painted by the author, 1925. Above: The river front, Snohomish, Washington, taken about 1895. Below: Drawing of mortar, pestle, and gold pan once owned by MacDougall, now housed at the Blackman Museum in Snohomish.



A practical joker can do wonders with a little discarded jewelry and a pair of tin snips!

GOLD has led repeatedly to painful subversion of people and nations. Mark Twain's dramatic portrayal of the insidious spell cast over community life by the lure of gold is presented in two of his fictional tales, "The Mysterious Stranger" and, "The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg." And here is a true story of how Sam MacDougall, seeking to play a joke with gold as a lure, seduced the citizens of a western city.

MacDougall, local old-timer, bachelor, and perennial prospector, perpetrated a hoax at Snohomish, Washington, that threatened to imperil the civic happiness of his community. It happened in February 1928. Started as a practical joke, the fabricated gold strike grew to such unforeseen proportions that MacDougall and his confederate decided to take a vacation trip to see the historic gold fields along Alder Creek in Montana!

It all began when winter storm waters threatened to undercut an abutment of the Avenue D bridge at Snohomish. A county maintenance crew was put to work drilling a test hole to determine soil conditions in view of building a new pier. During the drilling a ledge of hard strata was struck that caused speculation as to whether gold-bearing rock might be encountered.

One local resident became so enthusiastic he declared he was going to pan some of the drill bailings the next day and obtain an assay. However, this failed to impress bystanders who were aware of the man's self-generated reputation as a mining expert.

When Sam MacDougall learned of the proposed mining venture at the bridge, he induced a bachelor friend, John Howard, to join him in providing real placer

(Continued on page 58)

THE CONNELL MURDER CASE

BY EVE BALL

Photos Courtesy Author

A beef contract turned out to be a death warrant

MANY tragic deaths that have occurred in New Mexico have been the result of quarrels over water rights. In the early days of the Anglo settlements in the Territory, land meant little. As Sam Jones said, "It [land] was all over out-a-doors. But water! That was somethin' different."

The little village of Tularosa at the foot of the mountains just south of the Mescalero Apache Reservation had been settled by Mexicans, families driven from the Rio Grande Valley when floods destroyed their irrigation ditches. The Rio Tularosa, it is true, was a small stream at best, one that disappeared into the sand a few miles below the village. But it did supply enough water for raising crops for the handful of settlers.

As ranchers became sufficiently affluent to build homes in the town so their wives and children might live there through the winter school months, they gradually acquired water rights, sometimes both fairly and legally. But it was well known that there were some who had taken advantage of the trusting Mexicans to get their signatures on papers which were unintelligible to them until they faced the situation in which they no longer owned water rights.

One of the early priests at Tularosa was Father Migeon, a Frenchman, dedicated to serving his predominantly Mexican parish. The Anglos, with very few exceptions, were not members of his church, and had little or no social contacts with the Mexicans.

There was one exception to this, Ralph Connell, who had come from Omaha, Nebraska with the hope of regaining his health. So far as anyone knew, he had no religious affiliation, but he had sympathy for the underdog and did not hesitate to ally himself with those whom he considered if not the legal, at least the moral, owners of the water.

Ralph Connell obviously had resources. He built a spacious and comfortable adobe house on a large plot of land near the southeast corner of town. It became famous later as the Verner Clayton home. He planted many trees and shrubs, numerous peonies and roses. And he raised chickens on a big scale.

Connell had a permit to run goats on the reservation, and after three or four years in Tularosa, he secured the contract of furnishing beef for the reservation Indians.

JAMES A. CARROLL, agent of the Mescalero Apaches, had come to Mescalero in 1902 with his family. The road up the mountain was little more than a trail, and no car could have made the grade. He owned a fine driving team and a two-seated buckboard with which he made the trip back and forth to Tularosa, where there was a railroad. One of Carroll's first acts was to put the Indians to work improving the road. (Incidentally Mr. Carroll was one of the first men in southeastern New Mexico to promote the improvement of roads, and he was an expert in methods of building them.)

He found the reservation in deplorable condition so far as the living conditions of the Apaches were concerned. He demanded that the wretched buildings in which Apache children were housed while attending school be replaced with sanitary houses, and that good teachers be employed.

Because there was neither church nor mission on the reservation he offered the living room of his home for that purpose. Father Migeon accepted and said Mass in it, using the piano for an altar. He made regular trips to Mescalero monthly, and became a warm friend of the Carroll family. Perhaps it was his recommendation that enabled Ralph Connell to secure the beef contract.

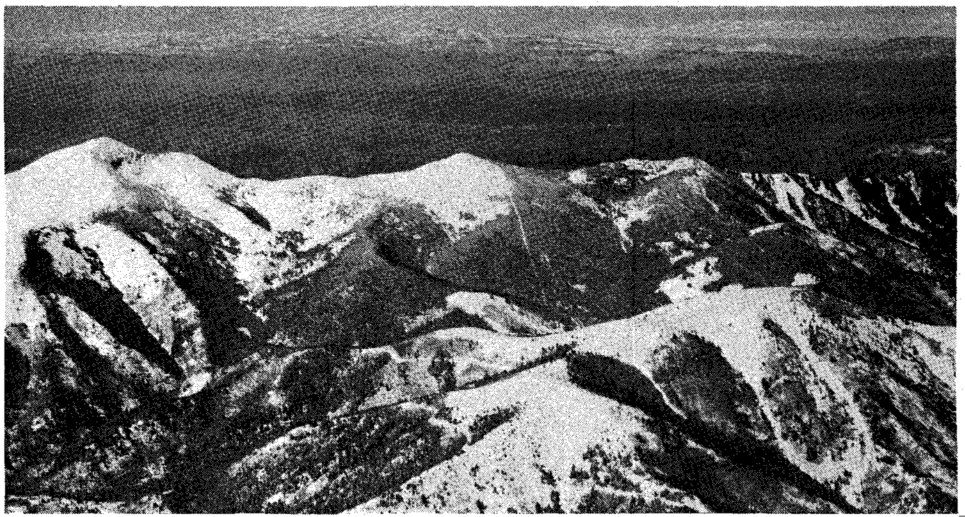
Mr. Carroll was by no means unmindful that food contracts of any kind had caused a lot of trouble in the Southwest, but Carroll did what he thought best for his charges, regardless of danger signals.

As might have been anticipated, some of the ranchers in the little village resented the beef contract's being given to a "furriner." Though their antagonism to Catholicism was veiled, it no doubt added to their annoyance.

When after three years a second "furriner," a Mr. I. J. Porter, moved into the village, there was much speculation as to the motive of his coming, and as to his means of income. After he aligned himself with the Anglo ranchers the Mexicans suspected that they had imported Porter for the purpose of killing Ralph Connell and the rumors reached Father Migeon. The ranchers began to aggressively challenge Connell's renewing his beef contract, but it was done.

CARROLL, having presided over the reservation eleven years and having greatly improved the status of the Indians, was, to their great disappointment, transferred to the Osage Reservation headquarters in Pawhuska. He had not been there very long until he heard from his successor, Mr. Jeffries, who had served as his chief clerk at Mescalero, that open hostilities were in evidence at Tularosa. Shortly after came a news report of the killing of Ralph Connell, allegedly by Porter.

1962 photograph of a portion of the Sierra Blanca Mountains whose foothills were the setting for murder.



Courtesy Vic Lamb, Editor, Ruidoso News

The men lived at diagonal corners of the little town. Highway 70 now follows the main street; at that time the road turned at a right angle at the foot of the hills, followed them about a quarter of a mile south, and then turned west to what is now the highway. In the first bend of the road were several small adobe buildings, including a larger house, where the Porters lived.

Because Mr. Carroll was a very busy man, his wife carried on much of the correspondence for the family. She wrote to Fr. Migeon and expressed her horror of the crime and her sympathy for him in losing his close friend. Not until she had his reply did the Carrolls learn any details of the killing.

Father Migeon's letter told this story:

"Las Cruces, New Mexico
"June 20, 1914

"Dear Mrs. Carroll,

"You are most likely very anxious to know the particulars about the tragic death of poor Ralph. The account given by *The Times* is partially correct, still there are a few inaccuracies, and it is not absolutely complete.

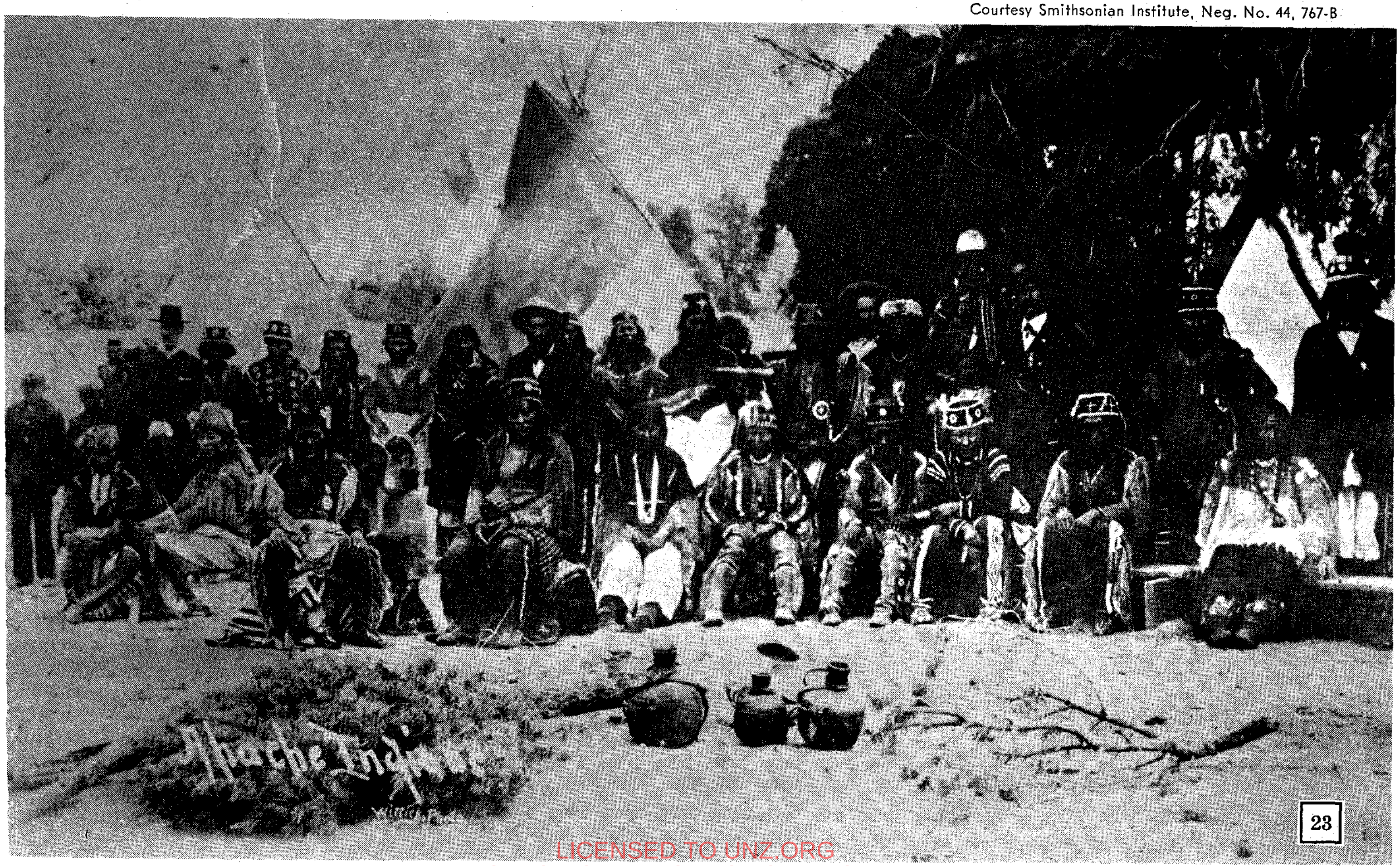
"Of course the origin of all is the water lawsuit. Several times Ralph's life had been threatened; the water right owners had been boasting that they had induced Porter to come here in the hope he would murder Connell. We knew it for years. Even Judge Cooley had warned me very earnestly about it, and I had been using all my influence with Ralph to make him be cautious, and of course he had his wife. The first time Ralph met Porter was in Alamogordo suits, connected with our case. He had never spoken to the

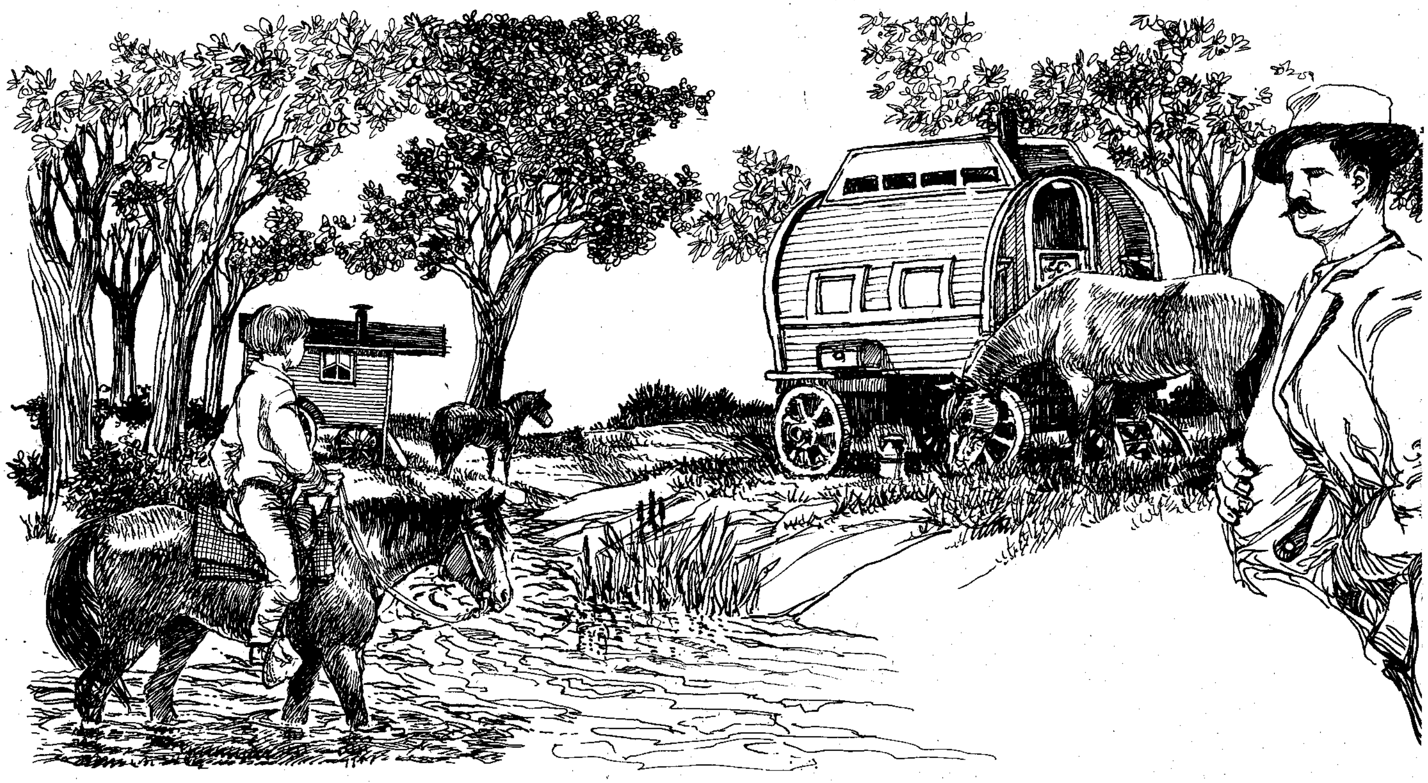
(Continued on page 54)

James A. Carroll (above left), agent of the Mescalero Apache Reservation, improved conditions and awarded the fresh beef contract that started a chain of events leading to murder. Mrs. Carroll, his wife (above right), received the letter from Father Migeon telling of the tragedy.

One of the earliest photographs of Mescalero Apaches (below); this group posed at Santa Fe.

Courtesy Smithsonian Institute, Neg. No. 44, 767-B





HORSE TRADERS AND GYPSIES

Introductory Note

DURING long summer days sixty or seventy years ago, the covered wagons of horse traders and gypsies were a common sight in the Missouri, Kansas, Iowa and Nebraska farming country. Small towns with populations of from fifty to seven- or eight-hundred were strung closely together by a web of dirt roads. Automobiles were just beginning to appear, and during the winter months sat jacked up on blocks of wood in sheds or barns. Thus, all winter, horses were again kings of the road, pulling bob-sleds, lumber wagons and buggies.

This closely knit area, in which farms were only a few miles apart, was threaded by many small creeks bordered by grassy banks and woods. It was in these woods that gypsy caravans and horse traders camped.

When gypsies were about, children stayed close to home. There was a general belief that gypsies stole children as well as everything else they could lay their hands on. After a day or two the town constable would chase them on to the next village.

Horse traders were a special breed. They were shrewd and sly, fairly honest when it seemed best, and extremely knowledgeable of horses and human nature. Usually they were short of formal education, worldly goods and ambition.

Trailing a number of horses, many of them running free alongside or behind his covered wagon the trader traveled through the countryside. Generally a trader traveled alone, for competition was strong and, on occasion, deadly.

Most of the horses the trader herded along were afflicted in some manner not immediately discernible. One might suffer from the heaves; another from a surface-healed set-fast; balkiness or some similar detraction would be present in others. With these apparently sound animals the trader always had a few nags so visibly unfit that the others looked handsome in comparison. These miserable creatures were almost always old and skinny, and often sway-backed, lame, wall-eyed, spavined or jug-headed.

The trader's object was to swap one of his crow-baits to some unwary farmer for a sound animal that would bring a little money. Good horses were disposed of immediately and the trader would make tracks for a new neighborhood.

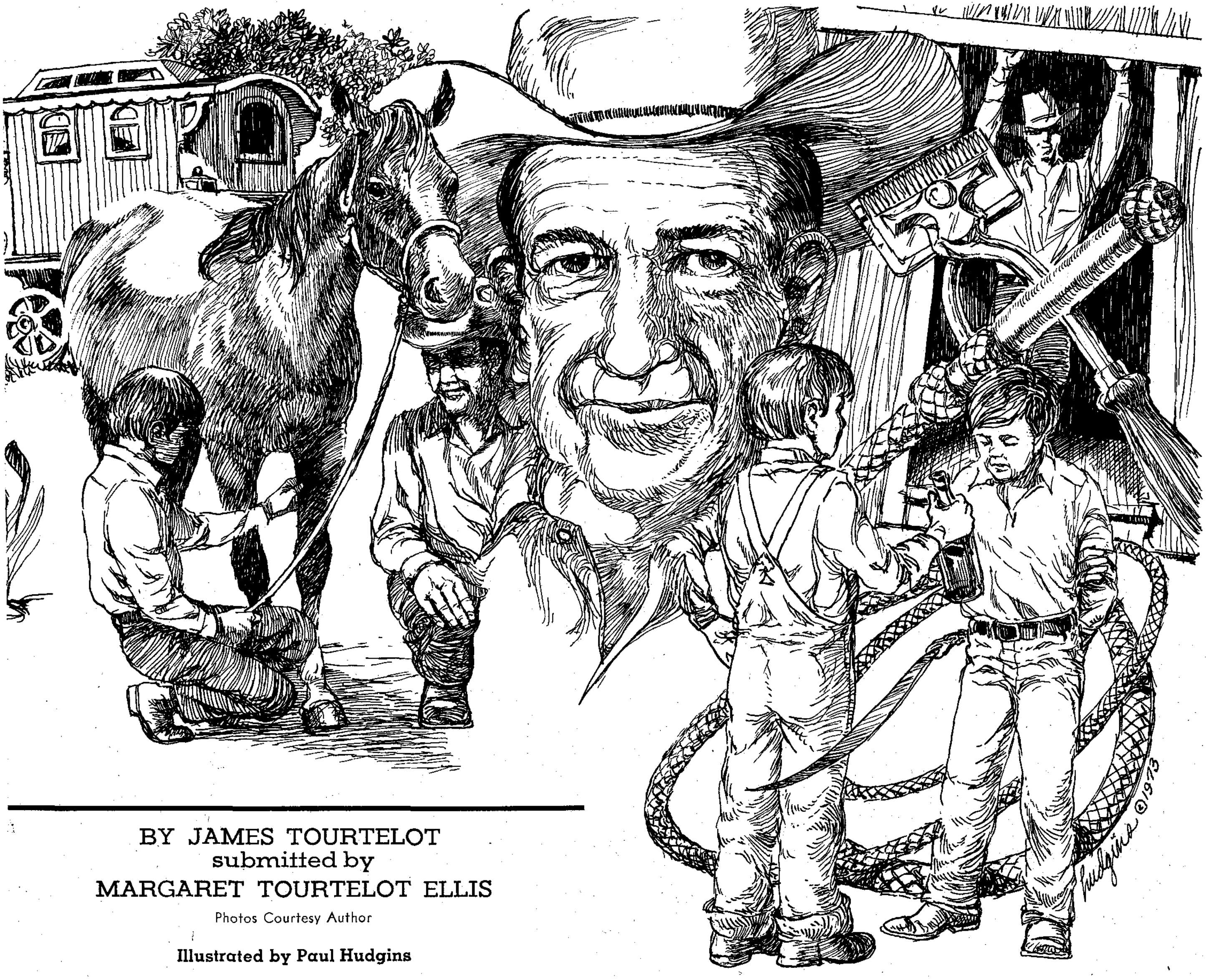
The following sketch about horse traders was written in 1915 or 1916 by a twelve-year-old boy. It tells of his experiences and association with them. He lived in Adams, a small eastern Nebraska town. His penciled account was found some years ago among his mother's papers. It is presented as little James Tourtelot wrote it—spelling and all.

I HAVE always liked to see ever old horse trader that ever came to town and I have did this since I have been eight years old. some time I could get some of the fellos to go with [me] but lots of times I had to go alone. My parents didnt aprove of me going down to see gypese and fellos of to lazee a nature to work for a living and some were even to lazee to steal.

They told me that sometime I would be kidnept and then I would be sorry that I ever went near one of thes old horse theifs and told me storys of little boys who were taken from there homes and there parents were made to pay large sums of money to get them back. But it never worried me in fact it rather pleased me. I often would ride my little one eyed pony down to there camps hoping that they would take me captive and that my pony would run home without me and the floks [folks] would have to get the ploice [police] to come down to the camp and get me.

I have often spent hours day dreaming of some gypese that would come in bright wagons and fine fat horses that could run faster than a car and how they would capture me and take me way up in the mountains and how they would write a letter to my floks and tell them they could have me back if they would pay enouff money but dad wouldnt have that much and how I would exceapt [escape] and come home and the floks would be so glad to see me and I would promise not to go to eny more camps.

Mother often aske me why I went to these camps but as I did not no I would tell her I liked to go and see if I could find eny horses that I would trade my gentel one eyed pony for. In fact I began



BY JAMES TOURTELOT
submitted by
MARGARET TOURTELOT ELLIS

Photos Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Paul Hudgins

To be around them made Tourtelot stand "still and trimble like a willow tree dose on a brezy night"

to think this was the reason so did mak quite a stude of horses that came to town and would aske qustins [questions] about what made that horse laim and why those lompes were on his knee and what caused them. I found the horse dockert to be a very enersting man so I took to going down to the Livelery Barn and staying with docke as I called him. He was a big fello with a harte of gold and so treat me lik a king and at the same time saw I never got hurt.

Mother began to kick when I would go and stay all day at the barn because she said it was no place for a boy my age but I always get my way at home so they had to give in and let me do as I please.

BUT IN the last years I have found why I like to see these fellos and always go to their camps with high admeration of these men that trade horses and steal chickens. They are all professional story tellers as well as futurn tellers. They can tell storys that will mak your Blod run cold on the hotest days of aug.

I have heard so many storys, that all one has to do is sugest a story and I can tell one. There is one fello who comes here ever year to trade horses and buys junck from the farmers and the lockel dealers. I have become well acqunted with him for he has come throug once or twice a year for five years and never once have I missed his campe.

one time I went with him clear to Craborchard [Crab Orchard, a town south of Adams] and road in his wagon and tied my pony on with his comen trading stock. He always told me of his troubles and one time told me he was going to bring his famile with him and that he wanted me to come down and meat his wife and two boys he said that the oldest boy was about my age and that he was about as mean as a boy could be. That the boy would not go to school and of all the things he did. as the old trader sat there and told me these tails he seemd to be thinking very searsly. The next day he pulled out of town saying he would be back next year.

I went on going down to the campers stoping place and met so many defernt kinds of people that I had almost for got Bill and his story of his boys. Then one day when I was riding home from Sterling I saw a wagon in the destence and put old one eyed pony in to high and soon over tock him and fond that old Bill and his famile were all there. That Bill was a shark at describing them and that boy was ever bit as bad as his father sed.

The next day was Saturday and Bills wife was very fond of chicken so Bill came to the store to look me up and aske if I could sell him a chicken I was so prowd to have him come in and aske for me and felt so big when we went out to get the chicken from the crate. While we were picking out one chicken we saw another covered wagon coming up the alie [alley] so Bill said he beter take three but said there was not going to be any company at his campe. The next day

(Continued on page 66)

BLOODSHED on

BY MEL VIETHS

Photos Courtesy Author

I FIRST MET Charlie Hansen in 1955 while hunting deer along the Cheyenne River in eastern Wyoming. Charlie lived alone on the old Bridle Bit Ranch where he ran a few head of cattle and several hundred sheep, so naturally he liked to talk and visit when anyone came around. I hunted that area for a number of years and he told me many things about the early days.

Charlie had come to Wyoming from Nebraska in 1892. He worked on a number of ranches in Weston and Converse Counties. "I rode horseback all the way from Canada to Mexico," he said. Charlie worked on one ranch for ten years, which was quite a record for an early-day cowboy. His boss was John Wilkenson who had obtained the old Bridle Bit Ranch, part of which Charlie later leased.

The Bridle Bit was started in 1879 by one of the large cattle companies operating in that area. When I hunted there twenty years ago, two of the old original log cabins were still standing and Charlie used them for tool sheds and storage. Also still in use was an old windmill with wooden vanes.

Charlie Hansen told me about the Indian battle he witnessed on Lightning Creek on October 31, 1903. Sheriff Billy Miller and another deputy were killed in this battle, as well as a number of Sioux.

The Cheyenne River runs near the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in South Dakota. It was only normal for some of the Sioux, who went on hunting excursions, to follow the course of this river up to its headwaters in eastern Wyoming. Charlie Hansen became acquainted with a number of these Indians who often camped on his place while passing through the area. He was well acquainted with Chief Black Kettle, [there were several Black Kettles in the history of the West] and one known as William Brown.

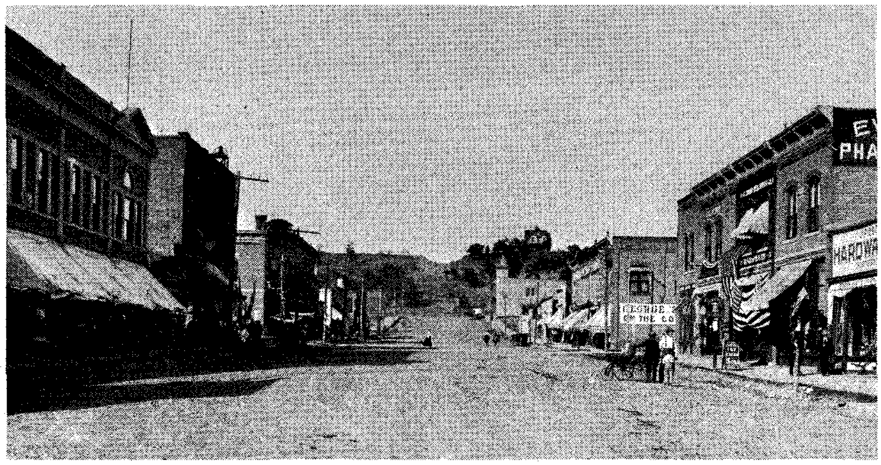
The Weston County ranchers and people in general from Newcastle became disturbed about the hunting excursions in their territory and requested the sheriff to arrest the Indians and remove them from Wyoming. As far back as 1891 the Newcastle *News Journal* reported concern about the presence of "South Dakota Indians" in Wyoming. Mr. Mondekk, the area's lone congressman and himself a resident of Newcastle, carried on a running battle with the office of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in Washington in a futile effort to keep the roving bands of Sioux out of eastern Wyoming.

The Sioux claimed they had the right to hunt where they pleased because of treaties made by Red Cloud and other older chiefs. They said antelope had no brand on them and that the Indians did not kill any of the ranchers' livestock as was claimed. Charlie Hansen told me that he knew of no incident where the Indians had killed any livestock, but they had skinned out a few dead critters they found on the prairie to make moccasins and other clothing from the hides.

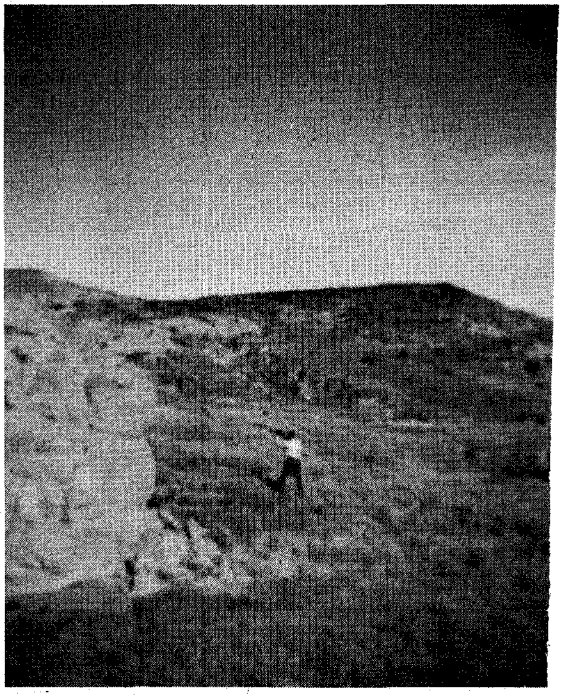
However, in 1901, the pressure from local citizens, and sportsmen of eastern Wyoming became so great that Sheriff Billy Miller began arresting small bands of Indians and bringing them into Newcastle where he would fine them for killing game animals without a permit. Since the Indians had little or no money, they would have to sell their horses to pay the fines. The agent at the Pine Ridge Reservation was then notified to come and get the Indians. As a result, the Indians became quite bitter about these arrests and harassments. One Sioux leader was a Carlisle graduate named Eagle Feather, also known as Charlie Smith, who could speak perfect English. He had returned to the blanket and was reportedly quite arrogant. One rancher reported that Eagle Feather told him that if Miller tried to arrest him (Eagle Feather) he would kill Miller.

ON the 23rd day of October 1903, Sheriff Miller deputized a posse of nine men and sent them out into the country southwest of Newcastle to intercept the Indians and bring them in. Due to other business commitments, Sheriff Miller did not join the posse until the next day. They trailed the Indians for several days and finally caught up with them on the Dry Fork of the Cheyenne. In the band were twenty-three bucks and forty

Courtesy Smithsonian Institution, Bureau of American Ethnology



Courtesy Denver Public Library, Western Collection



Some of the terrain along the Cheyenne River (above), in which nearby Lightning and Lance Creeks flow. Sioux from the Pine Ridge Reservation (above left in a 1891 photo) went on hunting excursions around New Castle, Wyoming (below left, 1903) to the dismay of area residents.

squaws and papooses, with about a dozen or so wagons and teams. Leaders of this band were William Brown and Chief Eagle Feather. They had freshly-killed antelope still tied to their saddles.

Sheriff Billy Miller read the warrant to them and demanded they surrender, but the white men were outnumbered and the Sioux appeared anxious for a scrap. The Indians started heading out their wagons, but not in the right direction. The sheriff ordered them to head toward Newcastle. Twenty-three armed Indians then surrounded the small group of white men. It was a very tense moment and a bad situation to be in, but by calm and cool-headed tactics the sheriff was able to remove his small posse from the ring of Sioux, who were now ready for a fight. If violence had erupted it would have meant sure massacre for the sheriff and his deputies.

Miller was determined to bring the Indians into Newcastle for trial, but he needed more men. He assigned two deputies to trail the band and to meet him at a predetermined place the following day. The rest of the posse stayed at the Fiddleback Ranch that night and there swore in six more deputies, one being the famous Johnny Owens, former stagecoach driver, Indian fighter and eastern Wyoming lawman.

The next day, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, they stopped at the Mill Ranch for dinner. While there, the two members of the posse who had been trailing the Indians came riding in at top speed. They reported that the band was only about a mile and a half away and riding right toward the posse.

The whites saddled their horses quickly and headed up the road in the direction of the Sioux. Johnny Owens, riding up front with Billy Miller, spotted the Indians first. The Indians, seeing the posse about the same time, started to dismount, and the posse took cover in the dry bed of Lightning Creek. Miller did not want any shooting, but was anxious that his men be protected behind the bank of a washout where the Indians were now dismounted. Sheriff Billy Miller and Johnny Owens crawled to the top of the embankment and shouted at the Indians to lay down their arms and come peacefully. Miller kept shouting until he lost his voice, and then Owens repeated the orders.

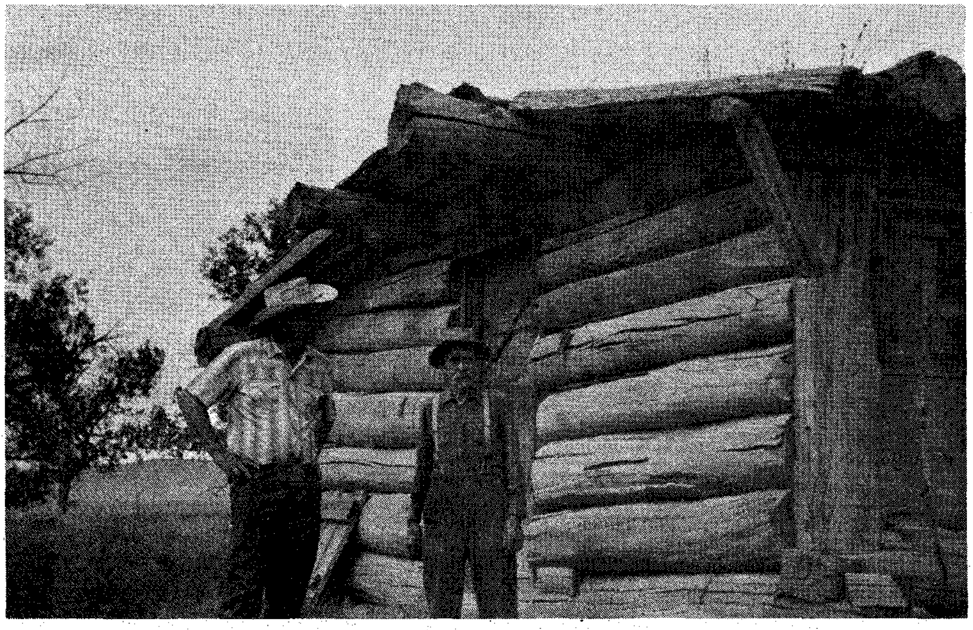
About this time a shot rang out, and Sheriff Miller went down. Posse members came boiling up over the embankment and then all hell broke loose. Deputy Louis Falkenberg was shot in the neck and died instantly. Owens did not know that Miller had been hit, as he was too busy firing at the Indians. The battle only lasted about ten minutes, and then the Indians turned and scattered. Four Sioux lay dead—one of them Eagle Feather, who had been shot in the legs and died

(Continued on page 51)

Charlie Hansen at the age of 96 relives the battle he witnessed on Lightning Creek.

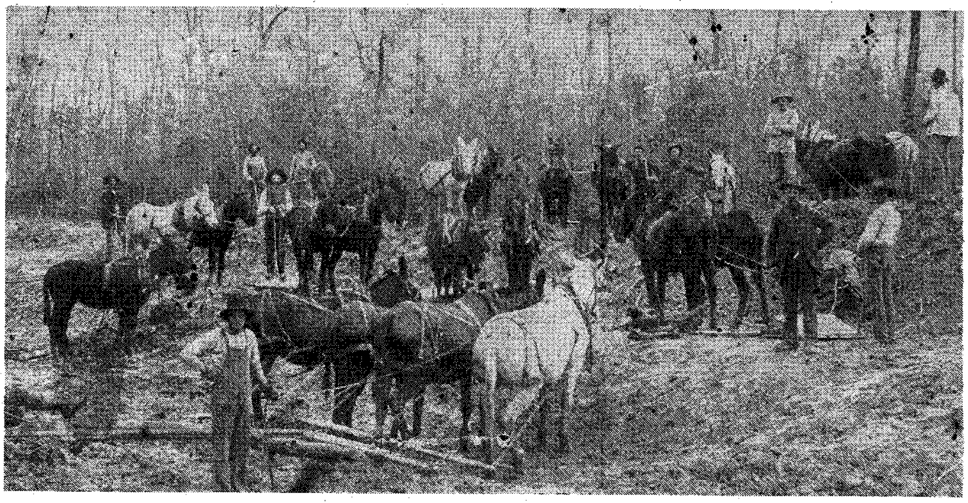
LIGHTNING CREEK

— all because two sets of official orders were diametrically opposed

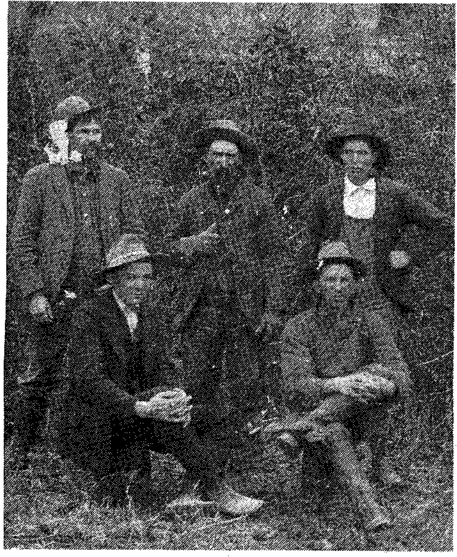


Charlie Hansen and the author standing in front of one of the original log cabins (above) on the Bridle Bit Ranch, 1957. An old wooden vane windmill (left) was still in use in the 1950s when this photo was taken of Hansen.

DEPUTIZED SAW



Above, left to right: Logging crew for the sawmill stops work for these photos. People are unidentified. Below: Grandfather of author with some of the sawmill workers.

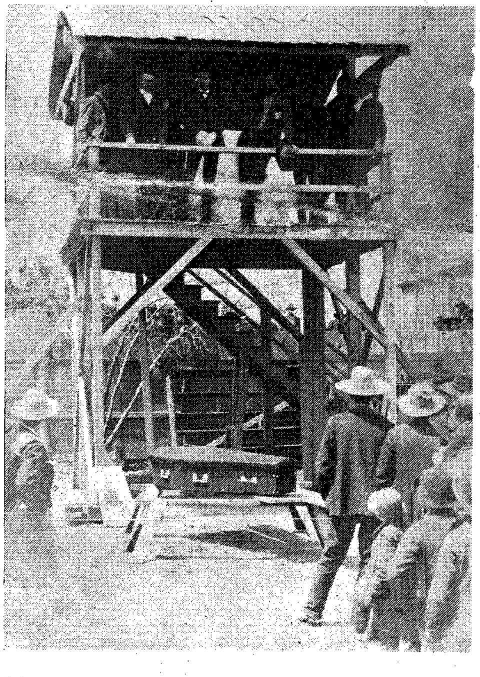


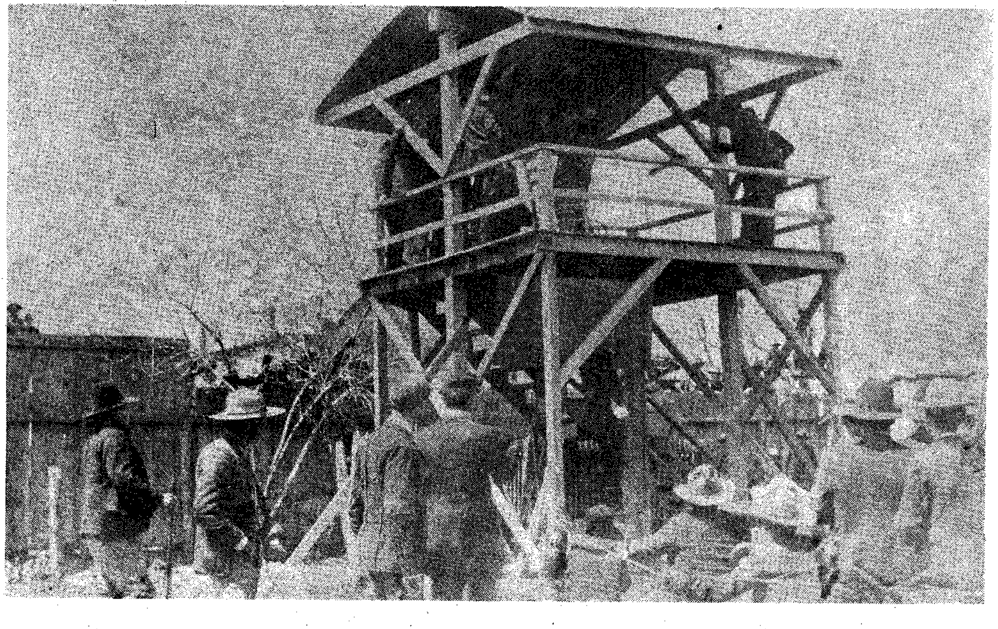
MY FATHER, James William Anderson, was born October 22, 1870 on a farm between Vinita and Pryor Creek in what is today called Oklahoma. He had two step-brothers, three sisters, and one brother, Charlie. Papa, the youngest, was three years old when some of Quantrill's killers came raiding. All of the family would have been killed, but Grandfather Anderson had made steps of rock up the huge fireplace and could put the smaller children up the chimney.

The two older boys were out helping the neighbors, and Grandmother Anderson wouldn't go up the chimney, but elected to stay at Grandpa's side. The raiders killed them both. When the house was still and the children came down, they were shocked at the terrible sight. Later that evening, after the older brothers returned home, they buried Grandpa and Grandmother.

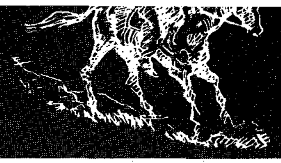
A few weeks afterward, the raiders came back. They didn't go into the house but went into the barn. My father and his sister Jennie (the two youngest children) were up in the loft. Jennie was shucking corn. When the children heard them, they crawled under the corn to hide but could see down through the cracks. There were two mules in the stalls used for farming. It sounds unreasonable but some of the gang held the mules while others punched out their eyes. The mules screamed and fought—and if they hadn't the two children would have been heard screaming, too—they were so scared. The men left after they had disabled the mules, and the children ran to the house. The rest of the boys and

Below, left and right: Scenes of the hanging that resulted from a pursuit made by Anderson deep into the Ozarks.





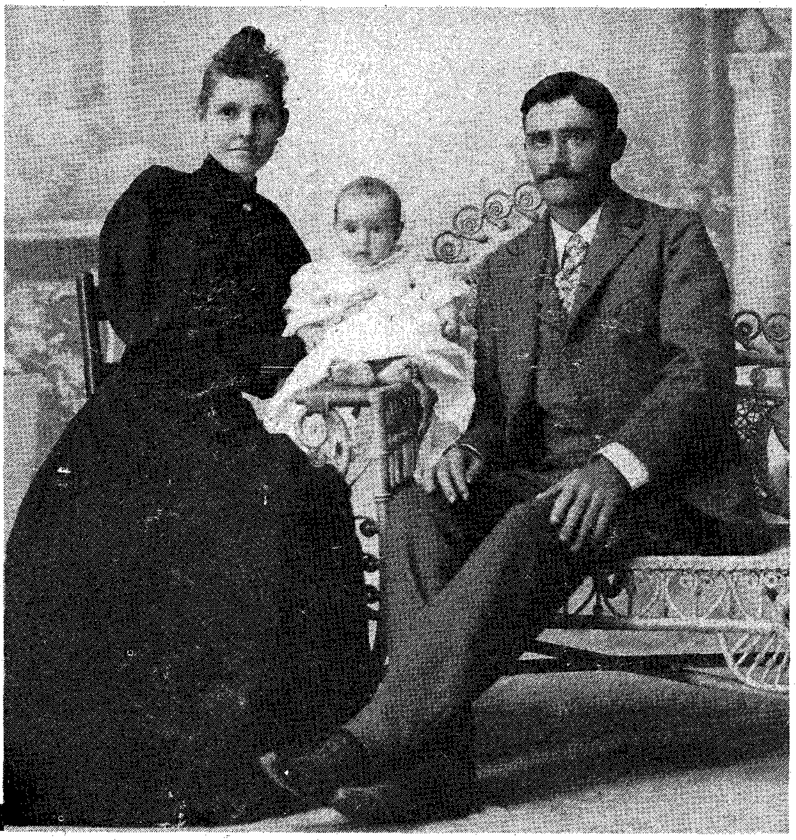
MILL MAN



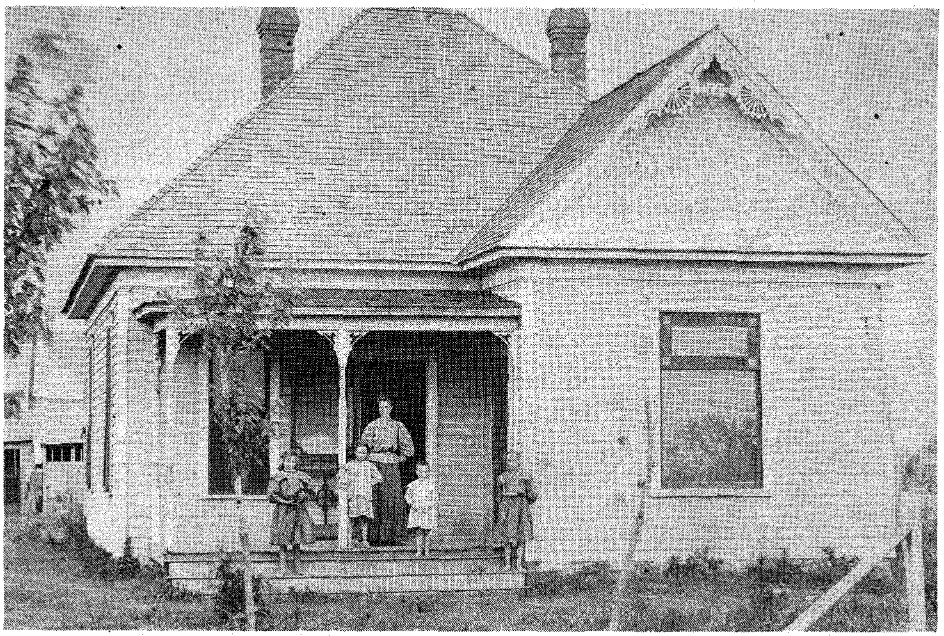
Ironic that men whose livelihoods depended on timber could never put down roots . . .

BY RHODA ANDERSON SMITH

Photos Courtesy Author



***Above:** James W. and Mary Anderson with their baby, Rhoda when she was five months old. **Below:** On the porch of the house built by author's father are her mother Mary, Rhoda (author), Jessie, Archie, and Maudie.*



girls were safe, but terribly frightened.

That evening when the older boys came home, they decided it wasn't safe for the children there alone, so they went from one neighbor to another and found places for them all. They then gave up the farm and left for the West. No one ever heard from the boys after that. They may have been killed.

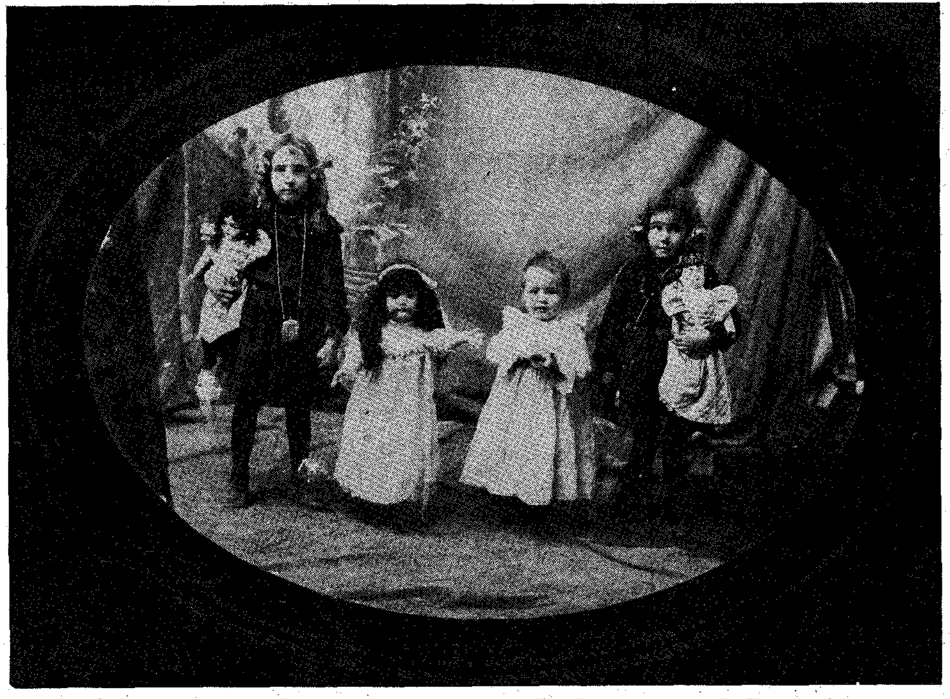
A doctor took Jimmie and was supposed to clothe, feed and send him to school as soon as he was old enough but my father never had a pair of shoes. They just wrapped his feet in gunny sacks and made his clothes out of gunny sacks. When he got older he did all kinds of work around the place, but things never got any better. When he was fifteen he ran away and went to work at a sawmill in the edge of the Ozarks. (My father was never sent to school and later my mother taught him to read and write.)

When Papa was seventeen he took what earnings he had saved and bought a half interest in a sawmill belonging to a man named Yockey. Two years later, Deputy U. S. Marshal Gilstrap came by and told Papa that Judge Parker was needing more deputies, so my father applied and got the job. He kept his part of the sawmill, but left Mr. Yockey to run it. Marshal Gilstrap and Papa worked together for years—as long as Papa was in the service.

When he was twenty-four he married Mary Matilda Yockey, aged eighteen. They were married June 18, 1895 at Talequah, Indian Territory. I was born at Clarksville, Arkansas January 5, 1897, and my sister Jessie Allie was born February 18, 1899. For some reason, I took to running off from home, going a long way—once into the railroad yards; another time they found me in a wood shed downtown. Mama was so afraid of being alone and of me running off that she finally persuaded my father to resign his U. S. Deputy Marshal's badge.

We moved back to the sawmill. Papa bought out Grandpa Yockey and had a mill first at Anderson, Arkansas, then at Salina, Indian Territory, on the Grand River. We lived for a while on the west side of the river at the Jack Riley place in a two-room log cabin. Maudie was born on May 30, 1901. Later Papa moved us across the river to a new sawmill house he had built for us, and we lived there until I was five years old. Finally he built us a house of cull walnut lumber on Pryor Creek. My father was an expert at sawing and did all his own work. It was a pretty four-room house. I could get out and pick red and black haws and scuffle in the fallen leaves, wade in the little creeks and see the birds and turkeys and be with Papa at the sawmill. Sometimes he took me with him to mark lumber. But he would still go with a posse if one came by and wanted him to guide, as he knew the Ozarks, every stick and stone.

Before he left the U. S. service, Judge Parker sent him into the Ozarks after a half-breed Indian accused of horse stealing. He was gone two weeks, and said he never met a more agreeable fellow on any of his quests for fugitives. He hated to bring him in, for he knew the man would be hanged. When the condemned was on the gallows he made such a nice speech that Papa stayed till he made the talk, but couldn't stand to stay to see him drop.



Rhoda, Jessie, and Maudie took their dolls along for this photograph.

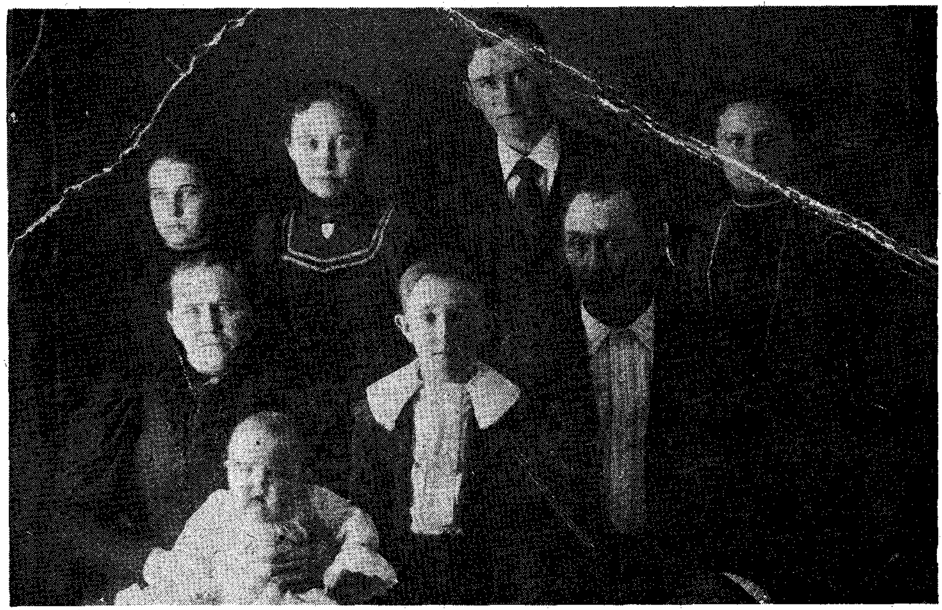
AFTER we moved into the new house on Pryor Creek Papa's only boy, Archie James, was born on February 27, 1904. Papa had wanted a son for so long that he was very proud. (He had gotten a beautiful watch on a raffle board before I was born and said it was for his son. But when I was born he was proud of me, too. I was so small. So he said the watch was mine; and I still have it and wear it every day. It keeps good time and is over seventy-five years old.)

After Mother and all of us children moved to town, Papa came in once a week. He had hired a woman named Etta Taylor and her friend Vidah Draper to cook at the sawmill. One of the women's husband was in the pen for horse stealing or murder, I don't remember which. Mama became very jealous of these two women and began to nag at my father to fire them. But he said he had to have someone to cook for the men and he didn't know of anyone he could get. None of the married men wanted their wives to take the job. Mama told him if he didn't fire them she would get a divorce.

My mother was a beautiful, slender woman with heavy brown hair and dark brown eyes. She loved a good time. Mama played the organ, and one of the first things my father bought after they were married was a walnut organ. She could also play the French harp and accordian. We did a lot of singing in our home. Even the neighbors would come in and sing. Mama also played for dances, and she taught us to dance when we were real small. Papa was an excellent dancer, also, and could play the violin.

When we lived at the sawmill my parents used to take us three girls and play for dances. We enjoyed it very much. But after we moved to town, this all stopped. Mama had lots of friends and she would go with them and play for the dances but always left us children at home. Things began to be worse and she and Papa quarreled a lot. He was always well dressed, wore well shined cowboy boots and a suit, never anything fancy or loud. He always bought Mama beautiful clothes and she made us children all pretty clothes.

Happy visits with the Nat Dial family are among childhood memories. Mrs. Dial, seated on the left, is the author's Aunt Betty.



One time Mama had been real sick and lost another baby boy. My father had gone on an expedition with Mr. Gilstrap's posse to capture the Wickliffe boys. Papa didn't want to go as the Wickliffe family were good friends and he didn't think they were guilty. But he had promised to help Mr. Gilstrap so he went. They didn't find the boys because their parents wouldn't tell where they were. Then later a posse went back without my father and tied up the old people and questioned them again but they still never told. Unfortunately, the boys waylaid the lawmen and killed Mr. Gilstrap. His brother then took up the hunt and finally found them and they were tried and spent several years in the pen. Papa never would go anymore with a posse unless it was a local one.

When I was eleven my mother finally got a divorce because Papa wouldn't

(Continued on page 45)

TRAILS
GROWN
DIM

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Struble

I was born in Brule County, South Dakota in 1886, so I can recall some of the early happenings in the Old West and remember hearing about many more. Your magazine is most interesting, especially to us oldsters.

I would be so happy if some of your readers could tell me of my friends, the Drs. Struble who graduated from a chiropractic school in St. Louis, Missouri. The last I heard they lived in Eureka, Texas. Dr. Struble once worked for the Continental Company in Tulsa, Oklahoma where we became good friends. If anyone has information about the Strubles or knew them, please write.—Mrs. Beulah Smalley, 226 Foster Lane, Billings, Montana 59102

Jones

I would like some help in finding my aunt. Her name is Iva Cassie (Fine) Jones. She was born April 29, 1925 in Arnett, Oklahoma. Cassie was last heard from in 1949. She sent her parents a valentine postmarked Sacramento, California. She signed the valentine with her nickname, Cat. I would appreciate anyone's help in locating Cassie.—Shirley Fine, Rt. 1, Box 181, Coppell, Texas 75019

Parmalee

About 1944-1945 a soldier—one Johnny Parmalee—was sent to our ranch in Arkansas. He was suffering from shellshock and had just been brought home. The Government thought he'd recuperate faster on our farm, called the Company Farm after the McAlester Fuel Oil Company from McAlester, Oklahoma. Johnny was a huge hero of a seven-year-old girl who really missed him when he went home to Arlington, Texas to be a veterinarian. We never heard from him again but sure would love to. Anyone knowing his whereabouts please contact us.—Mrs. Chrystal Kay Wages Thompson, 6516 E. 9th Avenue, Anchorage, Alaska 99504

Hickman

I am seeking information about my grandparents, William Hickman and his wife Mary Love Hickman, or any of their descendants. Their children were Ernest, Arthur, Alice, Amelia, and James.

James was my father. He was born in Lavina, Montana in 1866. I think this Hickman family lived in Montana from about 1860 till 1900, as my father grew up there. My father was a cowboy on Montana ranches from about 1880 to 1888. He moved away to the Orient where he lived until 1913. He tried to look up his folks when he returned, but couldn't locate any of them. He died in 1915, and my mother could never find any of these Hickman relations.

I would love to hear from any children or grandchildren of his brothers and sisters.—Mrs. Elizabeth Nelson, 2818 South 220th, Sp. 46, Kent, Washington 98031

Robinson-Preston-Moon-Hines

Gustavis Robinson had a twin sister Gustine (?). Their parents came from Dublin, Ireland (?). Gustavis Robinson married Cora Moon and they had one child, Adelaid Adele (Addie), born February 15, 1869. They lived in Grand Ledge, Michigan, then in Battle Creek, Michigan. They came to San Jose, California in about 1884 and lived with Uncle Joseph Wilkinson Hines. They had Chinese workers who Addie taught English. They returned to Michigan where Addie married Marvin Henry Preston. Both families moved back to Oregon. The Prestons had four children: Elvy, who died in infancy; Geneviene Laura; and twins Lela Belle and Lella Dell. Later they moved to California. Cora Robinson died in Oregon in 1903 or 1904. Gustavis Robinson married Linnie Tobey, a widow.

Joseph W. Hines wrote a book called PIONEER LIFE ON THE PACIFIC COAST, printed by Eaton & Company in San Jose, California in 1911.

The Moon family lived in the deep South. Where? Colonel Moon was Cora's father.

Marvin Henry Preston was born in New York State, near Rochester, on June 17, 1866. His father was of English descent and his mother was of Dutch descent. He had three sisters: Mary Von Vorst; Josephine deWitt; and Emma Robinson. There were also four brothers: Frances; Charles; William; and ? Their mother's maiden name was Eldredge.

Any information on these people or their ancestors will be appreciated.—Mrs. Samuel Bysor, 242 Montclar Avenue #1, San Jose, California 95116

Bogardus

Captain Adam H. Bogardus, who was World Champion Wing Shot, was from Elkhart, Illinois. After winning the title in London, England, Captain Bogardus came back to the U. S. and joined the Buffalo Bill Cody Wild West Show.

I would like to know about his family along with more of his Wing Shot records.—Mrs. Morgan C. Beeler, 722 "H" Street, Centralia, Washington 98531

Sigel and Klenk Families

I am searching for information on the Sigel (or Sigle) and Klenk families who lived in Baden and Wurtemburg, Germany. My great-grandparents, John George and Rosina Klenk Sigle, came to America in the early 1880s and settled in Indian Territory. My grandfather was only sixteen years old when he and his seventeen- and nineteen-year-old brothers ran in the Oklahoma land rush.

The name was originally spelled Siegel; then some by that name shortened it to Sigel and some who came to America changed it to Sigle.

My great-grandparents named their children after family members. They were: Frederick, Christian, Christopher, John, Gotthilpe, Charles, William, Selma, and Julia.

In my search I have located the descendants of a Frederick Christoph Sigle who also came to America from Wurtemberg. Their family names correspond with our branch so we are now trying to connect the two groups. I also found out that my great-great-grandfather's name was Eugene Sigel, and his son by the same name came to America in 1930. Eugene, Jr. had a son who supposedly moved to New York State. I have not been able to locate this son or descendants.

Please write if you have any information at all. Nothing is too trivial to interest me.—Mrs. Dorothy McCoy, Rt. #1, Box 149, Mission, Texas 78572

Stetson

The name of "Stetson" was certainly a household word in the West, and as secretary of the Stetson Kindred of America I am seeking all Stetson (Stutson, Stitson, Studson) descendants. To the best of our knowledge, all Stetsons in this country are descendants of one Cornet Robert Stetson who settled in Scituate, Massachusetts in 1634. We have published three volumes tracing his descendants into the seventh generation but many are still missing. If you are a Stetson ancestor, male or female, we'd like to hear from you.—Emile (Mrs. John A.) Green, 337A First Parish Road, Scituate, Massachusetts 02066

Daniel-Hedrick

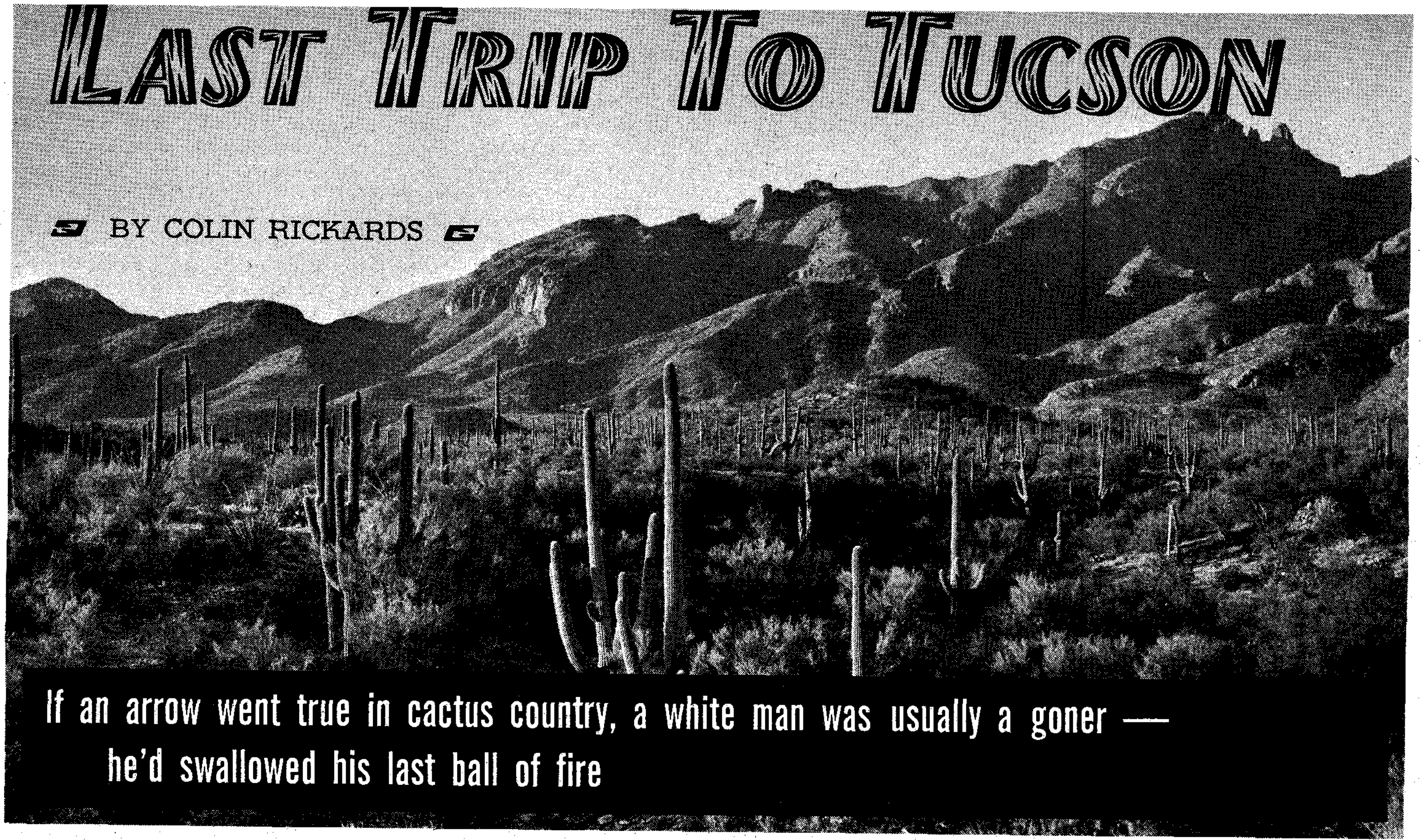
The orphan children of Richard A. Daniel and Orpha Bowen, Ruebin A., Sarah I., and Mary C., of Monroe County, Kentucky left Jasper County, Missouri around 1872 for Idaho Territory with their grandmother Isabel Daniel, nee Johnston. Also with Isabel were her two daughters, Katherine and Nancy Hedrick. Isabel died August 21, 1874 someplace in Idaho. The fate of Katherine is unknown. In the Idaho Territory 1880 Census, Nez Perce County, Ruebin was living with a sister Mary who married Allen Marshall. Mary had a daughter, Orpha, born in April 1880. Ruebin was

(Continued on page 72)

LAST TRIP TO TUCSON

BY COLIN RICKARDS

If an arrow went true in cactus country, a white man was usually a goner — he'd swallowed his last ball of fire

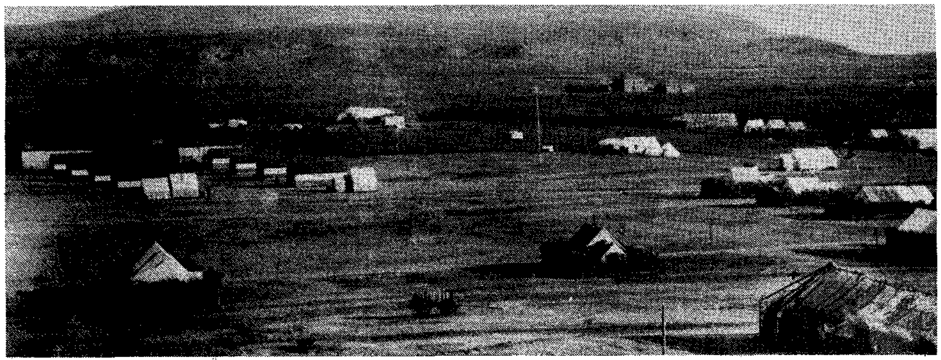

Courtesy Western Ways

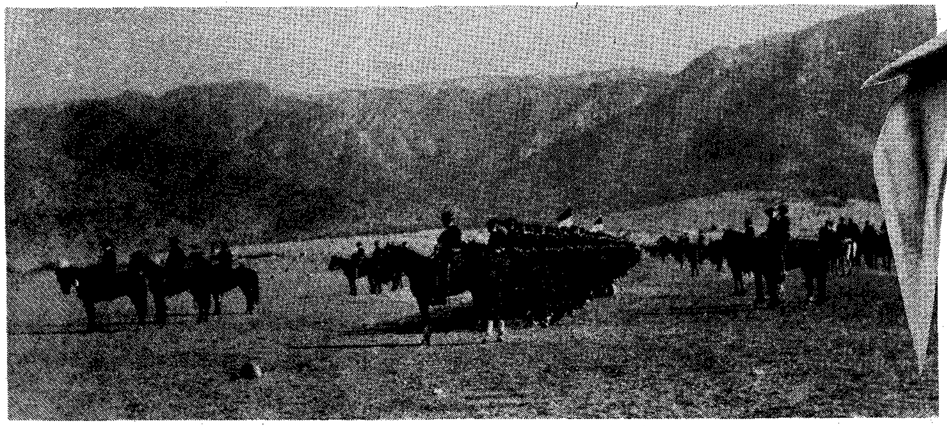
CAMP GRANT, Arizona Territory, lay astride the Apache plunder trails which led south into Mexico. When Captain Richard S. Ewell—"Bald Head" to his men—of the First Dragoons carried out his instructions to lay off a reservation of ten square miles and select "a site for a new post to be called Fort Arivaypa" (later known as Camp Grant) he picked a spot on the San Pedro River at its confluence with Arivaipa Creek. To the north, ten miles up the valley, was Kearny's wagon road from the Rio Grande to California; to the south the San Pedro Valley stretched off into Sonora, Mexico; to the west, up what became known as Camp Grant Wash, was the road to Tucson, some sixty miles away; and to the east Arivaipa Canyon cut through the Galuiro Mountains, offering access to the Upper Gila and the Sulphur Spring Valley.

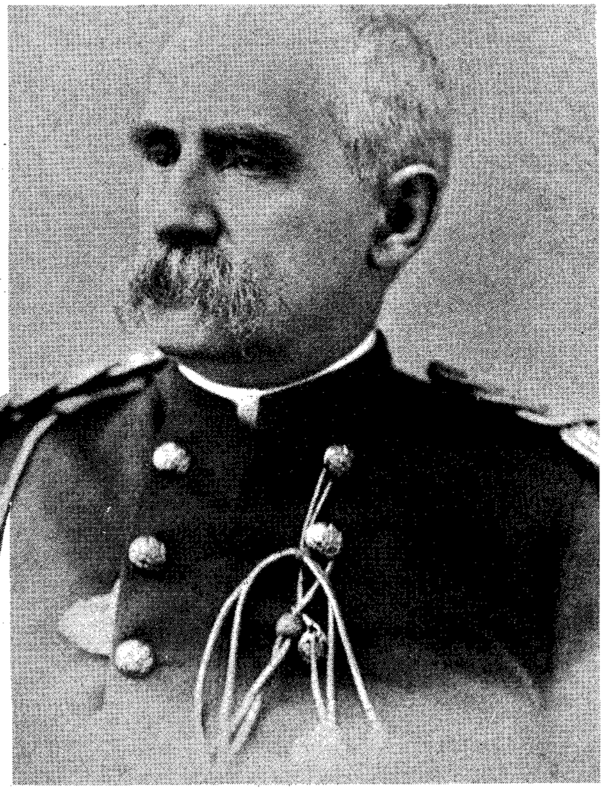
Colonel James H. Carleton, First California Volunteers, was to call it "the best point for a post in Arizona," but inspectors from the Army's medical department noted the high incidence of malaria, the poor accommodations, and temperature which varied from 98° during the day to a mere 40° at night. That was in

Below: San Pedro River, with the Galuiro Mountains in the background. Right: Arivaipa Creek. Camp Grant was located nearby.

Photos left and below Courtesy Western Ways







Opposite page: Santa Catalina Mountains, near Tucson, showing the desert in the foreground. Above, top: Original Camp Grant tent set-up, 1886. Bottom: First Cavalry formation, Camp Grant, Graham Mountains in the background. Right: Captain John G. Bourke.

Photos above Courtesy Arizona Historical Society Library

June. In subsequent months it was even hotter.

Captain John G. Bourke, of 'F' Troop, Third Cavalry, an observant and highly literate officer who left many records of his Indian-fighting days on the frontier, was stationed at Camp Grant from March 1870. He called it "the most forlorn parody of a military garrison in the most woebegone of military departments," and said that it was "recognized from the tide-waters of the Hudson to those of the Columbia as the most thoroughly God-forsaken post of all those supposed to be included in the annual Congressional appropriations."

Yet this tiny outpost was the main Apache-fighting center for a vast area as well as being, in April 1871, the scene of the infamous "Camp Grant Massacre," when American, Mexican and Papago Indian volunteers fell upon a camp of Apaches who had surrendered to the Army and virtually wiped them out.

The presence of a military post, however poorly located, undermanned and danger-beset, always attracted a few hardy individuals who hoped to profit from both the soldiers and work handed out to civilian contractors.

By September 1867, traders A. M. Erwin and Newton Israel had established themselves as post sutlers and were also farming a piece of cleared land about a mile below Camp Grant.

The blacksmith and occasional scout was Joseph Felmer, who also had a farm —about three miles below the post— where he raised barley and vegetables for

Courtesy Arizona Historical Society Library

Below: Galuiro Mountains taken from the west. Left: Camp Grant wash.

Courtesy Western Ways

sale to the garrison quartermaster. He was married to an Apache. Bourke said that Felmer "was born in Germany, had lived in Russia or in the German provinces close to Poland, and had thence travelled everywhere."

Newton Israel and his partner were doing well for themselves, and despite occasional Apache depredations the future looked bright. Then, on July 16, 1868 Erwin, while setting out in the cool of the morning to do some cultivating at their farm, was killed within sight of the post by a small Apache war party which swooped down from the hills. Israel and Colonel Guido Ilges, Fourteenth Infantry, pursued the Indians with a detachment of troops but failed to catch them.

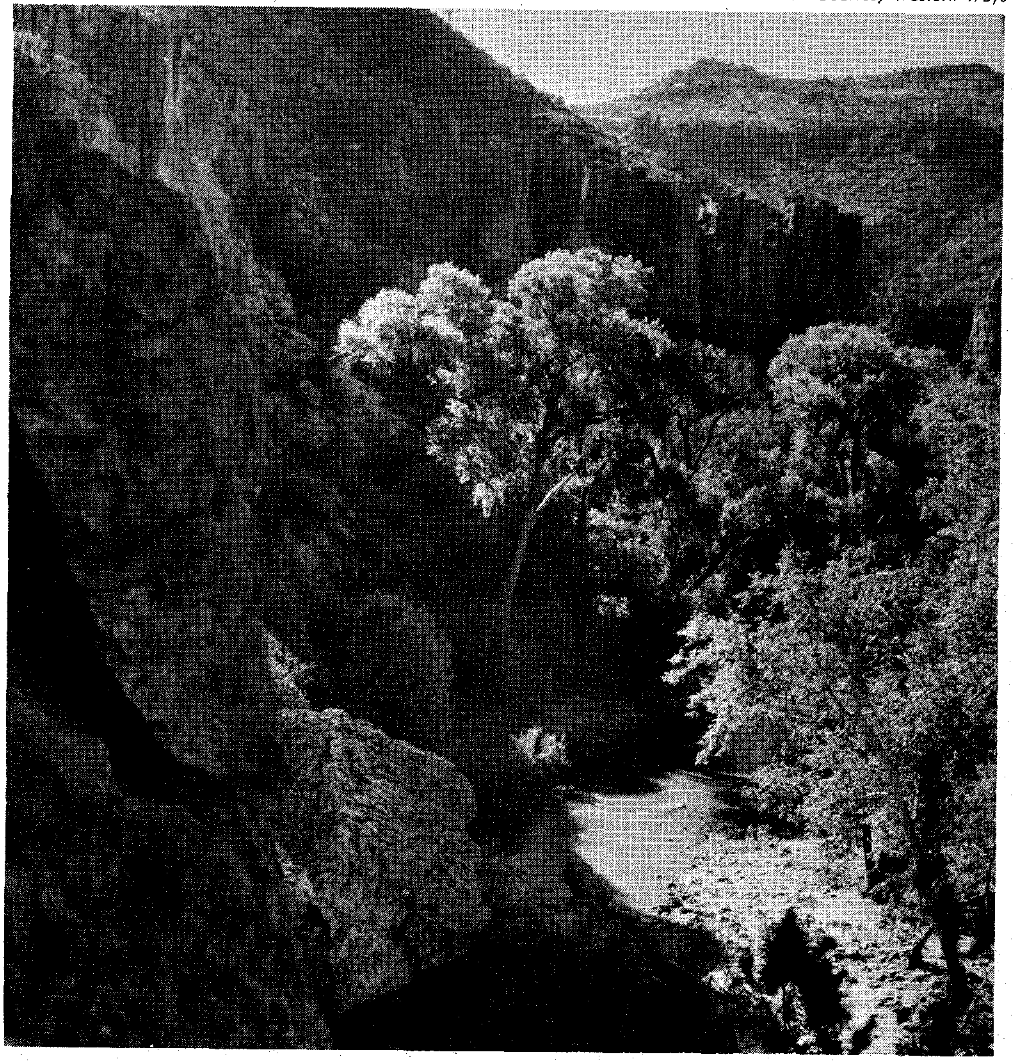
SOON Israel had a new partner, George Cox, and they opened a general merchandising store for the benefit of army personnel, the occasional prospector and the few settlers who had risked all by establishing themselves in the valley. An irrigation ditch was dug to take water from the San Pedro River to their farm. Cox, however, was a man who liked to be on the move, rather than to be tied to one place. In September 1869, he dissolved his partnership with Israel and returned to Tucson to take up a job as driver of the Tucson—Camp Grant—Florence mail buggy.

Newton Israel promptly entered into a new partnership, this time with a man named Kennedy, and his business interests continued to grow. In mid-May 1870, the army paymaster arrived at Camp Grant, paid the troops and left. Newton Israel and Kennedy did a roaring trade in both the sutler's post and the general store and kept their clerks, James Speedy and a man named Paul, busy from dawn till midnight for almost a week.

The stock, of course, was depleted and the partners soon departed for Tucson to replenish liquor, hardware and other articles. They also planned to engage some Mexicans to work on their farm. Their business concluded, they left Tucson to return to Camp Grant on May 26. In the party were a number of Mexicans, including women and children, and four Americans who took advantage of such a large group going to the post to make the trip themselves. One of them was Samuel Hughes, a young surveyor. Despite the fact that they had to cover some sixty miles of hostile territory, the party did not think it necessary to arm themselves properly. There were only four guns in the entire group. The *Weekly Arizonan* of June 4, 1870 reported that there were twenty-one people in the group which left Tucson with the Camp Grant traders, and broke them down as fifteen Mexican men, two Mexican women, four Americans, including Sam Hughes, and lastly, Israel and Kennedy.

Looking down into Arivaipa Canyon.

Courtesy Western Ways



At midday on May 28, they were four miles beyond the Cañada del Oro, some twenty miles from Camp Grant, when the Apaches struck. The little wagontrain was suddenly surrounded on three sides by a force put at between thirty and fifty warriors. Both Kennedy and Israel were hit in the first charge.

Newton Israel received a death-wound in the head as the Indians attacked, but his rifle was already at his shoulder. As he fell he fired and killed "the tall, muscular young Indian" who appeared to be the leader. Kennedy was hit by a bullet which carried away the thumb of his left hand but he rallied the Mexicans with him and kept up the fight. Soon, however, the men on either side of him were killed.

Shouting that he was going for help, Kennedy cut the reins of the nearest mule, mounted up, and charged straight at the Indians. Incredibly, he came out the other side unscathed. But he turned in the saddle as he raced away and an arrow hit him in the chest. Another buried itself in the ribs of the mule. He was some distance from the fight when a bullet hit the mule in the rump. Unable to hold on properly because of the pain in his left hand, Kennedy was bucked off and the mule disappeared in a dead run.

The Mexicans had fled from the wagons with the four Americans and hid in the brush, watching the Indians plunder the train and waiting for a chance to slip away.

SAM HUGHES decided to join the Mexican party in an attempt to get back to Tucson, some forty miles behind them. The three other Americans, having commandeered the group's guns, planned to cover the twenty miles to Camp Grant by going into the hills and avoiding the traveled trails until they were within sight of the post. While skirting recognized roadways the three Americans failed to see the unfortunate Kennedy lying in a small hollow about a mile from the scene of the attack. And Domingo, a badly wounded Mexican who used the trail to get word to the camp, also missed seeing him.

The first word Camp Grant had of the attack at the Cañada del Oro was the arrival of Domingo. He met Sergeant John Mott and also Sergeant Warfield as he headed across the parade ground. The two noncoms, old hands at the game of Apache-fighting, ordered a general saddling up in anticipation of the command to go to the wagontrain's rescue.

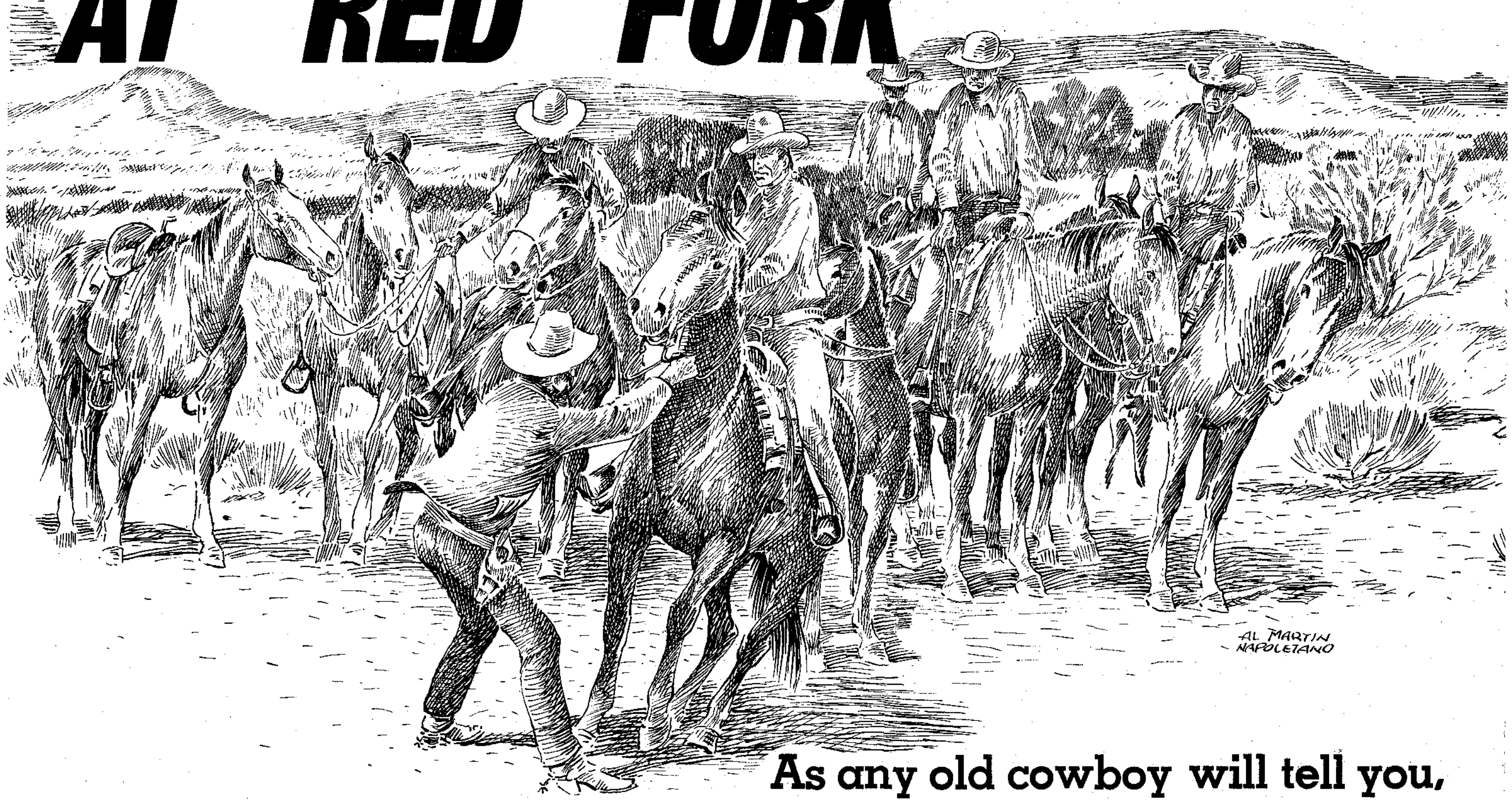
"Straight across the parade, with the swiftness of a frightened deer, there ran a half or three-quarters naked Mexican, straight to the door of the comandante's quarters," John G. Bourke wrote. "He was almost barefooted, the shoes he had on being in splinters. His trousers had been scratched so by the thorns and briars that only rags were now pendant from his waist. His hat had been dropped in his terrified flight from some unexplained danger, which the wan face, almost concealed by matted locks, and the shirt covered with blood still flowing

(Continued on page 47)

A CLOSE CALL AT RED FORK

BY WALTER GANN

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano



As any old cowboy will tell you, dances were to get acquainted with women. Sometimes this led to a scuffle, sometimes worse . . .

A LOT of moons have passed since I saw Ben Dragoo. And the last I heard of him—twenty-five years ago, give or take a few—I was told that he had a job as a Ranger in the Big Bend National Park in Texas. The tourists provided him with considerable amusement, it was said. His straight black hair, sharp black eyes, and facial structure along with a medium dark complexion, suggested a strain of Indian blood. In a region such as the Big Bend border country, it was easy to mistake him for a Mexican. Ben got a little fun out of park visitors who spoke to him either in pidgin English or halting Spanish.

When I knew him, he was a cowhand—and a good one, too. He was also a pretty good shot with an old bone-handle forty-five that he carried in a holster strapped to the right side of his saddle fork. Yet that gun and his personality didn't match very well. Ben laughed at any situation that came up. I never knew why he carried a gun except to show off and demonstrate his marksmanship by knocking over some inanimate object or plugging a tree stump as he rode along. He was pretty much on the show-off order, anyhow. Anyway, that gun got Ben into trouble one time, almost too deep to swim out.

He was a handsome booger and real handy with the girls. Everybody liked him. That is, almost everybody. There was one man who didn't and I saw Ben once when his laugh was cut short. You might say it ended abruptly. This happened one Sunday evening in 1903 in the little town of Red Fork, Indian Territory. Ben came about as near killing a man—or getting killed himself—and maybe getting some of us killed along with him—as was possible without it happening.

THAT SPRING my father shipped about 1,500 head of mixed steers and cows from Texas to the Creek Nation for summer grazing. We held the cows in a pasture that joined the town limits of Red Fork. Ben Robey and Dave Kennedy from our community in Texas had cows in our pasture. Houston Coffey was working for Kennedy and Ben Dragoo was working for Robey. The three of us camped in a cabin not far from the pasture fence. We kept our saddle horses in a little pasture across the railroad track that we leased from an Indian named Van Yargee.

After about a month, Houston Coffey decided he wanted to go back to Texas. He was relieved by Dave Kennedy, the man he was working for. Kennedy didn't like our camp accommodations, and he put himself up at the hotel. Nobody could find fault with him for that. Our facilities were pretty crude. Ben and I also broke camp soon after. He found room and board with a family who had a girl named Elsie. I got lodging with a couple, and took my meals at the restaurant for two or three weeks until we could establish another camp.

Ten or twelve miles up the Arkansas River, we had another location where we held our steers. E. R. Crockett, a neighbor rancher in McCulloch County, Texas, had steers in the same pasture. Jim Martin was working for Mr. Crockett, and Dixon Baird looked out for my dad's interests.

There was always a dance at the town hall in Red Fork on Saturday nights. Dixon and Jim usually rode down from camp to take in the dance, and afterward would spend what was left of the night at the hotel.

It was at these dances that we got acquainted with the women. They were the wives—and at least one daughter—of a crew of engineers and construction foremen who were building a railroad up the west side of the Arkansas. Some of our bunch made a date to take the ladies horseback riding Sunday afternoon. Dixon borrowed one of my horses and Jim borrowed one from Kennedy for their companions. Ben and his girl Elsie joined us and, of course, she rode one of Ben's horses.

None of our bunch was married but the only women I knew to be single were Elsie and a girl named Jessie who was

(Continued on page 62)

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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RANGE LIFE

Cattle King John Chisum, a dramatic character, is fascinating to both writers and readers. The latest book about this amiable pioneer is called *Three Ranches West—A True Story of John S. Chisum, The Cowman who opened the West for the Cattle Trade* (Carlton Press Inc., $10.95) by Clarence S. Adams and Tom E. Brown, Sr. A fat historical novel, *Three Ranches West* recounts the life and times of the Jinglebob king who was born in Tennessee, lived as a youth in Paris, Texas and later began his career as a cattleman on the Concho River near San Angelo, Texas. From there Chisum moved his pyramiding cattle herds to the Pecos River Valley near Roswell, New Mexico. Powerful financially and politically, he had a hand in promoting ranching and law and order on the plains of New Mexico. While not an active warrior in the Lincoln County War, John knew the McSweens, the Murphys, Billy the Kid, Pat Garrett and many other participants in this bloody struggle. The authors tell their story in the flinty lingo of the range and include many of the colorful Mexican idioms in use by cowboys of the period.

Will James added much to cowboy art and literature and his *Cow Country* (University of Nebraska Press, $1.95), a reprint, is full of prime stories of the range. The twenty-eight drawings illustrating the series present the cowpuncher in numerous dramatic acts of performing his daily chores. A good cowhand looked after his horse before he cared for his own needs. The cowboy's soft spot for horses comes out in the first chapter dealing with wild mustangs. James' sentimental tales of cowboys and horses are equalled by his rollicking humor exemplified in his chapter on English Lord Montgomery who bought a large western ranch stocked with cattle, horses and cowboys. How the foreman, Bearpaw, changed Lord Monty from a starched flat-saddle aristocrat to a friendly ranch owner who became one of the boys makes for hilarious reading.

A NEW LOOK!

Some critics have claimed that the United States was guilty of greedy aggression in its War with Mexico in 1846. A stimulating new book throws some clarification on this controversial war and absolves the United States of much of the blame cast upon her. The book *The Mexican War, Changing Interpretations* (Sage Books, $3.95) edited by Odie B. Faulk and Joseph A. Stout, Jr. will cause some history books to be rewritten. Those who have condemned the United States for starting the Mexican War should have second thoughts after reading this scholarly historical review of the Mexican War. We now learn that on April 18, 1846, the Mexican President, Paredes y Arrillaga, instructed his commander, Pedro de Ampudia, as follows: "At the present time I suppose you to be at the head of our valiant army, either fighting already or preparing for operations of the campaign. It is indispensable that hostilities be commenced, yourself taking the initiative against the enemy." Five days later Paredes declared a "defensive war" against the United States. These and many other interesting revelations form the text of this intriguing book about the Mexican War. Recommended.

NOSTALGIC HISTORIAN

The Joyous Journey of Le Roy R. and Ann W. Hafen, An Autobiography (The Arthur H. Clark Co. and Fred A. Rosenstock, $11.50) is a real treat. It is seldom that a distinguished historian writes so frankly of family affairs and of his own life experiences. There are nostalgic recollections of growing up in a small Mormon community in Nevada—the annual "Cattle Roundup," "Butchering Hogs (November)," "Molasses Making," and "Peddling Trips" to the mining camps with produce. Roy did not depend entirely on his recollections and those of his charming Ann—he had his irregular but extensive journal (from 1924), Ann's daily diary (from 1939), family letters and Roy and Ann's love letters to each other dating back to their high school days. Excerpts from all these sources are quoted and lend a sense of "now" to the narrative that would be difficult to develop fully from memory. I met Roy while he was serving as State Historian of Colorado and have thoroughly enjoyed the books he wrote and edited over the years. Ann's books were not so widely distributed but her poems were great and she was a historian in her own right—an able helpmate to Roy in the two great series issued by Clark of Glendale. Like myself, Roy was an enthusiastic member of "The Westerners"—he served as Sheriff of the Denver Posse. While teaching history at Brigham Young University he organized a small Western History Club of twelve couples, all history-minded friends. This offshoot of "The Westerners" met monthly, with members in turn entertaining in their homes and giving the programs. To be sure, there were days of sadness for the Hafens, but the title is apt. There are some good family photos but the book does not have an index—no matter, you will want to read it all anyway. Highly recommended.

BEAUTIFUL BIRDS

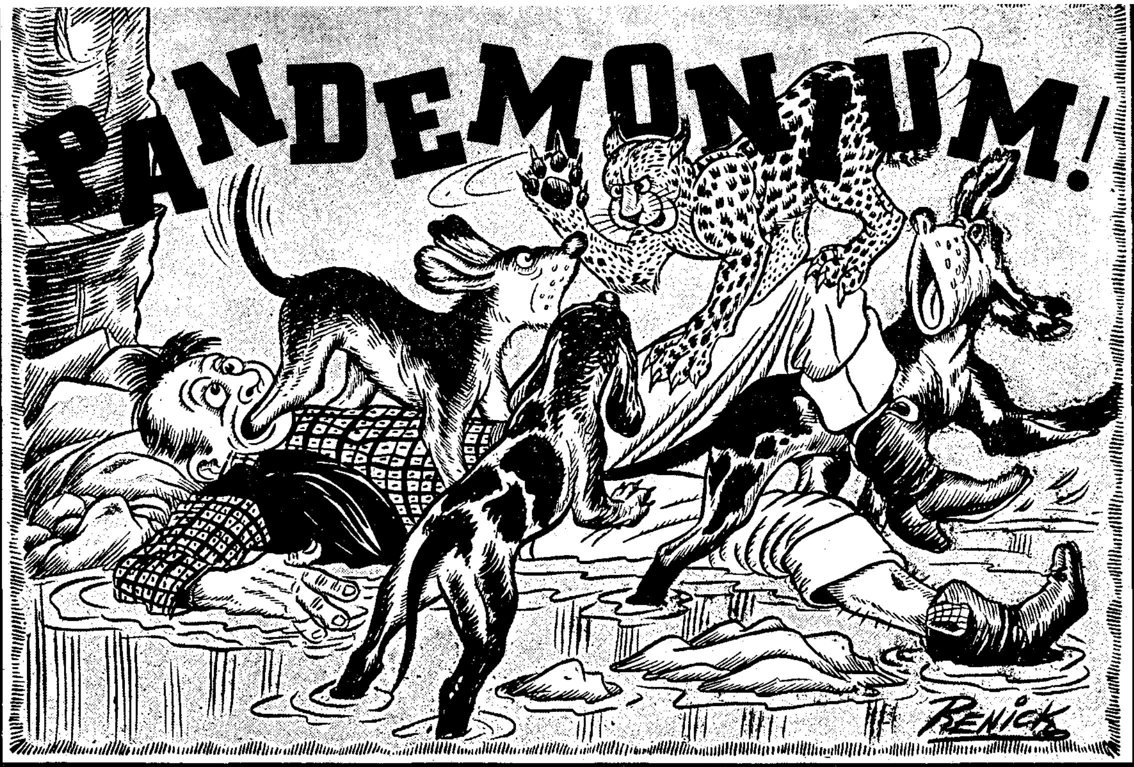
The term definitive should be used with caution yet it seems applicable to a handsome new and big volume, *Hawaiian Birdlife* (The University Press of Hawaii, $15.00) by Professor Andrew J. Barger of the University faculty and the premier authority on the birds of the Island State. He describes each species and discusses its habitat, feeding habits and breeding behavior. To this reviewer the chapter on the "Endemic Birds" defined as those peculiar to a particular region and, therefore found nowhere else in the world, was of special interest—the section dealing with the Hawaiian Honeycreepers, Hawaii's unique bird family of nine genera, 22 species and 24 subspecies (many now extinct) was the topper. The author includes a chapter on "Introduced Birds," and in the appendices briefly discusses "Migratory Species and Stragglers," "Introduced and Escaped Birds not Known to Be Established" and "Introduced Game Birds Known to Be Established." The book is illustrated with 59 color plates and 126 in black and white; there is a bibliography plus an index. The book was printed in Japan and the color plates are very good indeed—the contrast in some of the black and white illustrations leaves something to be desired. Strongly recommended.

The World of the Wild Turkey (Lippincott, $5.95) with text and photographs by James C. Lewis is the latest of the 30 Living World Books. The author is presently teaching at Oklahoma State University while completing work for his doctorate in wildlife ecology but has had extensive field experiences in Michigan, Tennessee and Oklahoma. Most of the readers know that the turkey is a native of North America but I suspect that many will be surprised to learn that there are six subspecies or races of wild turkeys still living on this continent after eleven million years—a survivor of the Upper Pliocene geological period. The text is informative—it covers all phases of wild turkey life, and the photos are outstanding. A bibliography plus an index enhance the book for those doing research. Strongly recommended.

WESTERN VERSE

Readers interested in most any phase of life in the American West can find a poem suited to his preference in *Down the Trail with the Buffalo Herds,* (Dorrance and Company, $4.00) by Mary E. Witherup and others. Daughter of Wyoming pioneers and born in Tensleep, Wyoming, Mrs. Witherup is qualified to write about western scenes which are part of her heritage. Poets are adept at brevity and clean description and Mrs.

(Continued on page 64)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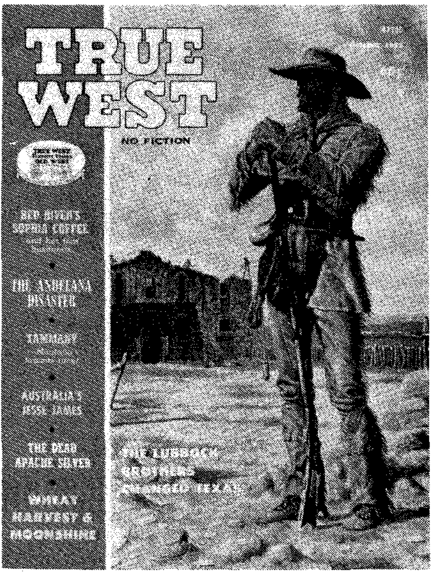
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NO FICTION
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AUSTRALIA'S JESSE JAMES
THE DEAD APACHE SILVER
WHEAT HARVEST & MOONSHINE
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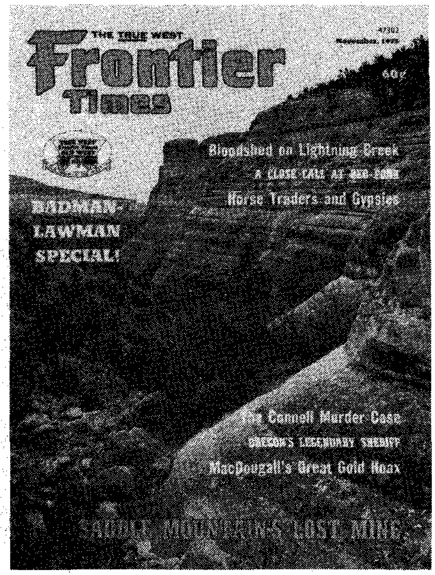
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NUGGETS

WHO WAS W. D. SILVER?

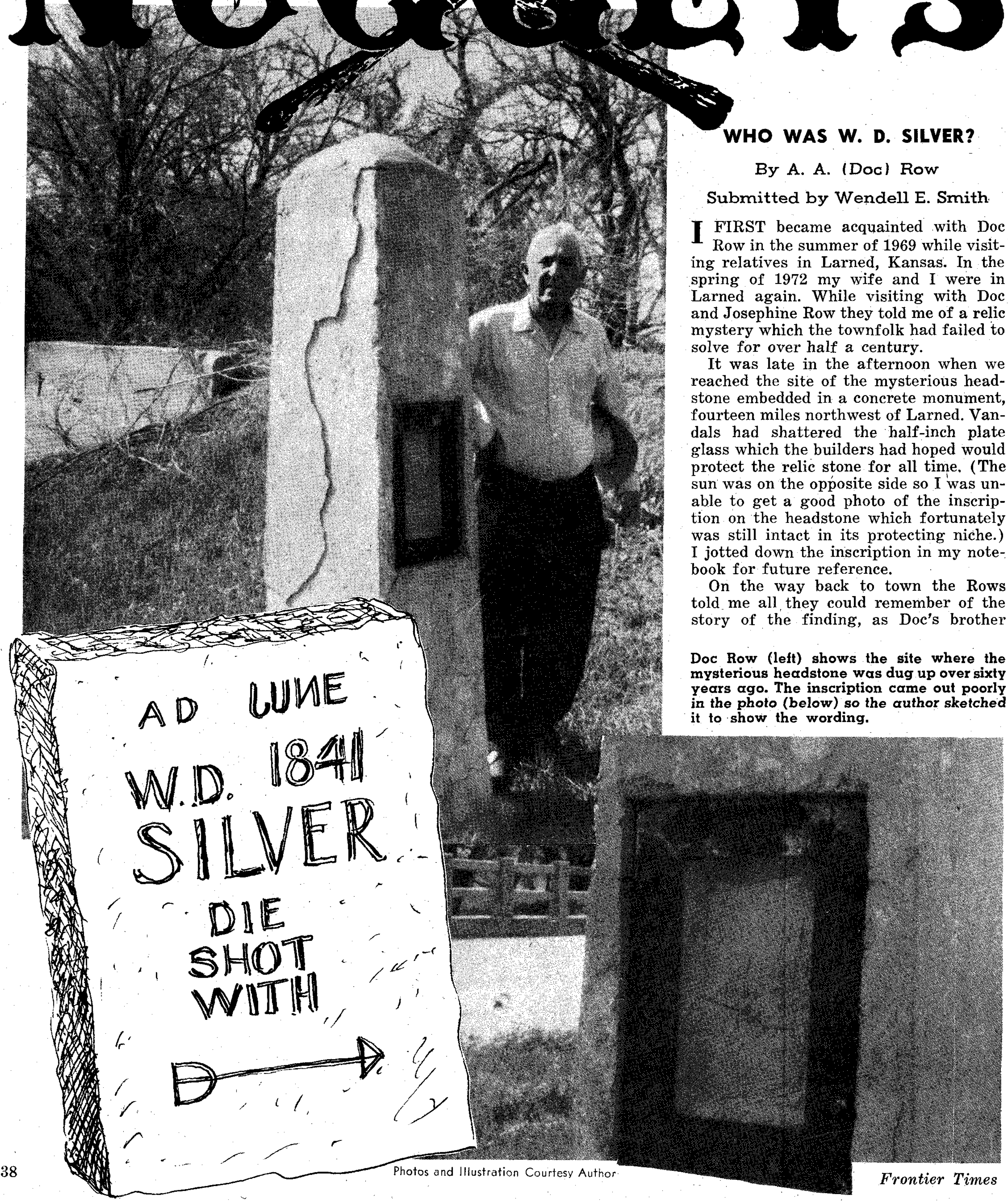
By A. A. (Doc) Row

Submitted by Wendell E. Smith

I FIRST became acquainted with Doc Row in the summer of 1969 while visiting relatives in Larned, Kansas. In the spring of 1972 my wife and I were in Larned again. While visiting with Doc and Josephine Row they told me of a relic mystery which the townfolk had failed to solve for over half a century.

It was late in the afternoon when we reached the site of the mysterious headstone embedded in a concrete monument, fourteen miles northwest of Larned. Vandals had shattered the half-inch plate glass which the builders had hoped would protect the relic stone for all time. (The sun was on the opposite side so I was unable to get a good photo of the inscription on the headstone which fortunately was still intact in its protecting niche.) I jotted down the inscription in my notebook for future reference.

On the way back to town the Rows told me all they could remember of the story of the finding, as Doc's brother



Doc Row (left) shows the site where the mysterious headstone was dug up over sixty years ago. The inscription came out poorly *in the photo (below) so the author sketched* it to show the wording.

Photos and Illustration Courtesy Author

Eb had been one of the men present when the stone was dug up. Doc volunteered to send me additional facts as soon as he had time to contact other living members who had first-hand knowledge of the happening.

I feel fortunate that I was in Larned in April 1972, that I had been able to get the picture of Doc beside the monument, and that his informative letter of July 8, 1972 was written just two weeks before his untimely death from a freak automobile accident.

"Dear Wendell: I have been wanting to get all the information possible in regard to the stone in the monument. Here is what I know, and found out from Mrs. C. C. Line and her son Claude, and from Martha Blew Dreiling who is the daughter of Everett Line. C. C. Line and Everett Line are brothers.

"The Anthony and Northern Railroad purchased a right-away to run to the south edge of C. C. Line's farm. The fence had to be moved to the north side of the right-away. Everett Line was helping his brother move the fence and as he was digging a post hole he hit a rock. It was unusual to hit rock on the farm so the brothers dug down and found the rock about 18 inches underground. C. C. told two of his brothers-in-law about the markings on the stone, so all four of the men dug extensively around the spot where the stone was found but found no human bones. One of C. C. Line's brothers-in-law, Eb Row, with the permission of C. C. Line, took the stone to Topeka, Kansas and loaned it to the Kansas State Historical Society.

"When the management of the Anthony and Northern Railroad agreed to build a monument and place the stone securely in cement, Mr. Row went to Topeka and brought the stone back to be placed in the monument.

"I called Martha Blew Dreiling and she told me she had a clipping from the *Tiller and Toiler* which was a fifty year item printed in 1965 which told about the stone being found which was 12" x 8" and about 3" thick. The lettering on it looked like it was cut in the stone by a knife. I'm sure you copied the words down in your notebook when you were here. 'June A.D. 1841—W. D. Silver—DIE—SHOT WITH ▷—▷' . . . ." So ended Doc's last letter to me.

I wrote to Martha Blew Dreiling for a copy of her clipping. She typed a copy and included it in the following letter.

"Dear Mr. Smith: I typed this item for you, but if you want it copied, I'll try and do that, too. We feel very fortunate to have a monument like this so far out in the country. People would like to move it to town, but the people who own the land now would like to leave it right where it is.

"My husband and I live on the E. E. Line place, my birthplace and am very proud to have had the opportunity to see what the railroad did for us by putting up the monument.—Martha Blew Dreiling."

Martha's copied item from the Larned *Tiller and Toiler* reads:

50 Years Ago in 1915

A very serious find was made on the Jerry Line farm, 14 miles northwest of Larned, a few days ago, by E. E. and C. C. Line when they were digging post holes. The find consisted of a flat rock 12 inches long, 8 inches wide and two or three inches thick on which was inscribed the following: June A. D. 1841, W. D. Silver—DIE—shot with Arrow. The word arrow was not used, instead the picture of an arrow had been engraved on the rock. The lettering looks as if it had been done with a knife blade.

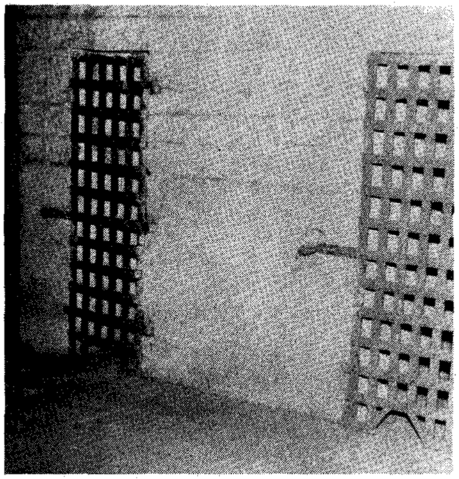
We may never know the identity of W. D. Silver but I hope that someday, someone may find the solution to this mystery in a fading diary of pioneer days.

RAILROAD RIDE TO A HANGING

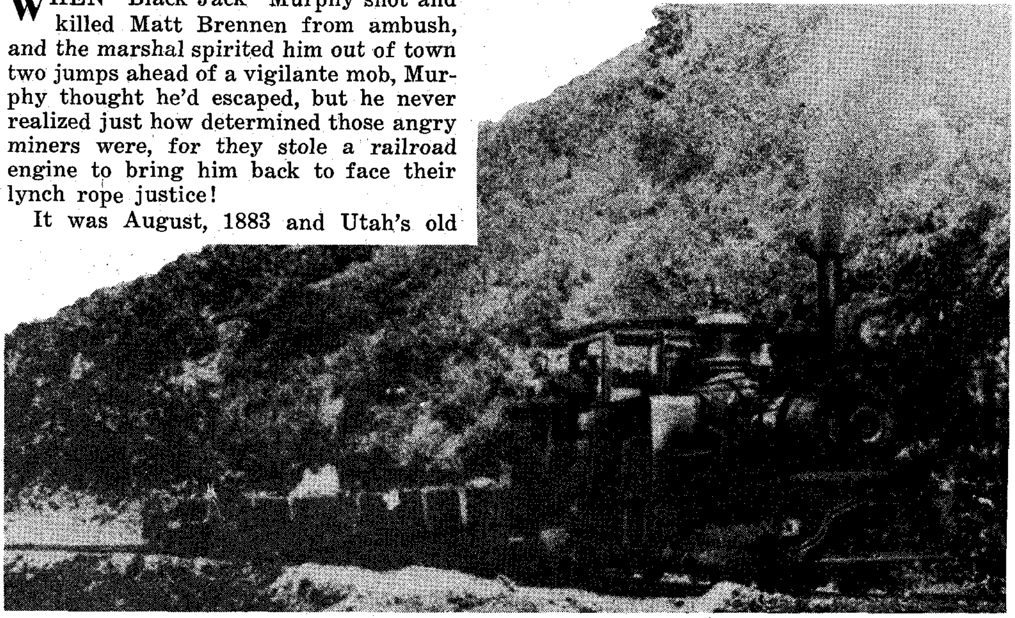
By George A. Thompson

WHEN "Black Jack" Murphy shot and killed Matt Brennen from ambush, and the marshal spirited him out of town two jumps ahead of a vigilante mob, Murphy thought he'd escaped, but he never realized just how determined those angry miners were, for they stole a railroad engine to bring him back to face their lynch rope justice!

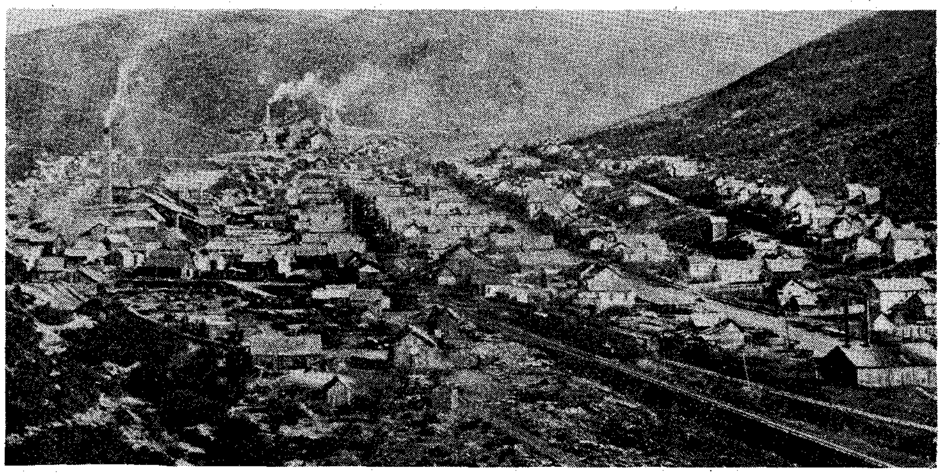
Photos Courtesy Author



Above: Cells in the territorial prison at Park City, Utah where "Black Jack" Murphy was held for murder.



Above: A narrow-gauge engine of this type was used to take Murphy to his hanging. Photo made in the 1880s at Park City. Below: An early view of Park City, the tough silver camp where Murphy had crossed the line of acceptable behavior.



It was August, 1883 and Utah's old silver mining camp of Park City was booming. Violent death was common to the 8,000 miners who crowded its narrow streets, and as long as shootings and knifings were fairly done, no one complained very much, for nearly everyone went armed and was expected to be able to take care of himself. When gambler Henry Nugent killed Peter Clark at Riley & Towey's Gambling Hall, little was said for it had been a fair fight. Even when Fred Hopt killed his boyhood friend John Turner with an axe during a 4th of July celebration, there was hardly a murmur, for everyone knew there had been bad blood between them for a long time. The

Park *Record* reported many other "fair fights" during the camp's heyday, but when Black Jack Murphy gunned down unarmed Matt Brennen, that was just a little too raw. This is how it happened.

During the 1870s and '80s a lot of miners and prospectors still worked their claims in the steep canyons above town. Matt Brennen had a promising claim in Iron Canyon just west of town, but in order to get to it he had to cross a claim filed on by Murphy, and for several weeks there had been hard feelings between the two men.

One summer day in August, 1883 Brennen and Murphy had been in one of the camp's saloons, playing cards with several other miners. Murphy had been losing steadily, and the more he lost the more he drank. And the more he drank, the more games Brennen won. Finally Murphy left the game broke and in a rage, cursing Brennen and making threats.

BRENNEN stayed in town that night. The following morning he hired Will Gorlinski, J. M. Chapman, and E. M. Wheeler to survey his mining claim in Iron Canyon.

While drunk the night before, Murphy had warned Brennen to keep off his claim, but it was necessary for Brennen to cross it to get to his own. As he and the three surveyors were riding up the canyon through heavy brush, a shot suddenly rang out, and Brennen fell from the saddle mortally wounded. But before he died he told the others that he had seen Murphy in the brush just as the shot was fired.

A careful search was started, and footprints found by the side of the trail led straight to Murphy's nearby cabin. Will Gorlinski crept up to the shack, but when he raised his head to peek through a window he found himself looking right into the business end of a cocked six-shooter! Jumping back he fled into the brush, and almost immediately Murphy ran out of the cabin, the six-shooter still in his hand. Murphy quickly mounted his horse and rode away toward town.

After Gorlinski and the others arrived in camp to report Brennen's murder, they learned that Murphy had surrendered himself to the marshal and was already locked up in the town jail, which at that time was a territorial prison. His revolver had one fired cartridge in it when he surrendered.

Matt Brennen had been popular among the miners, and it wasn't long until ugly rumors were heard that a vigilante committee was being formed to avenge his murder. Just after dark that night the marshal quietly led Murphy from the rear of the jail and secretly took him to Coalville, a farming community thirty-five miles to the north, where he was secretly jailed for his own protection.

Although Coalville was the county seat, its jail was not nearly as strongly built as the one at Park City. It took the miners only a short time to learn where Murphy had been hidden, and soon talk was heard at Coalville that vigilantes were planning to take him by force. When the jailer at Coalville heard the lynch talk, he became so scared that every night he would take Murphy out into a nearby hay field and shackle him to a long stake driven deep into the ground.

After Murphy had spent several cold and uncomfortable nights in the hay field and the rumored vigilante mob had failed to appear, the jailer's nerves calmed and Murphy was left in his cell.

Soon afterward a small group of masked men at Park City captured Engineer Thomas of the narrow gauge Utah Eastern Railroad, while in other parts of town other masked men captured Trainmaster George Hughes and Fireman George Acuff. The three railroad employes were forced to fire up an engine, hitch on a caboose, and then head the train for Coalville! It was in the dead of night when the Utah Eastern engine pulled into Coalville. Stopping near the edge of town, all of the masked men except a few guards left to watch the train crew walked silently to the jail. The door was opened to their knock and, before the frightened jailer knew what was happening, Murphy had been taken from his cell and hurried off into the darkness In only a few minutes the prisoner was on the way back to Park City, with an armed guard of masked men to see that he got there.

It was still before dawn when the little narrow gauge engine pulled into Park City with its strange cargo. A hasty trial was held by the side of the tracks while a hemp noose was being hung from a nearby pole. Murphy was found guilty and his execution was but a matter of minutes.

Early risers that morning were greeted by the sight of Black Jack swinging slowly back and forth in the canyon breeze. His hanging wasn't the last violent death the *Record* reported, but the camp's wild days were coming to an end, for the night work of the train-stealing vigilantes put an end to ambush slaying at old Park City.

TO BREAK THE MONOTONY

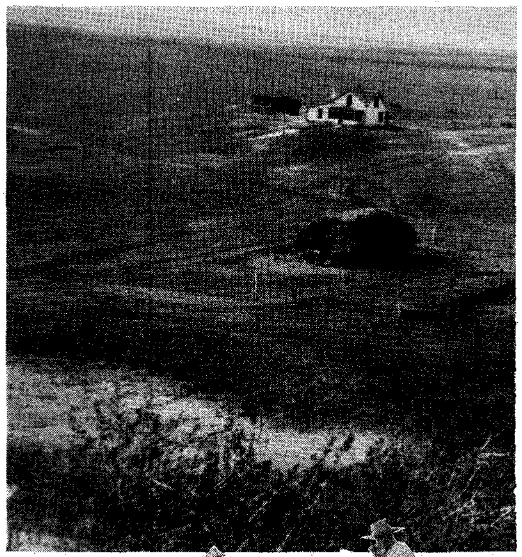
By Doris Parker

EARLY-DAY cowboys relied on their sense of humor as a basic form of entertainment, mainly because there was little else available. A cowboy had infinite patience along this line—in fact he might come up with some complicated trick that wouldn't be completely sprung until another season.

My uncle, Willard Marion, used to farm and ranch down on the Cheyenne River in South Dakota. He was a gardener at heart—and, when he later moved back to Iowa, he planned a rather extensive orchard. One of the varieties he wanted to start was the Juneberry or Serviceberry, which grew abundantly in the Cheyenne River brakes. Uncle Willard tagged several such trees by tying a strip of white sheeting around each. These tagged trees would be easy to spot for moving in the early spring (the proper transplanting season) before the tree leafed out.

The following late winter he made a special trip back to the river, dug up his tagged trees, took them all the way to Iowa and put them in his orchard. But all of his carefully marked Juneberries turned out to be Chokecherry plants. His old neighbor and friend, Ben Young, had thoughtfully switched the white strips after Willard left.

Photos Courtesy Author



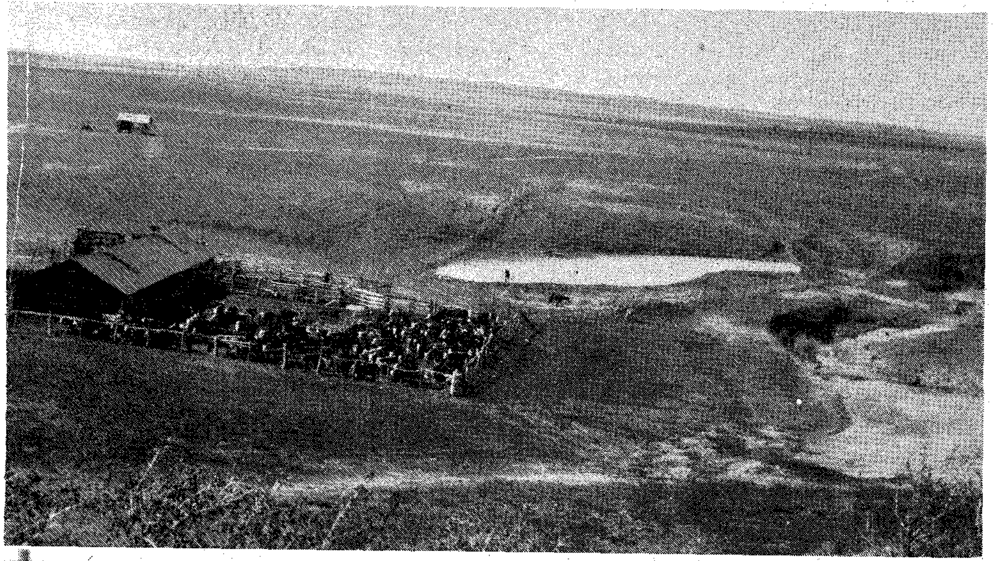
Ben Young also once played a trick on my step-mother (new to this part of the country from Texas) simply by not mentioning something. He rode up to the ranch house one frosty morning and asked if Dad were home. Nell told him Dad had gone for the day but invited him in for coffee. Afterwards, she told Dad, "There was the oddest man here to see you. He stayed for coffee and when he left we could only find one of his overshoes, but he said never mind—he probably only wore one!"

Dad laughed and told her that could only have been Ben Young with his wooden leg.

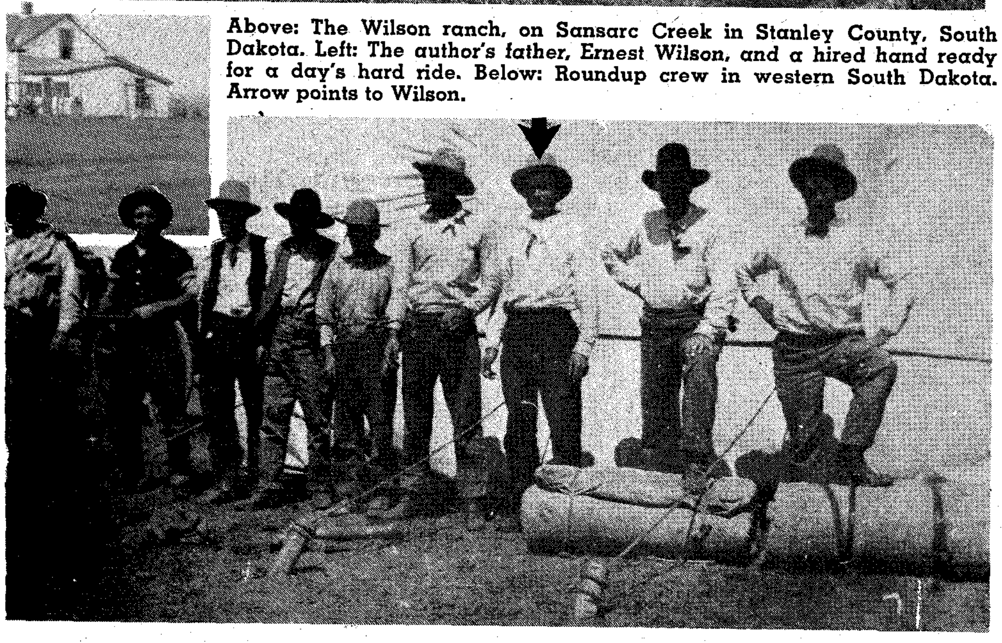
Bob Rose, of the Diamond A, especially loved a joke. "Fats" Bringman was crazy about Bob's pancakes and would visit him on cold mornings asking him to whip up a batch for his breakfast. Bob laid for him. He liked a certain size bowl with a handle for his batter, and the only utensil of the right size and shape that he could find at the little store was a child's potty. The next time Fats dropped in for pancakes, Bob whipped up a batch, but didn't let Fats see the mixing bowl he used until he had eaten several cakes. When his guest caught sight of the pot of batter he yelled, "Bob, where in hell did you get that bowl!"

Bob just shrugged and answered, "One of the boys left it here. Handy, ain't it?"

MY FATHER and a couple of other riders were sharing a stewed rabbit around their campfire one evening when a hungry-looking stranger rode up looking for a meal. Range tradition compelled them to ask him to supper—but they too



Above: The Wilson ranch, on Sansarc Creek in Stanley County, South Dakota. Left: The author's father, Ernest Wilson, and a hired hand ready for a day's hard ride. Below: Roundup crew in western South Dakota. Arrow points to Wilson.



were hungry and didn't think the rabbit would stretch that far. One of them solved the problem by inviting the stranger to share their "prairie dog." Since the stranger wasn't *that* hungry, he declined with thanks and said he guessed he'd ride on to the next camp.

Even the women used a little orneriness in their humor. Dad and the hired hand had a long ride ahead of them one day. Dad told Mother, "Don't wait supper for us—just leave something on the table under a cloth, and we'll eat when we get back."

That afternoon when Mother opened a gallon can of apples to make pies, the contents were nothing but cores and peelings! And that's what she left on the table under a cloth—a large crock of canned cores and peelings for two hungry riders!

Dad was never a drinker, but he always kept a bottle of whiskey on hand for emergencies. Whiskey was considered an antidote for snakebite. One rainy week, a number of ranchers were trailing a herd of cattle from west of the Missouri to Fort Pierre, where they would be loaded on railroad cars to be shipped to the Chicago market.

The rain had been steady all week, the cattle were restless and hard to hold, and the men were wet, cold and tired. One of the boys, who liked a good nip more than just now and then, ran out of liquor, and started approaching other riders in the hope of finding something to cheer his sagging spirits.

"Hey, Ernest!" he yelled as he loped toward Dad, "You got any whiskey?"

Dad protested, "Yes, I've got a bottle in my saddle-bag, but I'm saving it for an emergency."

The thirsty cowpoke gave him an astonished look and raised his face to the cold downpour. "Well, my Gawd!" he bawled, "If this ain't an emergency, I don't know what is!"

Another time, Dad and a bunch of his cronies were idling away time in a discussion of their favorite drinks. One old-timer said pure old corn had always been his favorite—another said he favored sloe gin—several mentioned name-brands of blended whiskies as their favorites.

Finally someone called to Dad, "Hey, Ernest! You haven't said what you like!"

"Well," my father drawled, "since I haven't ever been a drinkin' man, it's hard to say, but I guess I'll just vote for a glass of good, cold water."

One of the younger ranchmen, who had been an interested listener, could contain himself no longer. "Man!" he exclaimed, "If you ain't never been a drinkin' man, you don't know what a good, cold glass of water tastes like!"

Hard-working, hard-talking—unlettered and often unwashed—the cowboy needed to find humor in his daily life in order to survive. Frontier history is richer because these rough and hardy men knew how to laugh.

VALLEY OF FIRE

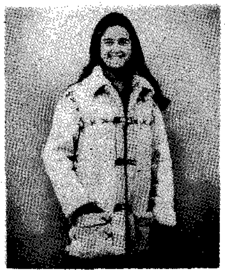
By Tom G. Murray

DEATH VALLEY'S greatest reporter, John R. Spears, in 1892 painted a very graphic picture of a Death Valley sandstorm. "I awoke there one morning to find the wind blowing from the north down the valley at perhaps twenty-five miles an hour. The sun was shining dimly, and the house and trees at the ranch made vague and at times very indistinct shadows. To the east, particularly where the sun was shining above the peaks of the Funeral Mountains, the air was full of a whitish haze, such as one may see at sea when a storm is gathering.

"To the west the landscape was blotted out by a dense brown fog. Within a few miles west of Furnace Creek Ranch, where I camped, the peaks of the Panamint Mountains rose from 6,000 to 8,000 feet above the level of the valley but neither foothill, nor face, nor snowy crest could be seen. Indeed, neither grease-brush nor mesquite tree could be seen in the valley half a mile away in that direction, nor was the vision less obstructed to the north and south. A sandstorm was raging throughout the valley, and the air was smoked with the dust so high that even the highest mountains were obscured.

"When one looks at a dusty squall in the east, he sees the particles and debris driving with the wind past the objects which the wind cannot move. In a sandstorm, one has to stare a long time into the murky atmosphere before he can distinguish any moving objects. Even though the wind is blowing at great speed, it is as if one were trying to look through a Bay of Fundy fog on a windless day. . . .

"Looking towards the east I observed that the white haze thickened and thinned over the face of the sun, as if clouds of varying density were passing there, though no distant clouds could be seen. The face of the sun was a great white disc, that faded and brightened alternately without entirely vanishing or becoming too bright to look at, yet no outline of a cloud could be distinguished. That was curious and interesting, but more curious and interesting was the view when looking toward the sky above the center of the valley. It was along the axis of the valley that the dust-fog was densest, and here its highest strata seemed frayed out into waving feathery streamers, while the dark brown masses below them showed light and dark shades of density. What with the sun showing ghostly white, and a seemingly stationary fog-bank in a gale of wind, the spectacle was singularly strange and weird.



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"The whole vast space between the ranges was filled with smoky billows, ragged and torn and tossed about, and rising up till all the foothills and half the heights themselves were covered. Sharp squalls plunged down the canyons and gulches, and there gathering the dusty forms in their arms, went whirling away in gigantic waltzes.

"At times these lofty whirligigs take on more substantial form, become in fact like waterspouts at sea become sandspouts. The desert men call them sand-augers. It is a marvelous spectacle when a sand-auger travels down the valley, particularly if its course be along one side of the valley where the dusty fog is not so dense as elsewhere. Astonishingly slender in form, it rises writhing and twisting, sometimes a mile in the air. With a faint puff or cloud at the top and a slight spread at the base, away it goes, sagging and swaying hither and thither, its sinuous grace fascinating the eye as it travels, until somehow it all unexpectedly vanishes out of sight.

"I saw two such augers. Both were more than two thousand feet high. Neither journeyed a mile, but when they faded away there was no sign of a falling cloud or a thickening of the dust in the air where they had been. They simply disappeared ghost-fashion as I was looking at them.

"The sandstorms generally last for three days. The one I saw lasted but two. In the afternoon of the first day the speed of the wind increased rapidly until it was traveling at times fifty miles an hour or more. The air near the earth was full of flying missiles. No man could face it, and the horses grazing in an alfalfa field at the ranch stopped feeding to huddle in bunches, tails to the wind and with heads down. It was like a blizzard of Dakota, with the grit of volcanic rock in the place of snow. The Devil might not be able to make a rope of sand, but the power behind a Death Valley storm makes back-stays to the sun out of the dust."

A FORT THAT WENT UP IN SMOKE

By Agnes W. Spring

SELDOM is the name of Fort Supply mentioned in histories of the West, and yet for a brief time back in the 1850s Fort Supply, some twelve miles south of Fort Bridger in Wyoming, was one of the most substantial posts near the old Mormon Trail to Salt Lake City.

Realizing the need for more food supplies, the Latter-day Saints Church in Salt Lake City sent Orson Hyde in 1853 to establish a fort where grain could be raised and the crops protected. Later John Rebedecker, accompanied by Captain Isaac Bullock and a dozen families, arrived at the chosen site. In a willow-fringed mountain meadow area on Willow Creek, cabins, surrounded by an upright stockade, were quickly erected and plantings were made. A fine crop of wheat was harvested in 1854, and for the following two years.

Despite some trouble from Indians, the little community prospered in its isolation. Then, in 1857, with the crisis arising between Brigham Young's government and that of the United States, word was sent to Fort Supply from Salt Lake City that Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston was marching westward with an army detachment. It was said he was intent upon forcing the Mormons to abide by the rulings of the Federal government. The men of Fort Supply were ordered to join Captain H. T. Burton and to proceed against the approaching enemy.

The following account found in a handwritten diary, owned by Mrs. Lena Crosby of St. George, Utah some years ago, tells the story in detail as recorded by Jessie W. Crosby, one of Burton's men.

"JULY 24th, 1857: It was resolved that this army should not enter the Valley. A small company of horsemen under H. T. Burton was sent out to meet them, watch their movements, stampede their animals, etc. The army was regarded as a mob, Governor Young having had no official information of troops being sent.

"I will here observe that on the 24th day of July 1857 the news arrived at the approach of the hostile army. Governor Young issued a proclamation declaring the Territory under Martial law, and ordering the entire militia to be ready at a moments warning to proceed to any point to check the invaders and

(Continued on page 59)

Oregon's Legendary Sheriff

(Continued from page 9)

country," he told one of the gang's leaders, "and I'll be damned if anyone is going to tell me when I can go out after my own stock."

He bought five six-shooters and gave them to his riders. The hoodlums left him alone.

Blakely's stand encouraged a few other opponents of the Thompson faction to express their opinions openly and to resist the "association's" demands when at all possible. Unfortunately this caused the vigilantes to intensify their ruthlessness—acts of sheer terror quickly followed.

One night, while playing cards at the Burmeister Saloon, Al Schwartz was shot and killed instantly. His assailant had fired through a window. That same night, Charles Luster and Sid Huston, two young men who stayed with Schwartz on his little ranch near town, were waylaid and hanged to a juniper tree. Jim Blakely and a neighbor found the bodies the next day. It was evident by two pools of blood that each had been shot in the back of the head after being hanged.

Schwartz had openly condemned the vigilantes. Luster had won a horse race in defiance of an order from the stock association bosses to lose it. The association claimed these men were members of a gang of rustlers, whose confederates had made a successful getaway.

Soon afterward, Steve Staats was killed on the range. The back of his head had been blown off. Staats had been critical of the vigilantes after the Langdon-Harrison lynching. At about the same time, Shorty Davis, a well-liked rancher, disappeared. Blakely and others searched

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for him but failed to find his body or any sign of what had happened. He was never heard from again. Davis was known to have opposed the stock association's activities.

The blood bath was resumed a while later when a younger brother of one of the vigilantes drew a gun in a card game and fatally shot Mike Mogan. He wasn't arrested, even though Mogan was unarmed. It was common knowledge that Colonel Thompson had feared the outspoken Mogan, who was bitterly against what was going on.

Frank Mogan, the victim's brother, married Mike's widow several months after the killing. On December 18, 1883 Jim Blakely was in Kelley's Saloon, chatting with friends, when Colonel Thompson came in. Frank Mogan was standing with elbows on the bar, his back to the door. Thompson walked up behind him and shot him in the back of the neck. Mogan slumped to the floor dead, without having seen his assassin.

Thompson claimed self-defense when he appeared before the county grand jury. He said Frank Mogan had made numerous threats against his life after Mike's death and that he, Thompson, had heard that Frank was in town gunning for him. "I determined to settle the matter one way or another at our first meeting," the Colonel testified. "The test came sooner than I anticipated. On seeing me in the saloon, he attempted to draw his gun but was too slow and fell with more than one bullet through his body."

The jury was made up mostly of vigilantes, and no charges were placed against the slayer. Frank Mogan's widow, however, sued Thompson in civil court for damages in connection with her husband's death, and the jury gave her a judgment of $3,600.

THE shooting of Frank Mogan, which Jim Blakely openly termed "cold-blooded and cowardly," triggered action on the part of the ranchers and townspeople who were sickened by the mob violence gripping their community.

Led by Blakely, they formed a counter group—the Citizens' Protective Union—and began a determined drive to marshal enough strength to combat the vigilantes. Finally, they "braced up" the backs of scores of citizens who had been terrorized for two years by the Thompson gang.

On a memorable spring day in 1884, Jim Blakely led some eighty armed citizens down Prineville's main street, determined to fight it out. The grim-faced marchers halted in front of the Til Glaze Saloon, the vigilantes' headquarters.

"If you think you can stop this, come out and try it!" Blakely shouted at some men who were looking out the window. No one came out.

Citizens who had been shrinking in the corner suddenly began to perk up, now that Jim Blakely had become their champion. Colonel Thompson quickly vanished, but the association's reins were taken over by Gus Winckler, a storekeeper, who began making threats that Blakely would be the next one in Boot Hill.

Although the young cattleman was against killing, he knew what had to be done. He took his Colt .41 six-shooter and went to town looking for the merchant. Gun ready, he cornered Winckler on the main street.

"Get on the next stage or load your gun and start using it!" Blakely told him. Winckler took the next stage and was not seen in Prineville again. This broke the back of the vigilante gang.

When the first Crook County election was held in June 1884, Jim Blakely was elected sheriff. All vigilantes were swept out of office.

"The gang scattered after the election," Blakely recalled years later. "Most of them got out of the county. Some of their sympathizers settled down and became good citizens. It was just too bad that some of those fellows got into it in the first place."

Colonel Thompson, after leaving Prineville, launched a tempestuous career as editor of the Alturas, California *Plaindealer*. A highlight of these days included a mob's hanging of five men charged with robbery on the Pitt River Bridge not long after the fiery colonel had warned in his newspaper that if "range depredations" did not cease, "the juniper trees will bear fruit."

Jim Blakely served two two-year terms as sheriff of Crook County, and then in

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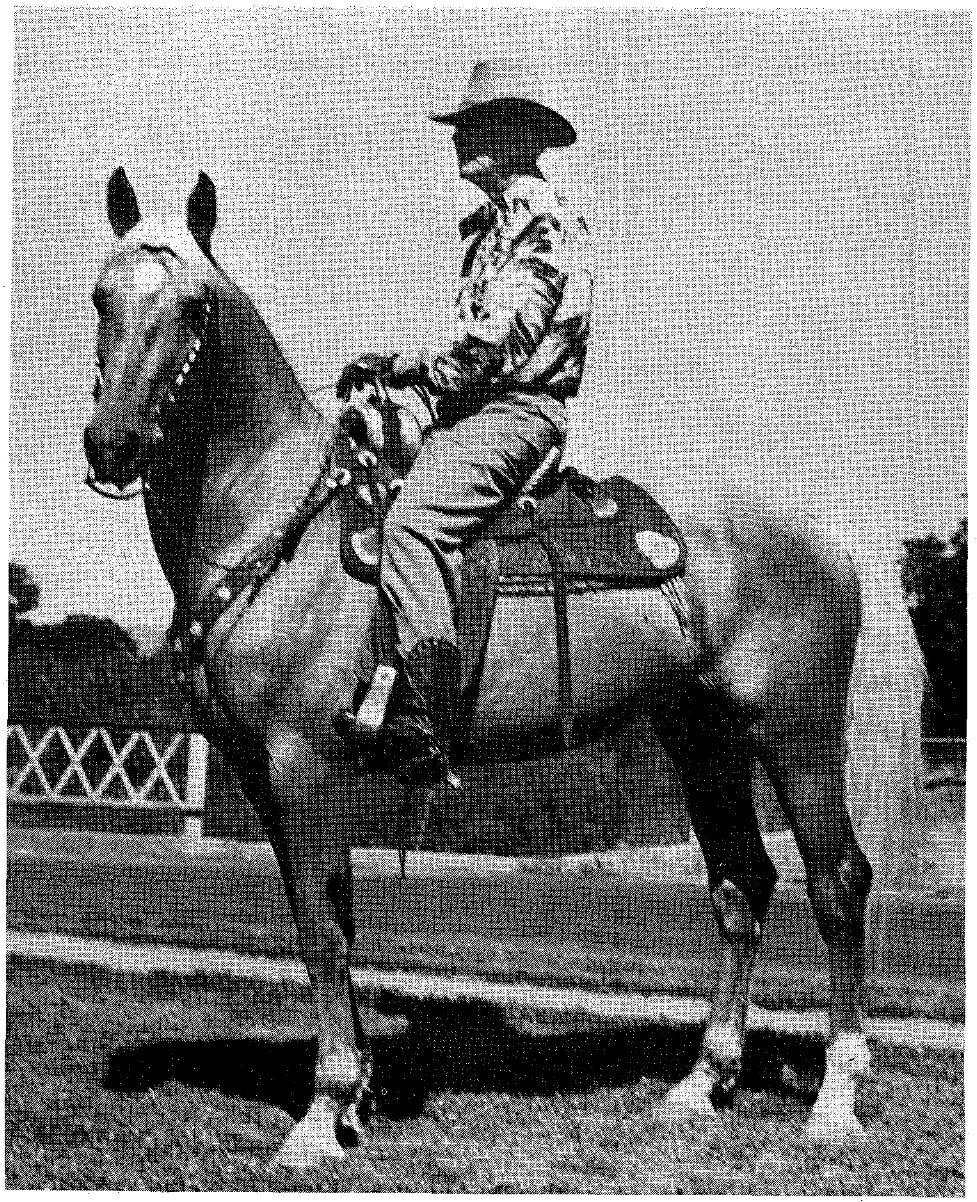

Jim Blakely in later years, as he appeared in civic parades. Courtesy Oregon State Sheriffs' Assn.

1888 moved to Wallowa County in northeastern Oregon, still in the cattle business on a large scale. He was elected sheriff there in 1904 and though he strapped on his gun to bring in the hardened killer of the Troth boys, "I arrested men without wearing a gun too," Blakely said in later years. "I preferred it that way."

As sheriff in two counties, he witnessed acts of violence, captured bank robbers and other criminals, and helped defend innocent men accused of crimes. He suffered gunshot wounds on several occasions but recovered each time.

Jim Blakely had three brothers who also distinguished themselves in public service. William was elected sheriff of Umatilla County in 1898 and again in 1900. Later he was elected to the State Legislature. Joe was sheriff of Gilliam County in pioneer times and later was chief of police at Pendleton in Umatilla County. George was a Wasco County judge and was also the first licensed pharmacist in Oregon.

The prominence of the four Blakely brothers in law enforcement led one newspaper editor to comment: "For a period of years the situation in Central and Eastern Oregon was such that fugitives from justice could flee in no direction without colliding with a nemesis bearing the name Blakely, adorned with a sheriff's badge or draped with a judge's robe."

All the brothers lived past the age of ninety. In 1920 Jim Blakely moved to the Burnt River district in Baker County and lived there until going to College Place, Washington. He was frequently visited by men whom he had arrested and helped to convict. All of them termed him a square-shooter, and many of them credited him with putting them on the right track after their release from prison.

Until 1952, a year before his death, Blakely participated in all community celebrations in northeastern Oregon and southeastern Washington. He was a familiar figure in the civic parades as he rode astride a horse, preferably a Palomino, straight as a ramrod. At the age of eighty-six he rode horseback from La Grande to Pendleton—more than fifty miles.

Oregon's legendary peace officer died at College Place on January 23, 1953. He celebrated his 100th birthday July 31, 1952.

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The Moline Dreadnaught

(Continued from page 20)

Park. They had a great time working in the Park's camps, returning to Illinois in the fall.

It was the scholarly, quiet son of the high school superintendent who provided the only sad chapter to the teen-agers' saga. Leland Rowland stayed for a time with young McClelland in Red Lodge, then proclaimed one morning that the trip had caused an awakening within him. He had a driving desire to move on, to go to the far corners of the earth, to see all the things he had read about in books. After shaking hands with Mac, Leland went on to San Francisco. He sent a card saying that he was shipping out as a cabin boy aboard a steamer.

Nearly a year later, in the summer of 1921, McClelland received a postcard from Leland, postmarked "Honolulu, Oahu, Hawaii." It read: "Hi, Mac! Having greatest time of my life. You should be here. Boy, the beaches are beautiful, and the islands are beautiful, and the girls are beautiful. It must be Heaven! No end of fun. Am going on to the South Seas, where everything is supposed to be even better. Can't believe that, but will see for myself. Love, Lee."

It was the last word anyone ever heard from him. Family efforts in subsequent years to discover his whereabouts, or to determine his fate, were totally unavailing.

Then on the other hand, out of high adventure often come lasting rewards. During that summer of 1911 in Red Lodge, Mac met the beautiful daughter of a rancher and law officer, Sarah Irene Kerrigan. They were married in 1912.

My father, Milford McClelland, was a privileged teen-ager. He was given a precious gift. He saw the land, the pioneer land, the land of the real America, the storied America, before it was broken and tamed and marked by billboards, neon lights, ribbons of concrete, speed limit signs, and imprisoned forever within the endless lines of post and wire.

I wish I had been a teen-ager in his time!

Deputized Sawmill Man

(Continued from page 30)

fire the two women at the sawmill. I sat on the front porch and cried until I was sick. I didn't know what was going to become of us. Mama sold the house and several lots for $500 to a Mr. Graham who had the mercantile store. She then loaded everything we had on the train and moved to Kansas.

We children would come back every summer and spend our vacation with my father at the sawmill. We had the best times. We never wanted to go back to Kansas when it was time for school.

PAPA still had his location at the head of Bryant's Hollow. Joel Bryant owned and operated a store at the top of the hill, and he and his wife were good to us. Whenever they got in pretty ribbons or new dress material they would holler for us to come and see it and maybe my stepmother would buy some to make us some dresses. Papa had married Etta Taylor soon after his divorce.

Etta was good to us and loved to sew for us. Our summers were happy, too, because friends who had a farm up Bryant's Hollow, Allen Vaughn and his wife, had three children—Henry, Josie and Cherrie. None of us had saddles and we used to ride horseback Indian fashion, bareback. We had a dog we called Leed, and also a pet deer. Leed would follow us up the hollow to the Vaughns' and the deer would follow Leed, so we all went. Our friends' mother was Cherokee and her name was Syothia, an Indian name. We always called her Mrs. Vaughn, of course.

When they came to our house we played in the sawdust and slid down the big piles. Papa also had a cotton gin and we played in the cotton seed. Papa never objected. Sometimes we would ride his saddle horse, but most of the time we would walk wherever we went. My stepmother would fix a lunch and take us fishing down on Grand River.

A brush arbor protracted meeting was held every summer and everyone would attend. Another entertainment we always had was an Indian picnic. We would go in the wagon, take dried apple pies stacked a foot high, fried chicken, roast beef, homemade bread. We put lots of

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straw in the wagon and laid quilts over it to sleep on. We would camp under a tree and then go see the sights.

These picnics lasted several days. The Indians always had barbequed beef and pork. My, what fun we had. We would have our pictures taken, as no one in those days had his own Kodak. We had new dresses and hats to wear. One summer when we went down there, Papa had leased the Jack Riley farm on the west side of the river and lived in the big old mansion house that Jack Riley had built for his family years before. It had all the furniture in it—huge chairs and couches upholstered in leather—and a piano. My sister Jessie could play the piano—any tune she ever heard. I could play a little, but not much. Jessie would play and we all would gather round and sing, even Papa. Etta never tried to sing.

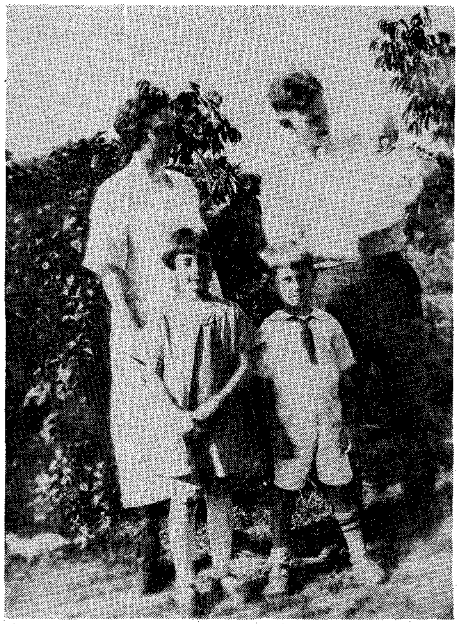
One of Riley's youngest boys, Seequicka, stayed with us all summer and helped us do the chores. The house was huge and the downstairs had a living room, big hall, dining room and kitchen, and about five bedrooms upstairs, so it meant a lot of cleaning. We all slept out on the upstairs portico as it was cooler. It ran all the way across the west end of the house and had a porch below, and a porch on the east side and the south of the kitchen which was big and we all ate out there.

Then there was a cellar or basement under the house where we kept milk and butter. It was so cool down there. When Papa butchered we helped Etta fry down sausage and side meat from the hog, and covered it with grease in a big crock. It stayed so fresh. We cured the hams and shoulders.

My sister and I could bake cakes and Etta couldn't, so Papa had us keep cakes baked all the time. He would get anything we needed to bake them with.

Seequicka had a lot of Indian ponies and we sometimes helped gather the cattle off the river. Then we had a big orchard and lots of apples; when they got ripe we would gather wagonloads and Papa would take them into Pryor to sell. That's when he would bring us new hats and lots of other gifts. We helped in the garden and helped pull the crabgrass out of the onions.

When Indian Territory became the State of Oklahoma, they changed the name of Pryor Creek to just Pryor. Papa's sister Betty was married to a wealthy Cherokee farmer named Nat Dial. They had a large rock house on the farm about five miles east of Pryor, and a lot of children: Hugh, Frank, Jimmie, Ella, Nola, Lela, and Grace. We loved to go there and loved Aunt Betty so much. He had another sister, Ella Seward, who lived in Washington State and she came to see us once. Uncle Charlie used to come quite often, too. He lived over in the Ozarks in eastern Arkansas. Then Papa's youngest sister Jennie and her daughter came to see us once. I remember Aunt Jennie and Papa talking about the murder of their parents and what a hard time they all had after their parents were killed. They sat on the bed and both cried, and I did too.



The author's sister, Jessie, and her family.

AFTER my parents' divorce we didn't see much of Papa only in the summer. The last time we saw him he had moved the sawmill to Locust Grove, Oklahoma, and was cutting ties for a new railroad that went through there. Jessie and I went to see him. We were both married by then and she had her first baby, Virginia, who was Papa's first grandchild. He was as glad to see us as we were him. We visited with him and Etta about a week. Papa told us he was on a deal to sell the sawmill and if he did he was coming to Chanute, Kansas where we all lived. That was the last time we saw him until after he was hurt and was in the hospital.

Each summer when we were at the sawmill and anyone died Papa made their caskets. If I was there I would line them with white satin and tack it around the edges. He bought all the satin and never charged anyone for the caskets. Then Jessie, Maudie and I would sing at their funerals. There was a small cemetery near the sawmill in a beautiful setting of dogwood and hickory nut trees.

Several months after our visit, Papa went to Aunt Betty's in Pryor and told her he had sold the sawmill and was going to the bank the next morning and deposit the money and some papers. He left his small grip there. He said he was going to catch the afternoon train for Kansas, but would be back at her house for lunch.

Papa said he was going to put in a lumber yard. Aunt Betty said he never mentioned Etta. When he didn't come back for his meal she didn't worry, just thought he had met some friends and had eaten with them. That was on Monday. When Papa didn't come back that night she began to worry and called the bank. Aunt Betty was told he had not been in there. She called several merchants we all knew and one said he had seen Papa standing on a corner talking to a man the merchant didn't know. But no one else seemed to have seen Papa at all.

On Wednesday morning a man was

coming into town and when he crossed a hayfield found Papa all beaten up, bloody and unconscious. He was taken to the doctor in Pryor, who said Papa would have to be moved to the Vinita hospital as he had a bad concussion. This was done and we were notified.

We hurried to his side but he never did know any of us—only he would look at Jessie's little girl and call her Rhoda (that's me). He seemed to live in the past and would talk to Mama and to old friends he used to work with when he was a U. S. Marshal.

We went to see him several times, but he got no better. Once they wrote us that we could come and get him in two weeks and keep him two weeks and then bring him back and they would operate on him—lift the skull that was pressing on his brain and put in a steel plate. But before we could go get him, Papa got a telegram that Uncle Charlie had died, and the shock killed Papa instantly. We went after the body and brought it to Chanute for burial. Of course, we were all grief-stricken. We had such hopes of getting him near us to live again.

Aunt Betty told us later that several bunches of men had gone out to the hayfield, but could find no trace of Papa's briefcase, money, papers, or anything, or any sign of a struggle. We never learned who caused his death.

Nor did we ever see or hear from Etta Taylor again, though I would have liked to have kept in touch. Two years ago a friend of mine, while visiting in Salina, Oklahoma was told that my stepmother had died and was buried in Locust Grove where Papa had his last sawmill. Someday I may go and see.

Last Trip To Tucson

(Continued from page 34)

freely from a wound in his chest, conclusively showed to have been an Apache ambuscade."

Domingo gasped out his story as the doctors dressed what Bourke described as a "severe cut in the left breast, where a bullet had ploughed around the ribs without doing very serious damage."

The post commander ordered "every man who could be put on horseback" into the field. The relief column was divided into two parts—the first a contingent of troops to rush to the scene of the attack; the second, a wagon carrying water, blankets and ten days' rations.

While the troops were saddling up, the Tucson—Camp Grant—Florence mail buggy raced into camp driven by Newton Israel's old partner, George Cox. In the back were the three Americans, whom he had met coming into the post. Cox had only left Camp an hour before, but had found the men three miles out and returned with them.

Lieutenant Howard B. Cushing, 'F' Troop, Third Cavalry—he had arrived at Camp Grant at the same time as Bourke—was one of the best-known Indian fighting officers in the Southwest. Cushing was ordered to lead the patrol. This officer came from a fighting family. One of his brothers, Lieutenant W. B. Cushing, U.S.N., had gained fame by blowing up the Confederate *Albermarle* during the Civil War. Another brother, also in the Navy, distinguished himself fighting for the Union and was killed in action. Yet another brother had fallen at Gettysburg. Howard Cushing—so said Bourke—fought Indians with an all-consuming hatred because they had killed his best friend, Lieutenant Franklin Yates, in an

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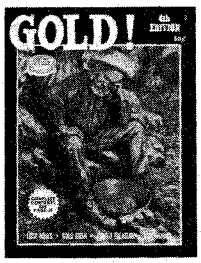
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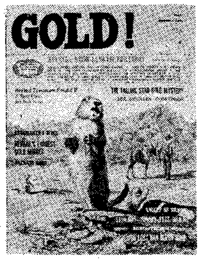
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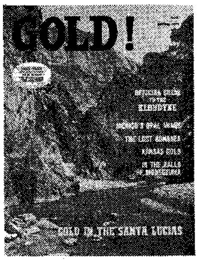
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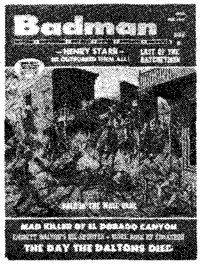
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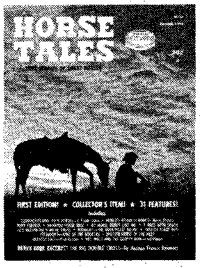
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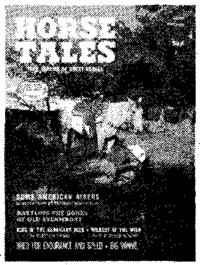
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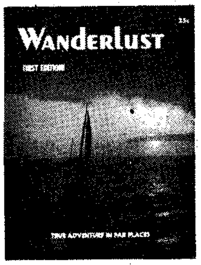
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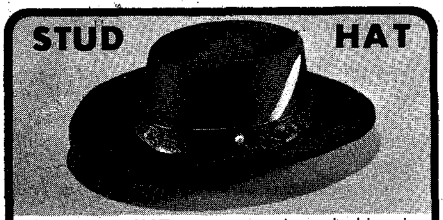

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engagement in the Guadalupe Range in Texas the year before.

Bourke recalled Cushing as being "about five feet seven in height, spare, sinewy, active as a cat; slightly stoop-shouldered, sand complexioned, with keen grey or bluish eyes which looked you through when he spoke and gave a slight hint of the determination, coolness and energy which had made his name famous all over the southwestern border."

It took Cushing's patrol only twenty minutes to assemble, but in the meantime George Cox and Newton Israel's employe James Speedy had left for the scene of the fight.

THEY found Kennedy desperately injured and weltering in a pool of his own blood about five miles from the Cañada del Oro and a mile from the scene of the attack. Lying beside the road he had tried to pull the arrow out of his chest but had only succeeded in breaking it off short, leaving the point imbedded in his lungs. Making him as comfortable as possible with blankets, and assuring him that troops would be along soon with a wagon and help, they pushed on to find Israel. Lieutenant Cushing and his detachment reached Kennedy soon afterward.

Bourke reported that the wounded man was lying in a little arroyo near the trail. He was "weak and faint and covered with his own blood," the officer said, but he "was in full possession of his faculties and able to recognize every one whom he knew and to tell a coherent story."

The pain, Kennedy gasped out, was "jes' like's if I'd swallowed a coal o' fire, boys."

Several men were left to look after Kennedy while the rest of the detachment continued along the road to Cañada del Oro. They arrived at the plundered wagontrain at about the same time George Cox's slower-moving mail buggy appeared.

"There were the hot embers of the new wagons, the scattered fragments of broken boxes, barrels, and packages of all sorts; copper shells, bows, one or two broken rifles, torn and burned clothing," Bourke recalled. "There lay all that was mortal of poor Israel, stripped of clothing, a small piece cut from the crown of the head, but thrown back upon the corpse—the Apaches do not care much for scalping—his heart was cut out, but also thrown back near the corpse, which had been dragged to the fire of the burning wagons and had been partly consumed; a lance wound in the back, one or two arrow wounds—they may have been lance wounds too, but were more likely arrow wounds, the arrows which made them having been burned out; there were plenty of arrows lying around—a severe contusion under the left eye, where he had been hit perhaps with the stock of a rifle or carbine, and the death wound from ear to ear, through which the brain had oozed."

Incredibly, Bourke was to add, "The face was as calm and resolute in death as Israel had been in life."

Dr. Francis H. Goodwin noted, "Both his feet had been burned off, his body showing the marks of the fearful torture the poor fellow had undergone at the hands of the devilish fiends."

It appears, however, that Newton Israel had been mutilated after death, possibly in revenge for his having killed the Apache sub-chief who led the attack. By Kennedy's own account his partner was dead within moments of the first fire.

As it was nearly dark Kennedy was taken back to the scene of the fight and the troops prepared to spend the night there. "He seemed in such good spirits that we were certain he would pull through, as we could not realize that he had been hit by an arrow at all, but tried to console him with the notion that the small round hole in his chest . . . had been made by a buck-shot or something like it," Bourke wrote later.

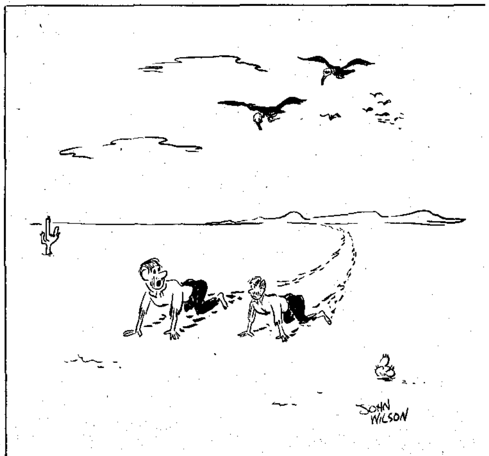
But Kennedy knew they were wrong. "No, boys, it's all up with me" he said. "I'm a goner. I know it was an arrow, 'cause I broke the feather end off. I'm goin' to die."

THE second detachment of troops arrived about midnight bringing the wagon with it. Israel's body was put into it and the men prepared for an early start as the commanding officer at Camp Grant had sent word that the Apache trail had been found a mile or two above Joe Felmer's ranch.

In the early morning, as they prepared to pull out, Lieutenant George Bacon, First Cavalry, found the body of the Indian that Israel had killed. He had been carried away by the Apaches and then left, said Bourke, "on a shelf of rock, in a ravine not a hundred yards from where the white enemy lay, shot, as Israel was, through the head."

They put Kennedy into the ambulance which had been brought but he could not stand the sitting position he was forced into, so they put him in the wagon with the dead Israel. He was showing signs of becoming worse. Bourke remembered that Kennedy was "beginning to act and talk strangely; first exhilarated and then excited, petulant and despondent." When they arrived at the post he was taken to the hospital but died there before midnight.

The group of Mexicans who had survived the attack had also arrived at the post. They had gone to Apache Springs, in



"I'm beginning to need a bath!"

the northern extremity of the Santa Catalinas, until they thought it safe to make the shorter journey to Camp Grant. On the way they met a war party of Apaches—possibly the same one who had attacked the train—but they were not molested, the Indians telling them in Spanish that they did not want to kill them, merely wanted their possessions.

Taking along fifteen days' rations, Lieutenant Cushing and his men left the post on the trail of the Apaches. Joe Felmer and Manuel Duran went as guides. The trail led straight toward the Santa Catalina Mountains. The Indians had gone up Aravaipa Canyon and come out to head for the mouth of the San Carlos River. Then they had gone across the Gila, to the head of Disappointment Creek in the Mescal Mountains and on to the highest part of the Pinal Range. A party of women and children had joined them on the way.

But with all the slogging and climbing under the merciless desert sun, the troops had at least one good laugh. "There had been a case of patent medicine in the wagons, and the Apaches had drunk the contents of the bottles, under the impression that they contained whiskey," Bourke reported. "The result was that, as the signs showed, there were several of the Indians seriously incapacitated . . . . They had staggered from cactus to cactus, falling into mesquite, in contempt of the thorns on the branches and had lain sprawled at full length in the sand, oblivious to the danger incurred."

Manuel Duran and Felmer located the Apaches just at dusk and during the night Cushing's command surrounded the campsite. They were in position by dawn, but the attack was sparked off prematurely. Just before first light, an old warrior, suspicious of some movement in the darkness, walked into the bush and almost stepped upon Cushing. The early day was broken by gunfire. The troops had surprise on their side and all the Apaches who could not flee were captured or killed. Manuel Duran killed two Indians—a warrior who was carrying a young boy of five or six—with one bullet. Women and children who were captured said that most of the men were ill from the effects of the medicine they had drunk and could not fight properly. The band was Pinal Apache.

The troops and their prisoners returned to the post and Lieutenant Cushing had completed his first expedition in Arizona successfully. It would not be his last.

Eventually, after many successful engagements, Cushing's zeal was his undoing. On May 5, 1871, an Apache war party led by Juh—not by Cochise as has frequently been said—lured him into an ambush in the Whetstone Mountains. Sergeant John Mott was able to extricate fifteen of his troops, but failed to save his officer's life. Cushing, one soldier and a citizen were killed.

Even allowing for some comradely exaggeration, Bourke was not far wrong when he wrote that Cushing had performed Herculean and more notable work, perhaps, than had been performed by any other officer of corresponding rank either before or since.

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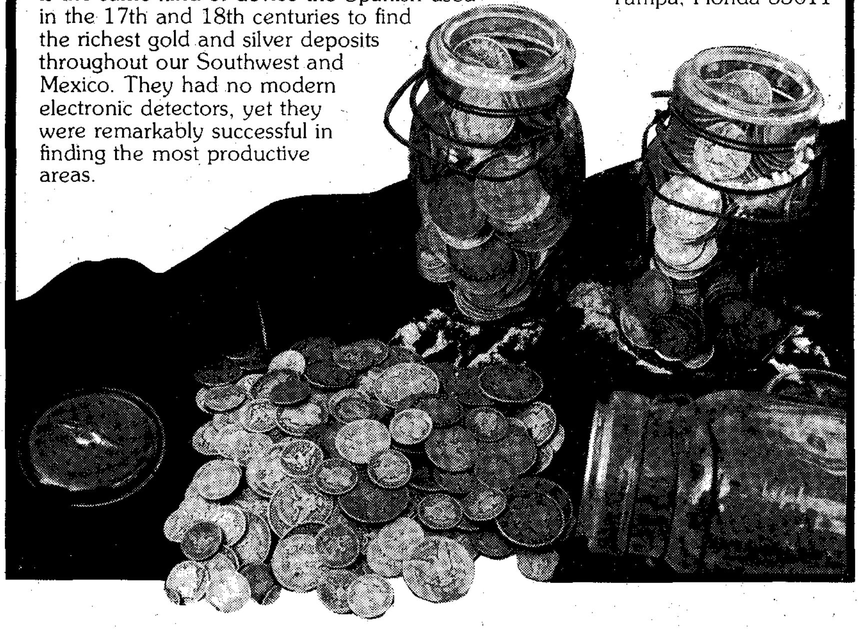

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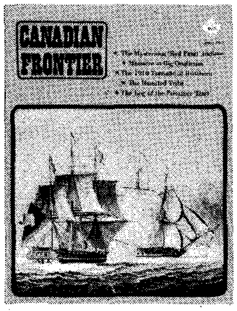

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That Joint Down By The River

(Continued from page 13)

Frey, who was a bosom friend, down at the joint.

Nobody was willing to talk about what happened. As the newspapers reported, "There seem to have been no witnesses." Everyone conveniently disappeared, including the owner of the place. Frey later said that Wells had wanted him to go riding with him and, when he refused, Wells drew his .38 revolver and, "upon no other provocation," shot him. Frey was shot in the left groin while running away! No explanation of this curious phenomenon was ever offered.

Grandmother said, "He shot John Frey right through here, through the stomach, and he brought him into town, which means he came up the south side of the railroad tracks; he dumped John out, and then turned and came across the little bridge into our alley where all the kids were playing." She saw all the excitement that followed the buggy's mad dash into town.

Naturally there was a bit of commotion after the body was dropped from the moving buggy in front of the hotel. Citizens heard John Frey say he was shot, and they carried him into Dr. Shelksohn's office.

Meanwhile Sam Wells had driven up to Hurlbut's livery barn. "Sam had a beautiful team of horses. And he got a riding horse and started to leave town. By that time a crowd was gathering, and it was just like you see in the Westerns. Lordy, I was there on the curb. They had taken John over to Dr. Shelksohn's office, and Sam rode up there. I guess he was going to try to see whether John was going to live or going to die. And there was a fellow by the name of Jim Powers, and he was the only one who had the courage to go out into the middle of the street.

"He worked his way over to Sam and got Sam's gun. And they arrested Sam and took him up to the little old jail on Main Street about a block from our house. It was made so the inside was smooth. Ordinarily a building is boxed up on the outside, but his was boxed on the inside. That was the jail. It was just like a coop. And there were no telephones so they had to telegraph to Lincoln for the sheriff to come."

It was a pretty exciting day, but many townsfolk missed it, being in Denver on the railroad excursion. Later they heard plenty about how their local cornet player disarmed dangerous Sam Wells! Running a harness shop would never be the same for Jim Powers. Such a furor in Sylvan was rare, and it was not over.

"AFTER Dr. Shelksohn took care of John," Grandmother said, "and got the bullet out, and sewed him up, sewed his intestines together, Mama went over and decided, 'Well, you can't take him out to his home on the farm. Bring him over to our house across the street.' And John was in bed there three weeks. And I remember one day Sam came up from Lincoln. He was still free on bail until they could see whether John was going to die or not. And one day here he comes Sam, and his sister Daisy, and his mother. And that Daisy, she was a dresser! And they came in, but John wouldn't see Sam."

Eli and Katherine Jacobs, great-grandparents of the author, were friends of John Frey's parents.

Bond had been set at $2,000, but was reduced to $200 three weeks after the shooting. The trial was twice postponed, as John Frey rallied and weakened. John had been able to go out into the street by the middle of July, and go home, but was still suffering great pain.

By the end of the month Sam was back in Lincoln County jail, and Sam did not meet with good advice there. His unwilling companion was a convicted horse thief named Elmo St. John. And evidently Elmo described the horrors of the state prison in graphic terms, because Sam decided not to await transportation to the pen. He took advantage of Sheriff Brumbaugh's good nature to abscond.

The sheriff had felt sorry for the prisoners stuffed into the small cell during the August weather, and allowed them to sit in the lobby. On August 11, Sam climbed through the transom and lit out for Nebraska. His cellmate did not cry out. The *News* commented: "Evidently the standard of good behavior does not rise with the thermometer." (And Elmo St. John gave the sheriff the slip two weeks later en route to the state prison.)

If Sam Wells was not a very good shot, he was a worse fugitive. Nebraska officials were immediately suspicious, and as soon as they determined why their suspect was acting so queerly, they arrested him and sent him back to Lincoln County. Sam pled guilty and was sentenced to ten years.

Prison life was just too much for Sam Wells. He served his time, but lost his health. Grandmother later saw him a few times in a nearby town, but he died while still relatively young.

John Frey's luck was no better. They gave him so much morphine for pain, he became addicted. That was a terrible legacy for him to bear. He was able to overcome it sufficiently to serve in World War I and earned a good record, and afterward to marry a fine woman who understood him and gave him spiritual and moral support. But drink was his only way to fight back against the addiction that haunted him, one that prevented him from ever being more than a hired house painter.

Grandmother remembers well this far too typical early-day tragedy. A little laziness, a little whiskey, a moment of anger, followed by remorse, confusion, and the ruin of two lives. As she says, "You have to live and see those things."

Bloodshed On Lightning Creek

(Continued from page 27)

from loss of blood. Another was Black Kettle, who had been shot in the forehead. Black Kettle was a fairly young man and married. Several others were wounded.

Members of the posse took Sheriff Miller to a sheepherder's cabin several yards away. A courier was dispatched to Newcastle to tell of the wounding of the sheriff and the death of Deputy Falkenberg, but Sheriff Billy Miller died shortly after the man left. Miller died of loss of blood from a wound in the thigh.

However, the people of Newcastle did not yet know that Billy Miller had died, and his wife took the train to Lusk, which was the town closest to where the battle had taken place. Later when she arrived at Crawford, Nebraska she learned of her husband's death and the poor woman returned to Newcastle, only to have her husband's body arrive there before she did.

All sheriffs of surrounding counties were notified, and pursuit of the Indians was started. One posse under Sheriff Lee Mathers of Crook County, Wyoming caught up with nine bucks near Edgemont, South Dakota. These Indians were taken to Douglas, Wyoming, the county seat of Converse County where the battle took place, and not Weston County which Sheriff Miller represented. The nine captives were arraigned before Justice Daniels, and a preliminary hearing on a charge of murder was set for the following Saturday, November 7, 1903.

Eight witnesses were called for the prosecution, all members of the posse. They testified that the Indians had refused to surrender and had fired the first shot. However, they could not positively identify any of the nine Indians as actually having taken part in any of the shooting. The defense called no witnesses. Judge Daniels decided the evidence did not warrant the holding of these nine prisoners for trial on a murder charge. He dismissed the case and turned the Indians over to the agent to be taken back to the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation. The people of eastern Wyoming were quite put out by the whole affair.

WHO was to blame for the bloodshed on Lightning Creek? The white man or the Sioux? The Sioux claimed they had the right to hunt where they pleased, and stated that the Indian agency had given them permission to leave the reservation and hunt. The agency had also given them firearms so they might supplement their rations and obtain skins for making clothing. Some of the Sioux went as far as Montana to visit their old enemy, the Crows, and to visit the Custer Battlefield where their great chiefs, such as Crazy Horse, Sitting Bull, Gall, and others had triumphed so gloriously over the United States Cavalry.

The people of Weston County insisted the Indians had no right to hunt in Wyoming. They blamed the whole affair on the Indian agent at Pine Ridge for issuing the Indians travel permits. They brought out the fact that Sheriff Billy Miller, as well as their congressman and governor, had contacted the Bureau of Indian Affairs as well as the Indian agency at Pine Ridge and told both not to allow the Indians to enter Wyoming. This hassle had gone on for a number of years, and it was destined to turn into tragedy.

One ironic aftermath of the battle concerned Chief Black Kettle. This young brave, who had been shot in the head, was left lying out on the prairie. His body deteriorated and his bones became bleached by the sun. Some years later, nobody seems to know just when, his skeleton was gathered up and taken to Pioneer Cabin, a museum on the Wyoming State Fairgrounds at Douglas. His bones were buried behind the cabin and his skull was placed on display in the museum.

In 1936 a group of Indians from South Dakota, visiting the state fair, recognized the skull of Black Kettle. An inscription on a card stated that it was the skull of Black Kettle and the gaping hole in t forehead confirmed this. Informed tha the body was buried at the rear of Pioneer Cabin, the Indians requested permission to raise the remains and give them the customary Indian burial.

The request was granted, and Black Elk, an eighty-nine-year-old Sioux, was appointed to conduct the services. About 100 Indians from the Pine Ridge and Rosebud Indian Reservations were in attendance. Black Kettle's widow was still alive, but was too feeble to attend. A scaffold consisting of four poles six feet high was built to support the casket. The poles and cross bars were painted various colors; presents, food, clothing, and necessary equipment were placed on the coffin to guide and protect the chief while en route to his Happy Hunting Ground. Then the remains of Chief Black Kettle were again lowered into his grave. It may still be viewed behind the Pioneer Cabin at Douglas, Wyoming.

I last saw Charlie Hansen in October 1972. He was in a rest home in Hot Springs, South Dakota. Charlie was then ninety-six years old and in fairly good health. I had always wanted to make a tape recording of Charlie telling of the old days, but he had had no electricity at the ranch except an old obsolete light plant. After discovering Charlie was in the rest home I made a special trip to Hot Springs to make the tape I had always wanted. The story he told me is the one you've just read.

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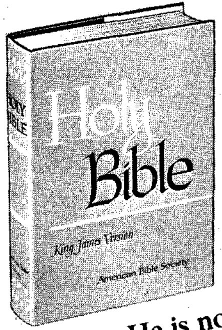

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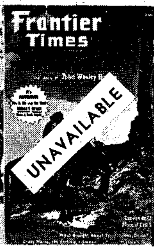

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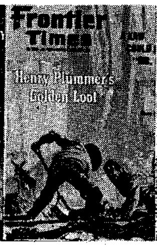
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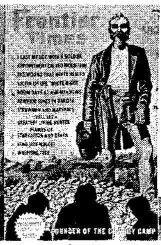
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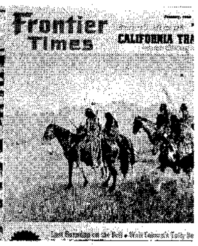
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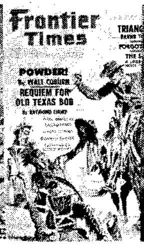
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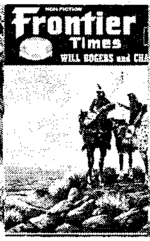
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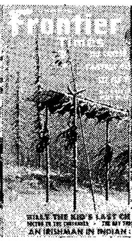
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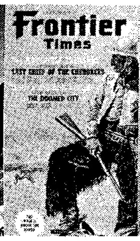
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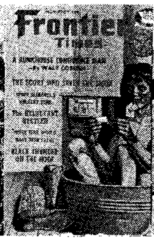
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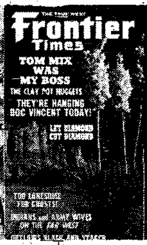
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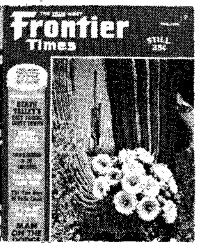
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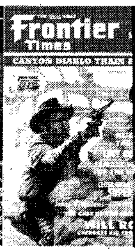
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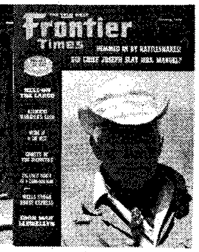
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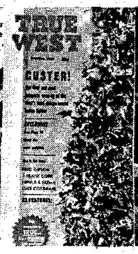
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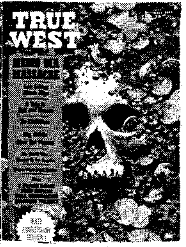
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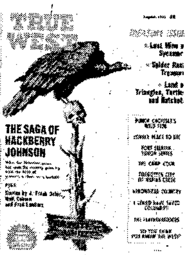
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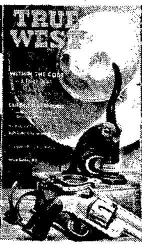
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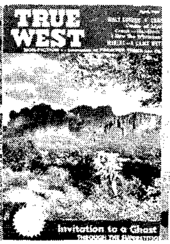
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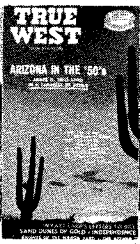
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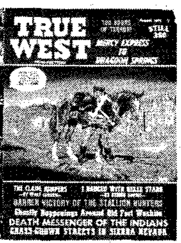
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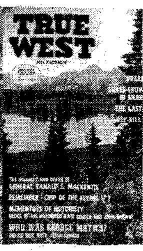
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The Connell Murder Case

(Continued from page 23)

man and had no difficulties with him, except just the lawsuit with the water right owners.

"He tried to tell him a few civil words and Porter turned on him furiously, ordering him to leave him alone and threatening him. During the water election of 1913, Porter was walking up and down the street affecting to pass close to Ralph, sometimes brushing against him and calling him vile names. Several parties, even some of the water right owners, came to me about it warning me that Porter was trying to pick a quarrel to have a pretext to kill Ralph. At last I succeeded in making him go and stay home.

"On the tenth of September, 1913 Ralph and his wife were driving past Porter's house. Florence, Connell's young daughter, following on the burro. Porter who was sitting on the porch ran out and was following them, looking at them furious like. Ralph whipped his horses, but seeing that Florence could not keep up he decided to go back where the turning was easy. Porter had then about caught up with them. He stood in the middle of the road glaring at them and to avoid running over him and to avoid his running over them, Ralph had to drive a little out of the road.

"Later Ralph, his wife and Florence went riding by Porter's house, crossed the cañon far above it, and came back home through a trail and north of the Jacksons' house. The following day Porter, who had been waiting in his buggy at the Hide Saloon saw Ralph going to the Post Office. He drove there and when Ralph came out, accused him of spying on his place, insulted him and threatened to kill him like a yellow dog. Ralph answered that their difficulties being in court, the court would decide them. Porter answered that he would settle them himself with a gun. Ralph made a complaint, Porter was arrested and was found with a six shooter on his person and a shot gun loaded with buckshot in his buggy. Judge Medler sent him for two months in jail. Porter was sentenced on his own admission of what had taken place in the Post Office. Still Connell had brought as a confirmation of his complaint what had happened on the sixteenth of September.

"Porter brought as witness his wife, Mrs. Jackson, and Talley, Porter's farm hand, who swore that at that time they were sitting on the porch, that the meeting took place not on the other side of the hill as Connell claimed, but at the foot of the hill on the same side of the house, that although they were not actually looking as they were not expecting anything, they saw the meeting plainly and that nothing happened of what Connell had pretended.

"In last November they had Connell indicted before the Grand Jury for perjury.

"On the last Sunday of November I was coming from Mescalero and reaching the pretended place of meeting which they had designated very accurately, I glanced casually towards the house and found out that on the line of vision be-

Apaches such as these were aided by the beef contract that led to Connell's murder.

tween that spot and the porch were dense branches of peach trees. In November they were without leaves and it was possible to see through the limbs. But it was plain that in September when the trees were covered with leaves it was absolutely impossible to see through even when looking attentively, much less when just happening to look in a casual way. Of course I communicated immediately my discovery to Ralph, and we had the fact well verified by several good witnesses. How Porter caught on that fact I do not know, but on the sixteenth of last February, I was going to Mescalero to marry Rosa Rodriguez to John Tahnito, at Fort Sill. [The Mescalero Apaches often referred to the Chiricahuas as Fort Sills. So also did others, including Fr. Migeon.]

"In passing by Porter's place I found that they were cutting all the lower limbs of the trees and joining the others in such a way that they were ruining the trees so far as fruit bearing is concerned for a year or two, at least. The reason was plain and we had the fact verified by experts. When Ralph was tried in Roswell in May a change of venue was necessary to insure a fair trial; after a very hard fight not only could they not prove their point, but we proved conclusively that they had perjured themselves, and of course, they were liable to a civil action for damages and an additional one for perjury.

"When Ralph came back Father Ariola, who is taking my place in Tularosa, was complimenting him on that result. He answered laughing, 'Of course I came out all right, thanks to that damned Padre of ours. We do not know what we would do without him.'

"Still the dispositions of some of that crowd were so plain that Judge Richardson of Roswell gave very serious advice about it and even after awhile wrote to Mr. Connell. Some of the bunch were mad at Ralph, too, on account of the appointment of Jeffries (who had succeeded James A. Carroll as agent at Mescalero) especially Jim Baird. They had tried to hurt his business, to ruin him by delays and lawsuits, but he was more prosperous than ever. He won all the lawsuits, including the water suit; they had appealed this last one, the decision was not yet given but there was hardly any hope that it could be in their favor.

"On June the eleventh Ralph wrote me his last letter telling me how they had tried to hurt him by cancellation of the cold storage contract for the Indians, and how he had got in place a fresh meat contract much better, how they were furious. Since the middle of May he had made $8535.35 by the contract. He exhorted me to take good care of myself because after all what was the use of killing him as long as I was left. No good would come of his murder (which is true as they will find out). The following day he was started with the cattle for Mescalero. He was accompanied by a Mexican who was riding ahead with him. His name was Jose. Behind the herd came an American, another Mexican, and little Florence. Jose was a little ahead of Ralph. When passing in front of Porter's smoke house he saw Porter at the door; he was looking intently towards the direction Connell would come. Talley, his farm hand, was standing at the corner of the orchard and when Jose came nearer he crouched on his heels. Jose was riding but looking back toward Porter. When Connell came within sight of Porter this last dodged in the smoke house. Jose still looking back was then almost in front of Talley; his horse shied violently, he cannot say if Talley made a movement to frighten him. Jose, of course, had to master his horse and take his eyes from Porter. A shot rang out. He looked back, Connell straightened in his saddle and fell. Some smoke was coming from the smoke house. Jose ran to Ralph. The poor boy was dead. The bullet had entered the back and gone through the heart which was shattered in pieces.

"Porter was coming out of the smoke house. Jose called to him in English, 'You certainly got him.' Ralph did not have any gun nor even a knife. Florence heard the shot and saw her father fall. The poor child ran back calling to everybody, 'They killed my papa.' It was she who announced it to her mother.

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"I was in Las Cruces where I am for six months taking the place of the pastor away for a vacation. I was getting ready to answer Ralph's letter not by writing to him, but by writing to the baby, little Helen, who was always so glad to receive a letter from me, when the telephone rang and I heard of Ralph's death. I took immediately an auto for El Paso where I caught the Golden State to Tularosa. When I came to the house I could hardly walk. I went at once to see the body; the undertaker who was then looking for the bullets tried to stop me, but I threw him aside. From that time until they took the body away Friday evening, I stayed with him all I could, where I could see and touch him. Even the little sleep I had, I took in a bed close to him. I certainly lost the best friend I ever had, and I felt it cruelly. Mrs. Connell stood the blow wonderfully. By her looks it was plain how she was suffering and when she could come where the body was it was pitiful to see her. Little Florence was heartbroken too. Helen did not understand much. But at the time Mrs. Connell was attending to all the business in the smallest details not forgetting anything.

"The body was taken to Omaha and was buried Sunday. Mrs. Connell is still there and will be there a few days yet. I have here in Las Cruces the Mexican Jose, our main witness. We were afraid they would kill him, too.

"People claim my own life is in danger. That may be but I will show them that they did not get anything by killing poor Ralph. I still keep up his work and so will his wife, and we will do all we can to bring his murderer or murderers to justice. I do not mean that we will revenge ourselves on them. I will be as prudent as possible, and take all the precautions I can; but I will certainly not back out or neglect my work. Still I know so well there is danger for me, that I made a general confession in El Paso and try my best to keep myself in such a condition that in case they would get me, I would be ready to appear before my Maker. Of course that includes the forgiving of them, although sometimes it is hard.

"Today I received a telegram telling me that the preliminary hearing is set for Thursday, July the second. Of course I must be in Alamogordo where it will take place. Ralph's father will not be there, neither his wife. Of course we will have the best lawyer we can for the trial. [This was postponed.]

"Of course you are interested in the Mescalero Mission. I think it is doing well, better than could have been expected. Before Easter Father Anselem Weber of Navajo, and another Franciscan came to give a Mission which did lots of good. Father Weber will come back this summer. I cannot write more particulars as this letter is already too long. I am going to Mescalero next week. Do pray for Ralph and his family and myself; and believe me.

"Yours very sincerely
"L. Migeon"

THAT THERE had previously been friction between the two men is indicated by the following report from the El Paso *Morning Times* of June 18, 1914:

"His father 'W. J. Connell' of Omaha, formerly a congressman from his district, a wealthy and very able man, came. Mr. Connell was in New Mexico last month when R. S. (Ralph) was on trial in Roswell, under indictment alleging perjury. The jury acquitted Mr. Connell of the charge. The case was one originating in Otero County where the indictment was returned and grew out of water suit matters. A change of venue was granted on motion of the defendant and the case carried to Roswell for trial. W. J. Connell was chief of counsel for the defendant in the trial at Roswell."

The following day, June 19, the *Times* reported that a reward of a thousand dollars had been offered by the widow of the slain man for the apprehension of his slayer. Sheriff James Hunter and District Attorney H. B. Hamilton were conducting the investigation. O. M. Talley and Mrs. Porter were being held under guard at a local hotel, but nothing had as yet been filed against them. The father of Ralph Connell had left Omaha on a special train which was expected to arrive in Tularosa the following day.

Reportedly Porter was attempting to escape from the scene of the crime on horseback, and officers were alerted to attempt to intercept and hold him.

On June 20, 1914 the *Times* reported that Porter had voluntarily surrendered in Alamogordo to Sheriff James Hunter. Being held in connection with the killing, also, was Talley, foreman of the Porter Ranch. Mrs. Porter had been released.

Porter had retained Tom Lea of El Paso and State Senator P. B. Holt of Las Cruces to defend him.

The body of R. S. Connell was sent to his father's home in Omaha for burial. Mrs. Connell and her two small daughters had accompanied the corpse.

Judge Medler was expected in Alamogordo the following Monday to hold a preliminary trial. Both Porter and Talley had previously been residents of El Paso where they were regarded as good respectable citizens.

WHEN Eloise Carroll, daughter of the Mescalero Apache agent, was married to Theodore Sutherland of the famous Diamond A Ranch in 1911, Father Migeon performed the marriage service and the Connells sent peonies—quantities of them—for the wedding.

Mrs. Sutherland recalls that Helen Connell, the younger of the daughters, married Will Rogers, Jr. She remembers, too, that the Bairds had an irrigated farm a short distance southwest of Tularosa and that Gene Baird attended her wedding. He was the son of Jim Baird who had a ranch in the San Andreas. Gene was a famous wrestler, as well as cowman, and had once staged a match with Eugene Manlove Rhodes in which neither emerged as victor.

Gene Rhodes, as well as Gene Baird, attended the trial of Porter at Roswell. This trial was for perjury, and resulted in a verdict of guilty. It was appealed, but so far as Mrs. Sutherland knows, it did not go to a higher court.

Rumors later came to Tularosa and vicinity that Porter had died.

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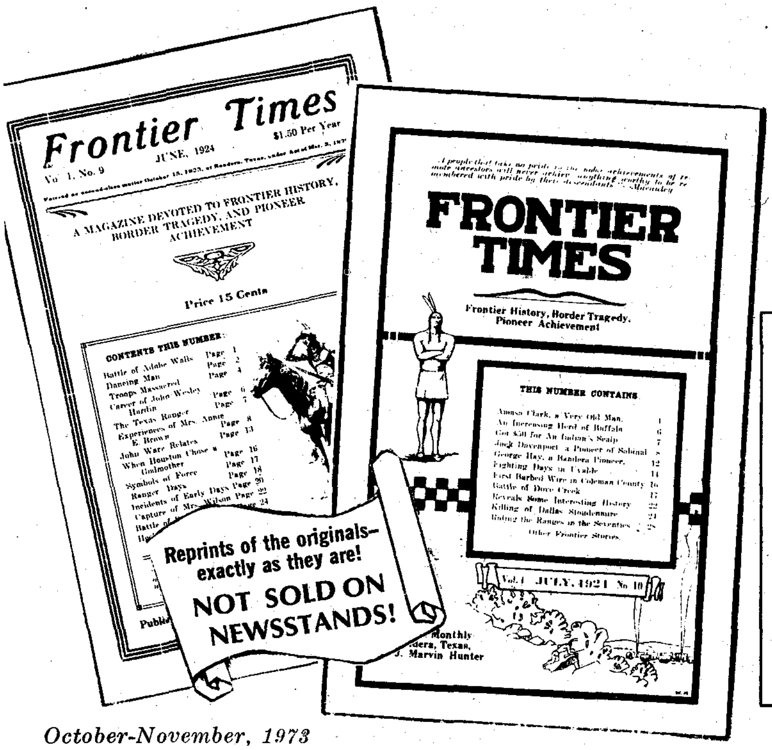

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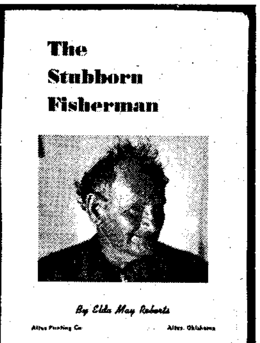
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MacDougall's Great Gold Hoax

(*Continued from page 21*)

mining excitement for the construction watchers. The two men spent all afternoon in perfecting the plot.

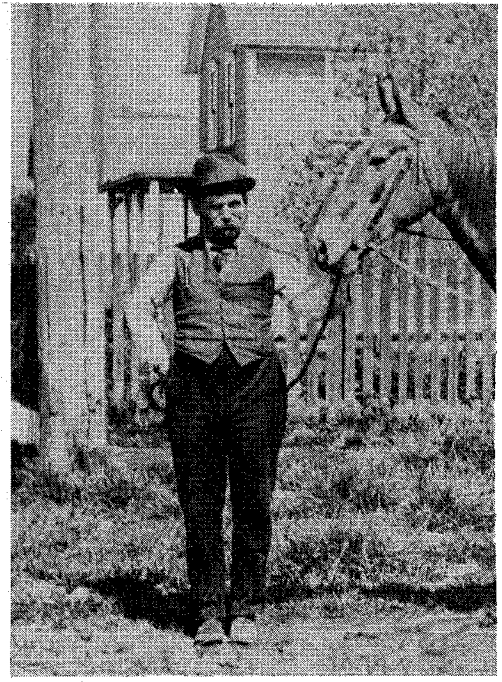
Early the next day, bystanders started gathering to watch the mining venture and perhaps guy the town braggart. Imagine their amazement when a few colors appeared on the bottom of the pan during the first attempt. Repeated washings produced an impressive array of golden-hued particles that startled the scoffers into action. Whispered reports, joined by newspaper items, soon brought a crowd of claim jumpers into town!

One paper reported, "News of the finding of gold in bailings removed from the test hole sunk by the county at the site of the new pier for the Avenue D bridge is bringing people to Snohomish from other towns who are locating claims. More than twenty claims have been staked out and twenty have been filed with Auditor John Haugen. Others will go into the records Monday morning." The gold excitement ran into the second week. "Outsiders continue to flock into Snohomish and business men reported a flourishing business over the last weekend." Soon the "City of Snohomish had become an unorganized mining district as the result of numerous filings of placer claims reaching well beyond the city limits," and "The number of placer claim locations topped the forty mark by Wednesday with filings at the auditor's office, by and for Ada Y. Clageth, Frank Barrett, Nels. L. Peterson and others, and A. H. Myrick and others." Claims reached across town from the G.A.R. cemetery to the Pilchuck River on the east, including the old J. H. Plaskett farm in section 19-28-6, where Edwin E. Hanson filed locations for the Crete and Three Girls claims.

"APPLICATION for mineral rights to state lands at Snohomish, has been filed with state land commissioner at Olympia by George Culmback and Harold King of Everett as the latest development in the Snohomish gold strike. The application for a state lease covers 160 acres of land just south and running west of the original location. Their proposed lease is on the other side of the Snohomish river and includes a part of the river bed.

"Another hopeful, Kern Stockton, Snohomish news reporter for the Everett *Herald* has located Wildcat placer claim; I. Imerson, the Cougar; Fritz Helmke, Gold Bug No. 1; Percy Trubshaw, Tru Gain and Western Giant; Gilbert N. Turner, Tru Gain No. 2; N. H. Bates, Big Tom; R. R. Bradley, Luck Archer; W. G. Horn, Easy Money; L. D. Hurt, Gold Run; Irving Peters and others, Lucky Bonanza No. 1 and Last Chance."

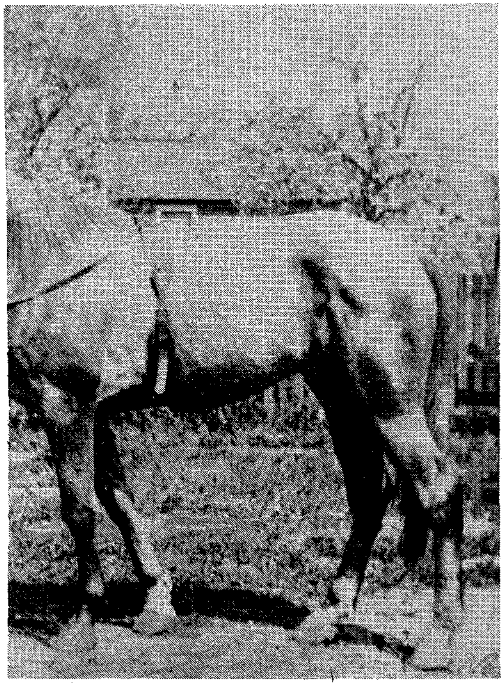
Financial Editor L. E. Hill, of the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* filed a story that received bold headlines in his paper. "Snohomish Gold is a Fact; Dollar's Worth on Display. *Snohomish*, Feb. 25—There's gold in Snohomish. It is on display in the window of H. L. Emmons, jeweler, tiny nuggets and a button melted from the very small gold said to have been panned out of drillings from a six-inch diameter hole sunk on the river bank right in town, exploring for a new bridge foundation. There must be nearly a dollar's worth on display, and the estimates of what got away are various."


Sam McDougall and his horse, date unknown.

Hill referred to legends about gold found along the river handed down from earlier times and included the tale about a former city marshal who lived just two blocks from the recent discovery, who found gold in the crops of the chickens he killed but was never able to locate the place where the chickens got it.

"The hardware stores," continued Hill, "have their windows full of gold pans, true miner variety, but there is no mining going on—just claim filing." And he ended his item with the prediction, "If the gold is there in paying quantity, some of those who are exercising forethought by filing claims, including the Rector of the Episcopal Church, will be fixed. Of course a lot of the filings that come in contact with property owned in fee will be out of luck as to that part of the filing, but it is felt better to file on some other person's property than not to file at all."

WHILE the excited citizens awaited the report from the assay office, MacDougall grew apprehensive as he viewed the girth of his innocent escapade. In order to obtain a collection of old watch cases and odd pieces of jewelry, he had had to take a local jeweler friend into his confidence. These articles were cut into small irregular shapes with tin snips and each was given a slight blow with a hammer while spread on an anvil, to produce the flakes. Next MacDougall selected a few ore and white quartz specimens and reduced them to smaller particles in his cast-iron mortar, using a cast iron pestle. The rock particles and the golden flakes were mixed together in a gold pan, and late that night, the two men went to the bridge and salted the bailings with the product of their labor. Later, when the gold excitement



Courtesy **Snohomish County Tribune**, Bill Bates, Editor

reached a high pitch, and afraid that their secret would leak out, the two men left town on a vacation trip.

At last the assay office report arrived. It was terse: "Submitted mineral samples are brass—with a slight trace of gold." Would-be mine owners read the report and quietly avoided public attention. The fuse leading to threatened civic strife had flared briefly, fizzled and died. Apparently the public never suspected that the golden hoard had been planted.

After keeping his secret for a number of years, MacDougall revealed the details of the hoax to some friends. And during his later days Samuel MacDougall presented me with the cast-iron crucible that he used when prospecting, the gold pan, and other items mentioned in this story. They were recently presented to the Blackman Museum at Snohomish, Washington as mementoes of more carefree days.

Nuggets

(Continued from page 42)

forbidding the troops to enter the Territory.

"The Company under Burton met the troops, kept out of their way, and by means of flanking parties kept strict watch of them day and night and reported to us by expresses, constantly going to and fro over the road. It was thought our enemies intended to separate and approach at different points but they did not attempt it. At or near Pacific Springs [on the Oregon Trail], our boys prepared with horses, cowbells, etc., rode into the enemies camp, making all sorts of noises in their power. They rode through and through the camp before anyone could be aroused. The bugles at length made a faint noise, and the men began to turn out. It was night and the horses and mules seemed inclined to run into the tents and wagons instead of running away; and the plan of stampeding was therefore abandoned. The officer in

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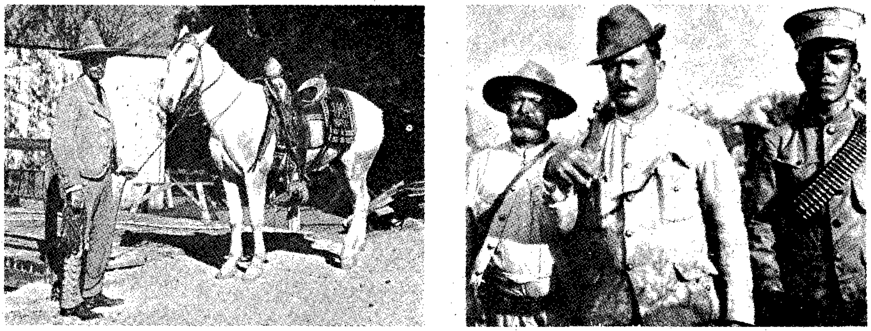

At left, Tinker is pictured in Mexico during the Revolution, 1910. At right is Colonel Alfaro Obregon and some of his officers, 1912. These are but two of the beautifully reproduced photographs from the Tinker collection included in the book.

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command, fearing for the safety of his baggage which was in advance, commenced a forced march and made the rest of their way to Ham's Fork of Green River undisturbed, here overtaking their baggage trains they encamped to await orders.

"At this period some thousand of our men were ordered out and pitched upon Echo Canyon as the best place to attack the invaders, temporary breast works were thrown up, batteries of rocks made on high precipices and two deep ditches dug across the canyon to fill with water. Here the enemy could be racked from all positions, and immense rocks were pried up and fixed in readiness to roll down some hundreds of feet at a given signal; here the main body of our men took up their quarters; but the horse companies formed themselves into scouting parties and proceeded near the enemies camp.

"Myself and the company to which I belong left Salt Lake City September 25th, 1857; we were called in haste and left at twelve o'clock at night, and proceeded to the mouth of Emigration; thence at night on our way and camped at night on the east side of Big Mountain. Our horses were troublesome and we passed the night without sleep. At daylight got under way and reached Echo Canyon and camped for the night. It was Sunday night; we had a meeting and retired to rest; or some of us had when an Express arrived stating that the troops were approaching rapidly. We immediately got under way and rode all night. We arrived Cache Cave early in the morning, chilled with cold; our guns, stirrups, etc. covered to some extent with frozen mud and ice. Here we stopped a short time, gathered what little fuel we could find, run some, etc. Here we left our baggage and everything except what could be carried about our persons and again pressed our way and reached the "Muddy" after a long and weary march at dark, having traveled 100 miles without sleep on horseback.

"NEXT MORNING reached Bridger and found it in possession of a few men that had come out before us. They received us most gladly, being few in number and being within a few hours march of several thousand disciplined troops in hostile array; here we remained several days. Scouting parties out constantly to reconnoitre the enemy and burn the grass in all directions as near their camps as practicable.

"I went to Fort Supply with a small company of men to help take care of the crops, and to make ready to burn everything if found necessary, but were soon disturbed by an Express from Bridger, ordering everything destroyed. We took out our wagons, horses, etc., and at 12 o'clock set fire to the buildings at once, consisting of 100 or more good hewn log houses, one saw mill, one grist mill, one threshing machine, and after going out of the Fort, we did set fire to the Stockade and grain stacks, etc. After looking a few minutes at the bonfire we had made, thence on by the light thereof.

"I will mention that owners of property in several cases begged the privilege of setting fire to their own, which they freely did, thus destroying at once what they had labored for years to build, and that without a word.

"Thence on the way a few miles we stopped and set fire to the city Supply—a new place just commenced—ten or fifteen buildings perhaps, and warmed ourselves by the flames. Thus we laid waste in a few hours all the labor of a settlement for three or four years, with some 500 or 600 acres of land fenced and improved.

"Our work of destruction was now finished and we moved silently onward and reached Bridger a little after daylight and found it in ashes, having been fired the night before. We now joined our companions in arms, who with us, after some deliberation evacuated the place and moved back in the brush to await orders on the approach of the enemy. After awaiting some, myself and a small division of men with disabled horses etc. left for the main camp in Echo, and again joined Col. Burton's command."

I visited the site of the old Fort about 1939, hiring a truck to take me across a swamp during high-water time. There still were many stumps left in the ground where the stockade and cabins had been. At that time it was still meadow land. I understand it has now been marked by the Wyoming Historical Society or a similar organization.

INCIDENT IN SILVER PLUME

By Jane C. Bass

SILVER PLUME, Colorado is a real place; real people still live there. Some of them may have a logical explanation of my experience in their town. There may be members of the Silver Plume Chamber of Commerce who actually banquet among relics of the past. Or this may have been a for-real gathering of the old Miners' Society or the Loveland Pass Snowshoe Club. If there are such, I'd like to know—so I could stop all this nonsense about ghosts.

Founded on an economy of silver mining, left almost derelict at the time of the crash, Silver Plume nestles in a cup at the foot of Loveland Pass in the Rocky Mountains. Among the relics of its former glory yet standing are the graceful clapboard church, the Victorian bandstand, the brick railway depot, and a small box-like jail of uneven stone built into a hillside.

In the winter most of the remaining houses and cabins are boarded up and padlocked. During the warmer months many are occupied by summer people. A good many tourists rush along the edge of the little town as they climb to the summit of the pass, but few of them drive off the main highway down into the old town.

Main Street is a has-been. False-front stores with painted-over windows, and boards crisscrossing the doors, edge the narrow street that rises toward the mountains. A few of the windows are shattered, and several doors stand ajar leaving the interiors of the gloomy buildings open to the vagaries of the weather.

(Continued on page 66)

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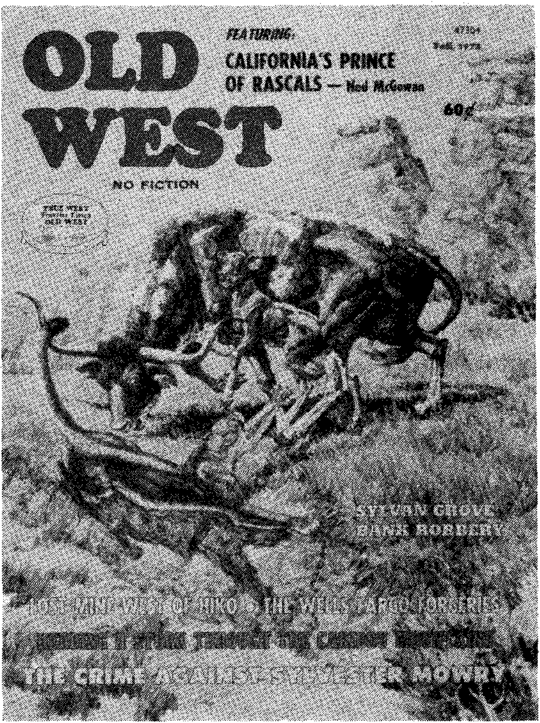
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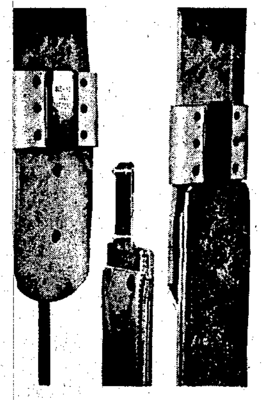

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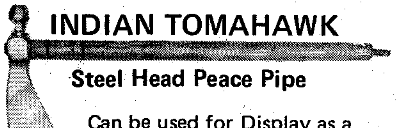

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A Close Call At Red Fork

(Continued from page 35)

my partner. Jessie was two or three years older than I was and I'm sure the only reason she was willing to tag along with a slick-faced button—not old enough to grow whiskers—was because I had a horse for her to ride.

Women rode sideways, with the exception of a few ranch girls who had divided skirts. It is quite uncomfortable to ride sideways on a man's saddle and when we got away from their houses, the women changed over and rode astride. It exposed a bit more leg than respectable women were accustomed to show and, as I remember, looked real risque. In fact, it gave Kennedy—who was a sort of a dandy anyhow with his little go-to-hell mustache and Scottish accent—an excuse to pinch his partner's leg as he went through the motion of adjusting a stirrup leather.

We rode up the river a few miles and back—five couples of us riding along two abreast. And when we returned to our starting point—about an hour before sundown—trouble was waiting.

THERE WAS a deputy United States Marshal named Barnett stationed in Red Fork. He also did constable work for the local justice of the peace. Barnett claimed to have been a Texas Ranger and it was said that he had a few men to his credit. At least, he showed me a scar on his leg one time where he said a Texas outlaw shot him just before he killed the outlaw.

There was some talk that Barnett had been shining up to Elsie, but when Ben came along she seemed to forget all about the lawman. I never knew whether he was motivated by jealousy over Elsie—or whether the railroad men ribbed him up to take action—or both—but Ben was the only one he picked on. When we rode up to the row of barracks-like buildings where the railroad construction people lived, Marshal Barnett and three or four of the railroad men were outside.

The Marshal came up to Ben and said, "You're under arrest. Hand over that gun and get down off your horse." Right then, the married women slid off their horses and skedaddled into their houses, and Elsie took off for home.

Just like he reacted to everything else, Ben thought it was some kind of a joke. He laughed, raised his hands, and said, "Don't shoot. I'll go along. Don't shoot."

Even I could see it wasn't any joke, and Ben soon realized it too. His laugh faded away and he lowered his hands with the right one resting within finger length of his gun handle.

"And what am I under arrest for?" he asked.

"For carrying a concealed weapon," the Marshal replied.

"But my gun ain't concealed," Ben protested, "It's right out in the open—where anybody can see it."

"Don't give me any back talk or argument," Barnett said brusquely. "I told you to get down from that horse. Do it right now or I'll pull you off." Suddenly Barnett grabbed one bridle rein in an attempt to pull it out of Ben's hand and the vicious jerk he gave cut the bridle bit down into the horse's mouth. The horse threw his head to one side and then the other, and staggered backward.

That was the only time I ever saw Ben really get mad. He wasn't very pretty to look at either. His jaws clamped shut, his lips twisted, and the blood rushed to his face, turning it into a sort of metallic color. Ben stared straight into Barnett's face.

I was sitting on my horse to his right and I saw his forefinger reach out and lift the keeper from the gun hammer that kept the gun from bouncing out of the holster. Then Ben said real slow and contemptuous-like, "I'll give you this gun with smoke comin' out of the barrel if you don't let go of my horse."

Barnett turned loose of the bridle rein and stepped back. For what seemed like a long time nothing moved. Everything was dead still as the two glared at each other. I had never seen a shooting scrape—or a man killed—up to that time, but I surely thought it was coming. Later I realized it was the Marshal who showed the white feather when he blurted out, "You can't bluff me! I've never seen a Texas man yet that I was afraid of!"

Then Kennedy got his nose into the affair when he said in his clipped accent, "Yes, and I've never seen a s-o-b in this Territ'ry that I'm afraid of either." Right then it seemed like everybody got to talking. That is, everybody except Ben and the Marshal and me. I was too scared to say anything and they were too busy watching each other.

JIM MARTIN, who was always ready for a fight, rolled off his horse and started forward. "Stand pat, Ben," he said. "We won't let him take you anywhere." Jim didn't get very far, because Dixon Baird jumped down and hauled him back. I often wondered what Jim thought he could do going against an armed man with an itchy trigger finger.

Then Dixon, who seemed to be the only one with a cool head, sort of took charge.

"Get down, Ben," he said. "Give him your gun and go with him. We'll go along, too. And we'll see if there's a law against a man carrying a gun on his saddle." That settled things for the time being. I am sure that both Ben and the Marshal were glad to get off the hook.

Ben dismounted and surrendered his gun to Barnett who pointed him toward the justice of the peace's office in a small building on a weed-grown lot about two blocks away. We followed along on foot, leading the horses. It seemed like everything was already cut and dried.

The Judge just happened to be in his office late, that Sunday afternoon. (The Judge was also a real estate and oil lease speculator.) It turned out that apparently he had been led to believe that the Marshal was bringing in a real desperado. There was a double-barrel shotgun leaning against his desk within easy reach. Barnett piloted Ben before the Judge and laid the gun on the desk as evidence. We crowded into the tiny office and the Judge glared at us as if he were looking at a gang of thugs. As he prepared to make an entry in his law journal, Marshal Barnett stated the charge against Ben.

The Judge looked like he was not pleased with what he heard. Suddenly he closed the journal and turned to Ben. "Mr. What's-your-name," he said, "there ain't no law against a man carrying a gun on his saddle. I'd like to sock it to you for slashing around with a gun before a bunch of women—but there ain't no law against that either. If I ever find you here again maybe I'll find some excuse to put you in jail. Now take your sidekicks and get out of here! And the next time you come to town, leave that gun at home."

As we were leaving, the Judge had a word for Marshal Barnett. "As for you, Bill, don't ever bring a man into my court again on such a flimsy charge!" And that's the way it ended. It seems like a joke now, but it was no joke while I was watching two angry men daring each other to make a move.

When everything was wound up in the Territory that fall, Ben came back to Texas with a carload of saddle horses belonging to all parties. He stayed at our house in Coleman the night he arrived, and the last time I ever saw him was next morning when he took off for the Stacy community where he had friends and where he later married.

Of that little group of cowboys thrown together in Indian Territory in 1903, all have gone on except myself and possibly Ben Dragoo. I hope he is still around. He was—as the saying goes—"a good man to ride the river with."

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 4)

is now in Bowie County, Texas. In 1812 this was a territory and the point of entry into Texas was made at this bend because of quicksand to the east and west. It is about ten miles north of present-day Hooks. All that is left to identify this spot where settlers crossed is one lonely white marble tombstone, standing alone amidst several sunken graves, with the inscription "Jane—wife of S. Cooper, 1846-1887." This old forgotten graveyard was known as Red River Cemetery.

People coming to Texas from Kentucky and Tennessee crossed the river at this spot and camped before moving on. There is thought to have been a small community or settlement, for six graves are definitely known to be here. One grave was the grandmother of Jane Cooper. Jane's maiden name was Bolander. Jane's husband, S. Cooper, was Sam C., Jr. He is thought to be buried here. Also, his parents, Sam Cooper, Sr. and wife (her name not known) are buried here. (As late as 1930, a Bowie County man, my husband Woodrow Wilburn, saw the headstones but, not being interested in history then, did not copy any data from them.) It is fairly certain the stones have been pushed over and trampled into the ground by grazing cattle. Also, a bulldozer has been used in clearing this land in later years.

The marker for Jane Cooper's grave was purchased in Clarksville, Tennessee and was shipped to Fort Smith, Arkansas and then taken to her grave, sometime in 1888.

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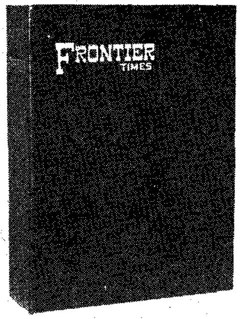

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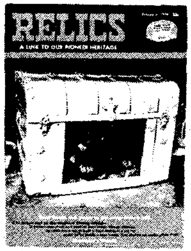

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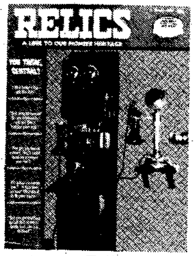

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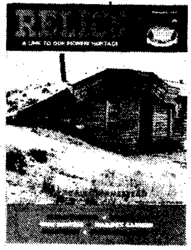

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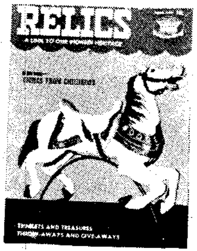

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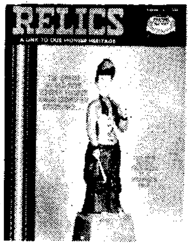

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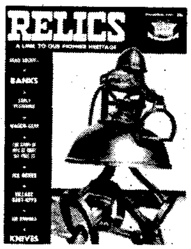

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This wagontrain came south from Fort Smith, Arkansas to the Red River, east of Spanish Peak. The captain of the train was Captain Baker, father of the notorious Cullen Baker, Texas outlaw. Captain Baker made three such trips as pilot of these trains, and on the last trip, he and his family settled at Spanish Peak. The Indians were so bad that he moved his family across the Sulphur Fork and somewhat to the east about forty to fifty miles.

THE LOG

Captain Baker, wagon master, had eight wagons. Andy McCoy, first scout. Marcus Whitlo, second scout. Henry McDaniel, second in charge and driving lead wagon; he had two wagons and five children in wagons. Joe Pelphry, deputy; he had one wagon and four children in wagon. Jim Elliott had two wagons and six children in wagons. Robert Granger Elliott had one wagon and three minor children in wagon. J. F. McDermitt had one wagon and four children in wagon. Jim Poindexter had one wagon and five children in wagon. W. W. Smith had one wagon and five children in wagon. W. E. Smith, brother of W. W., had one wagon and three children in wagon. Homer C. Elliott, Dan Clovis Elliott, W. C. Elliott, P. C. Elliott, and Leland G. Elliott were the five grown sons of Robert G. Elliott and ranged in years from twenty to thirty. They drove the supply wagons. Bill Walker and Sam Walker were brothers. Their father was Will (or Mike) Walker. They also drove supply wagons.

Sam R. Cooper, Sr. had two wagons and five children in wagons. ———Ross, Sr., had one wagon and two children in the wagon. [His first name is not known.] K. C. Spikes had one wagon and no children. Roy Fergison had one wagon and no children. O. Lemay had one wagon and no children. S. R. Walker had one wagon and no children. [He later helped to draw up the Texas Declaration of Independence.] S. R. (S. Roy) was brother to Will and Mike Walker, not on the train. Ted Norton was not on the train but paid for one wagon's expense, as did Jack Johnson.

Guards on the train were Barney Phipps; Jim Crump; Willis Wright; John Parr; Charles Berry; Thurman Utchman; brothers Belug and Arden Brown (Arden was later kicked by a mule and couldn't work for a long time); Otto Payne; Jim Jones; Benny Tubbs, the preacher; and the doctor, Dr. Crossweight.

There were thirty-nine men, including the doctor and preacher, nineteen women and forty-two children. Ninety started on the train from Tennessee but they picked up two wagons on April 20. They had twenty-eight wagons, 116 draft horses and mules, and thirty saddle horses. $100.00 was paid by each family, and there were nineteen or twenty families on the train. They made a list of all on the wagontrain to aid friends and relatives in tracing them, if necessary.

Following are the rules of the wagontrain. 1. Allow five days for each one hundred miles. Bad days, what you can make, or stay in camp if agreed on by all. Real good days, and ground, makes it easy pulling twenty-five to thirty miles per day, if camp sites come right.

2. Take plenty of guns and ammunition.

3. Recommended—shave your head—Indians have no interest in bald heads.

4. Do not drink whiskey or alcohol in freezing weather, or you are liable to freeze to death.

5. Do not fire rifles, only when absolutely necessary.

6. Do not stay up late—get your sleep. Guards are on duty all night.

7. Do not smoke strong pipes and cigars in close places where women and children are.

8. Keep your politics and preaching to yourself. Let the preacher do the preaching.

9. In case of a runaway of teams to wagons, get down and try to ride it out. If you jump, you are liable to get killed, or hurt badly. The horse men will pick the team up, maybe not too far off.

10. All people—young, married or not, stay inside the circle of wagons in Indian country, or you are liable to lose your scalps.

11. The wagon master will try to pick spots so men and women and children can bathe, clean up, and wash clothes, when possible.

12. Be courteous and help others.

13. Do not be noisy, even with your musical instruments; only when it is safe.

14. When can, we will have recreation and dances.

15. Do your part by all means. Church services will be held when it is considered safe from Indians, and other hazardous conditions.

The above notes and excerpts are taken from the dairy of Mahala McDaniel, wife of Henry McDaniel. They were the great-great-grandparents of Homer C. Elliott of Crows Landing, California who copied this directly from the diary and sent it to me for sharing with your readers.—Mrs. Woodrow Wilburn, Route 3, Box 239-A, Texarkana, Texas 75501

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 36)

Witherup and friends have tackled about every theme of the Old West. There are several odes to cowboys; one to a meadowlark; others to women, coyotes, Indians, General Custer, William Cody, a pious cowboy, atheists, profaners, even poets and a host of others come in for glory or a raking over. There's both comedy and tragedy aplenty plus a schooner of horse sense philosophy that readers will enjoy.

OLD SANTA FE

The story of the long struggle to preserve Santa Fe's cultural heritage of historic and architecturally significant buildings is told in the preface to *Old Santa Fe Today* (University of New Mexico Press for The Historic Santa Fe Foundation, $4.95) by John Gaw Meem. This reviewer's last visit to Santa Fe (1971) confirms that the Foundation is winning—the Plaza looks about as it did when he first saw it nearly half a century ago. Great photos of some forty historic buildings with the pertinent facts about each make the book. There is a glossary and a double page historic tour map keyed to the buildings pictured in the book. Very good.

1 MINUTE'S WORTH!

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Wearing anklets of pig iron, human cargo is smuggled into the U.S. Eye-witness story

NEW GUINEA: Its Strange Tribe of Mudmen
These people might have been extinct generations ago had it not been for the swamp spirits

SPAIN: Edith Irving
What she was like and how she lived before Howard Hughes made her a courtroom word!

SOUTH SEAS: Somerset Maugham's Closest Call

AFRICA: Congo Cuisine
Cannibalism is a fact of life—you can take a missionary's word for it!

ASIA: Across Afghanistan on $22
A girl, alone, riding a motorcycle and packing a tent, sets out to explore the low cost of living Moslem-style . . .

CHINA: Hong Kong Interlude
In less than three minutes an alley gang can rob, strip a victim naked and vanish

EGYPT: Gold of the Pharaohs

WORLDWIDE: The Wanderlust That Never Lets Me Be
One of the most traveled women on earth, this beautiful girl tells you why

VIET NAM: Long Night for Civilians
You didn't read this story in the news

BURMA: Trail of the Tiger
The big cat is not a born man-eater—but he will die one if he ever gets a taste of human flesh!

HAITI: Exploring the Voodoo Nation
"Would you want your father to become a zombie? Would you want a Voodoo witch doctor to bring him out of his grave to be used for someone's slave?"

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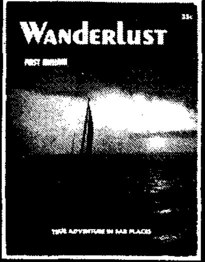

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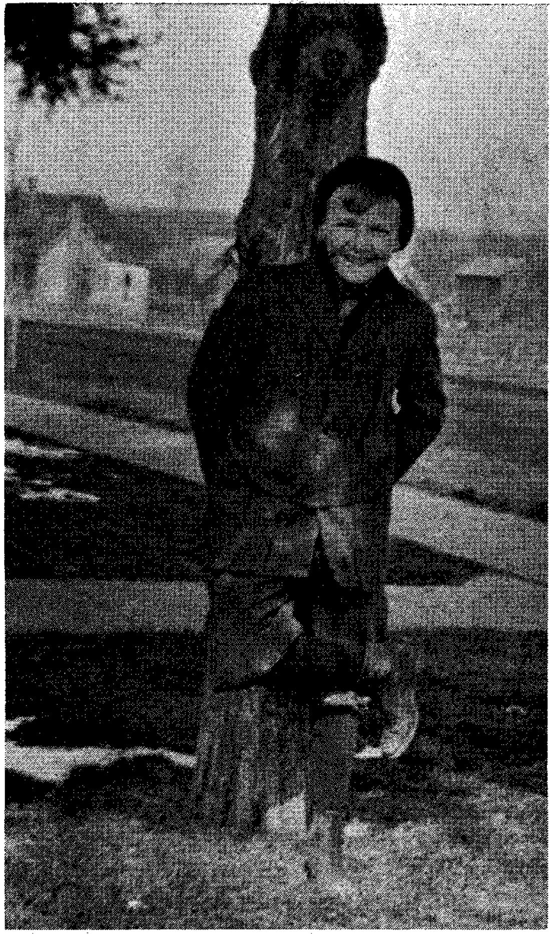


James Tourtelot posed for this photo when he was twelve.

Horse Traders And Gypsies

(Continued from page 25)

there was a metting of the traders in the feed lot and ther was a botle in the crowed and all the fellos seemd to be enjoying them selves. Even Bills oldest son was drinking.

He ofered me some and I said no with a little quiver in my voice which seemed to pleas him very much, He told me that I had to drink or he would cut my hair with the horse clippers and then make me dance to the tune of the catle whipe. The felloes were all laughing at me and as I was in a circle of them I saw no way to exceapt. I just stood still and trimble like a willow tree dose ona brezy night which seemed to amuse the half drinking traders . . . .

Bill was gone for the catle whipe and the horse clippers which he broght to the crowd in a diferent way than they expeceted. He gave his boy a cut with the whipe and sent him to the wagon and told the rest of the fellos to beat it, But I noticed that he kepet a hand on the fello that had broght the botle. I started home but I sneaked back to see what was going to happen because I like excitment. Old Bill started to fight with the fello but he saw he could do it an easyer way. He picked up the whipe and started whiping him like he would a horse the man screeced at first but when Bill was done he was just wimpering like some little weak minded kid.

James and his horse, Molly.

NEXT came the boy he whiped him hard but nothing like compared with the one he had just given the man. then he let the boy up and told him if he didn't cut the rugh stuff that he would beat him to death but the kid only sneared and walked off tored the gate of the feed lot.

Bill then went to the wagon and I started to follo the kid. I saw that he was headed tored the Livelery Barn and so I made a run for it and came in the back door. I beat him there by three or four minutes but it seemed hours to me when he arrived I was sitting next to docke and as I was dockes fevort [favorite] I was not at least scared of him or eny other man that was in the barn or was going to come in.

Even old Bill was careful what he said where docke was althouh docke and him had never come to bloughs or hot words for Docke never mixed in unless they conserend him. And I always new he was conserend about me for he would do enything I aske.

The kid came in and set down on a box which had just been vakated by one of our loafers who had just made up his mind to go up the street to see if the store was open so he could get a chew. There was a long Slince [silence] which was broken by the whisle of a train. docke put his hand on my shoulder and stod up so I stod up to.

I have to go look at Sids mare he said. he kept ahole of me and when we got out side he spoke very searsly and said Jimmie you go home and stay there until tumorow and so I did.

Nuggets

(Continued from page 60)

Most of these structures contain only rotting shelves or counters, sometimes pieces identifiable as table legs or chair backs or the rusting skeleton of an ornate coal stove. Most buildings in Silver Plume are unsafe to enter, for the floorboards are thin and rotten, undermined by age and rodents.

Not that anyone would want to wander around inside amid the decades of dust and mold. True "ghost towns" are "true story book." Everyone has a mental picture of houses and hotels left full of furniture, dishes, even clothing as people made their exodus. Actually, treasures are limited to old magazines and papers, empty cans and bottles, rags, old shoes—things you and I wouldn't take if we were moving and would never want if we were staying right where we are.

THE day I first saw Silver Plume and also, I believe, saw beyond the veil of time into a moment of her past, was an ordinary sunny summer afternoon. Relatives from Golden had taken us on sort of a grand tour including Lookout Mountain, Echo Lake, Idaho Springs, Georgetown, and the Loop. Silver Plume seemed almost an anti-climax—so little, so tumble-down. Clear Creek was cascading over its rocky bed as we crossed the ancient wooden bridge from the highway into town. The ornate doors of the tiny church and the pine-clad mountains seemed to be the onlv beautiful things in sight.

Of course we stopped the car a few times and got out to poke around, peeked into a collapsing house, took pictures in front of the crude jail, caught a glimpse of the outmoded fire equipment in its unlocked garage, and walked the length of Main Street and back. One door stood gaping, and I, more curious than the others, determined to step inside this one old store. Trooping off to the car, they left me standing alone and irresolute there before that abandoned building.

"Alone" is very apt; there was no one else within sight on either side of the street. Off in the houses down the hill children were yelling at play, and a dog barked a few times. Clear Creek's splashing was audible, and the roar of cars rushing past on the highway echoed against the steep slopes of the surrounding mountains. Stained and faded by the years, the brown boards of the building's walls were vertical board and batten. Paint had long ago flaked away, and window glass lay in splinters on the sidewalk. Leaning slightly askew, the old false-front still wore its ornate Victorian cornices.

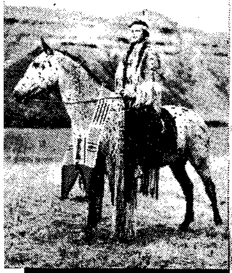
No premonition, no feeling of otherworldness entered my thoughts. My principal thought was that someone watching might object to my entering the place and perhaps spoil the day by taking me to task. I did want to see inside just one real ghost town store. "I'm going to look inside," I called gaily to the three departing backs, as I pushed open the door and stepped inside.

Expecting a shrouded semi-darkness, I was amazed at the brilliant golden light in the room. In that shell of a room—walls bare, floors bare—was a round dining table, quite large. It was spread for a meal, a banquet really. Little details are crystal clear to this day—the tablecloth was white and evidently square, for it hung to the floor in a point between two of the chairs. There was a lot of silver and glassware; I still see goblets and wine glasses clearly in my mind's eye. There is no memory of the sight of food or the smell of it, but there must have been food, for as I entered, several of the diners held forks aloft as if eating.

Yes, the table was surrounded by men—eight of them, perhaps—and they

(Continued on page 68)

WESTERN COLOR PRINTS!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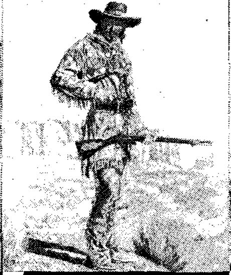
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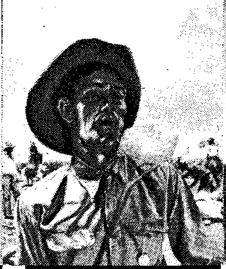
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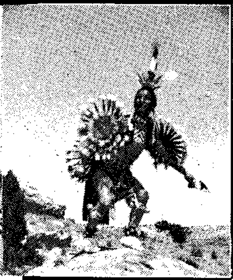
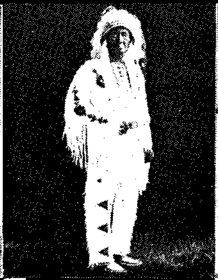
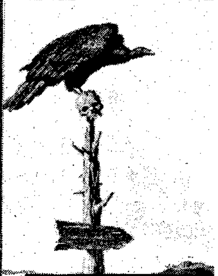

4 Ceremonial Dance


5 Tribal Costume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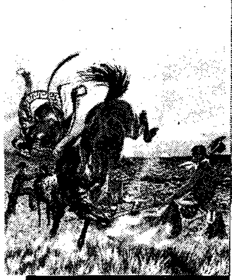
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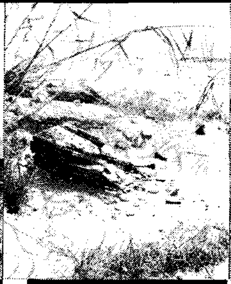
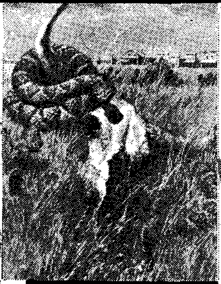
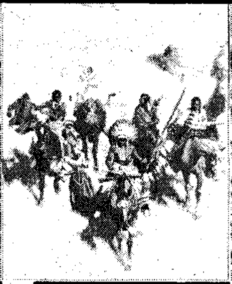
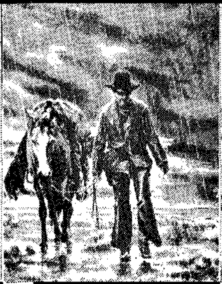
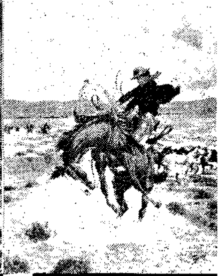
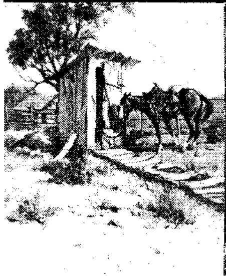

8 Gold On Padre Island

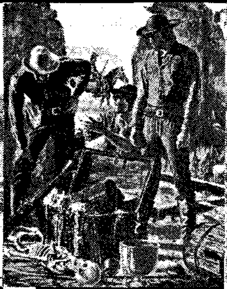

9 Stay Out Of My Territory!

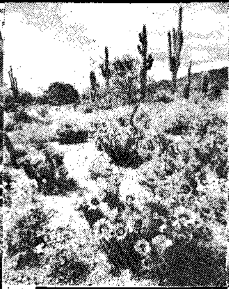

10 The Captive

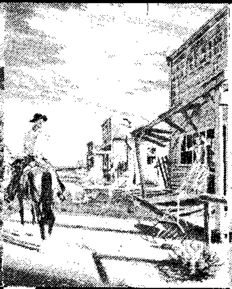

11 Lightning Got Him

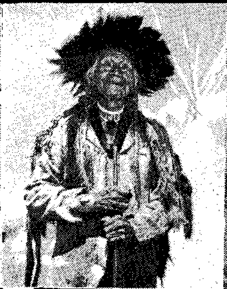

12 No Time To Lose

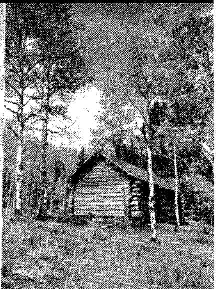

13 Cowboy Chores


14 Spanish Treasure


15 Spring's Drama In The Desert


16 Old Memories


17 Flathead Indian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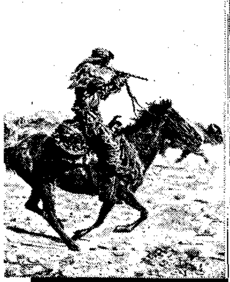
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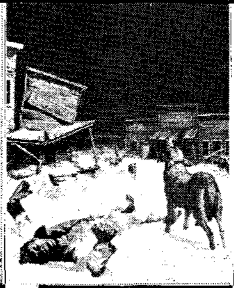
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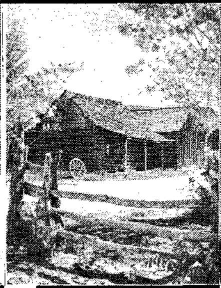
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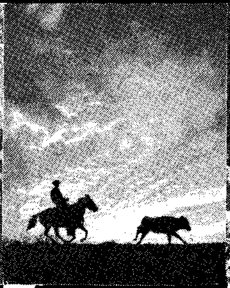
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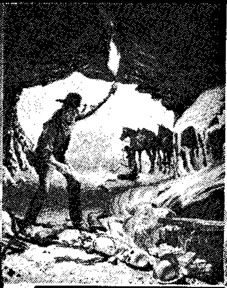
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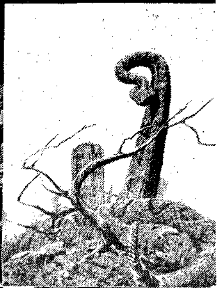
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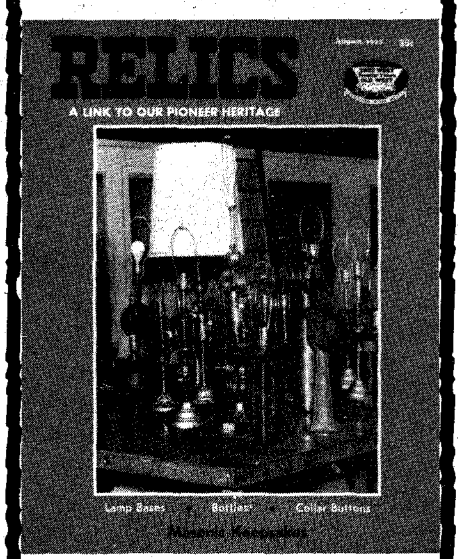

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Nuggets

(*Continued from page 66*)

all seemed to be dressed formally. At least they were all in black, and several had on cravats. There was none of the noise of an ordinary dinner party—the clink of silver against china, the conversation and laughter of men enjoying a meal together. It was as silent as the street outside, even more silent; as the old cliché says—silent as a tomb.

Having taken only a step or two inside, I stood there sort of entranced. Several of the diners sat with forks poised, but the man nearest the door and nearest me turned fully around, his eyes meeting mine, and stared me straight in the face. His complexion was very pink, and he had mutton chops and a bushy mustache. "How awful to have intruded," I thought.

"Excuse me," I offered in a half-whisper and turned and fled.

Everyone was waiting in the car as I returned, half running, half stumbling. "There were men in there," I panted. "Eating."

Talk about scoffing disbelief! "You were just seeing things," my husband laughed.

I suppose he was right. At first I believed they were real people at a real banquet, but the more I pondered it, I do believe I was "seeing things." Time got tangled for a moment, and a scene in Silver Plume's past repeated itself. One moment caught in a fold of history. If I'd gone back or the family had returned with me, would the diners still have been there?

Maybe someone reading this was banqueting one Sunday afternoon in the fifties in an old store building in Silver Plume. If you were, please let me know!

Saddle Mountain's Lost Mine

(*Continued from page 12*)

Salmon was already there. But when they went to lift Fosterson out of the wagon box he was dead. The next day he was buried on a rise across the creek from Fetterman's ranch.

THE COWMAN did not want Fosterson's burros, so Penol took them on to Salmon. His plan was to resupply himself and hasten back to Saddle Mountain to dig out the rocks and recover the sacks of gold.

Three nights later Penol was having a bottle of beer in a saloon when two men got into an argument at the lower end of the bar. Both went for their guns and shot wildly, and both were dead when the gunplay ended. Unfortunately, one of the stray bullets struck Penol, passing through his right lung. Though taken to a doctor by witnesses to the fight, there didn't seem much hope of his survival. Apparently the sawbones didn't think so either. After being hastily bandaged Penol was carried to a small rooming house, a mere shack.

But the next afternoon when the doctor came around, he was still alive. At the end of five days he even began to mend, but was extremely weak from loss of blood and internal damage. A month later he could stir around some. Within two weeks more Penol risked returning to his camp.

Meanwhile, when able to walk around town, he learned where an abandoned cabin stood near the Salmon River. As soon as he could, he moved there, knowing that it would be months before he could do any prospecting again.

Penol remained at Salmon all winter long and until late spring. Though snow and ice melted off the lower country it still covered mountain passes. All streams were flooded.

When Penol felt up to wandering north, he stopped at the Fetterman ranch for five days. The cowman had left with his family before winter storms could snow them in. Only three cowboys had remained behind to feed the livestock and take care of the place. They told him that it would be impossible to get through Lost Trail Pass before late June. Snow usually packed twenty to thirty feet deep in there.

Penol knew from experience that tree shade would keep the snowbanks from melting much until summer, but the sun shining on the east side of Saddle Mountain would thin the snow much sooner. So he went on north, not encountering any bad drifts until well above North Fork River.

During the early morning hours the burros could walk over frozen snowbanks but in the afternoons there were times when Penol had to break trail riding Fosterson's jenny. Finally he gained Lost Trail Pass, only to find it a mass of deep snow. There was no possibility of turning west through the defiles to get onto Saddle Mountain.

He had little choice except to move on into the Bitterroot River Valley. Creeks entering it from the west had been high with runoff waters but were dwindling fast.

Turning up Warm Spring Creek which he had prospected the previous year, Penol camped on some flats where the stream widened out between its walls. Grass was already popping up green behind the receding snow. The nights were still exceedingly cold but he could pan gravel and sand in the flood areas a few hours each day. On the trip before he had panned considerable colors, but this time he found no colors at all. After the fifth day he would have liked to move on but the following morning decided to rest longer in camp. The wounded right lung had cut down his strength.

Around noon he could stand inaction no longer so he took a gold pan farther downstream than before. The first pan revealed gold nuggets the shape and size of peas. Contemplating them with a bit of awe, for they had been found so unexpectedly, Penol tried another washing. This time he recovered nothing but the third and fourth pannings produced twelve nuggets, one as large as the end of his thumb.

After three hours of work Penol tired and had to quit, but he had a coat pocket bulging with coarse gold to show for his efforts. In camp he examined the specimens with a small magnifying glass. The nuggets had not come far downstream for some of the rough edges were not yet rounded.

On his next try at panning Penol took a baking powder can along and half filled it by another three hours' work. The farther toward the river he progressed the smoother worn were the nuggets. Then a mile from camp he ran out of gold. Not even a color showed up. For three solid weeks Penol worked upstream, obtaining about the same amount of nuggets as he'd panned below.

FULL SUMMER had come to the Shining Mountains by then. The streams were running in regular channels. Though the peaks were still white-capped there were no snowbanks left in the thick forests.

Penol had an estimated fifty pounds (avoirdupois) of nuggets. For him this meant considerable money although it would bring only $15 per troy ounce. Digging out Fosterson's blasted mine could wait a little longer.

Going farther up the creek and moving camp twice brought only a few colors and some days not even one. They were so fine that tweezers had to be used to pick them out. Quitting Warm Spring Creek near its source, where it ran shallow below the spring from which its name came, Penol negotiated canyons and streams. He found his old camp without any difficulty at all, reaching it late one afternoon.

That night about ten o'clock the burros grazing nearby erupted suddenly into noisy running. One squalled in its death throes. Grabbing his carbine rifle Penol rushed to its rescue. A mountain lion had killed one of his burros. Penol pumped two bullets into the big cat before it could spring in any direction.

The next day Penol came onto a timbered bench that he believed was where Fosterson had been pulled from under the rocks, even though the cliff wall disclosed no cave entrance. In succeeding days he explored all along the mountain at that level.

In sheer desperation Penol climbed higher, finally all the way to the crest. From there he reconnoitered. Fosterson had known someone was nearby when he saw Penol's campfire reflected in the tree tops.

Many nights Penol sat by his fire, pondering the fact that he could not find the shallow cave. It just didn't seem possible that he could have missed it. Perhaps he was too high on the mountain.

Dropping down near his old camp but away from the stinking carcasses of burro and cougar, Penol took a bearing. It was no use. After two weeks of seaching he abandoned the attempt entirely, moved off Saddle Mountain, and returned to Warm Spring Creek.

Two prospectors were roosting where he had camped before. According to them they had raised nothing but colors. Believing that true, Penol went on downstream to within three miles of the creek mouth. He soon found very small nuggets, all worn as smooth as glass. But they were not in profusion and were nowhere near as large as those taken in the spring.

Some days he hit it lucky by panning out in the stream, recovering gold worth as much as a hundred dollars. Yet there were periods when he found no nuggets at all, only a few colors.

The two prospectors came downstream on their way out, very unhappy over having spent a summer with nothing to show for their work. When asked if he found anything, Penol merely showed them a small medicine vial with the bottom hardly more than covered.

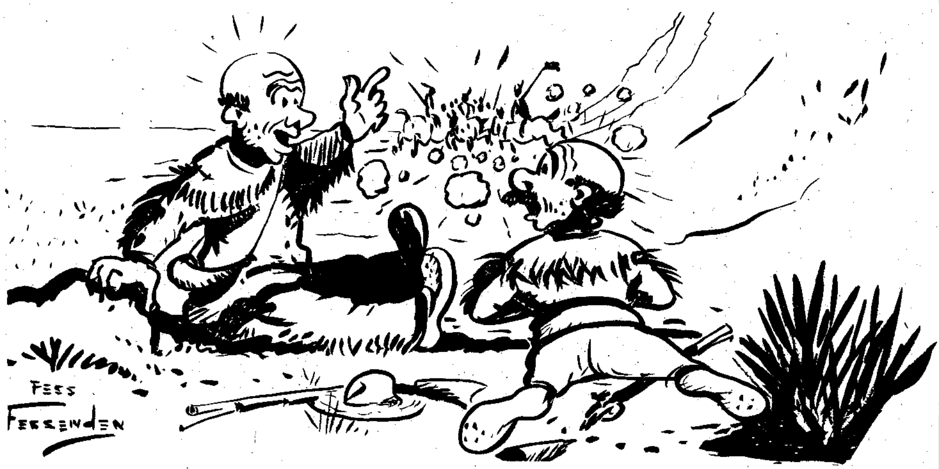
"Not even enough to buy beans and bacon!" one laughed contemptuously. The prospectors went on, saying they intended trying farther north on tributaries of the Bitterroot.

In October, with storm clouds moving across the mountains, Penol made his way to the south. While resting over two days at Fetterman's ranch he told the cowman the story of Fosterson's cave in which were stored five sacks of gold.

On reaching Salmon, Penol cashed out his gold and wandered on into southern Idaho. Several years later he bought a farm near Rexburg and settled down.

Fetterman told a number of prospectors about Fosterson's cave. Many of them hunted but never found it. Two years after Penol's final visit Fetterman sold his ranch and established another on Marsh Creek near Downey, Idaho. He kept telling prospectors about the cave. In 1908 two prospectors told of finding four caves in the immediate area but none of them showed any evidence that they had been mined.

"Lucky for us we wore our wigs, Leon. Them Indians thinks they just scalped us!"



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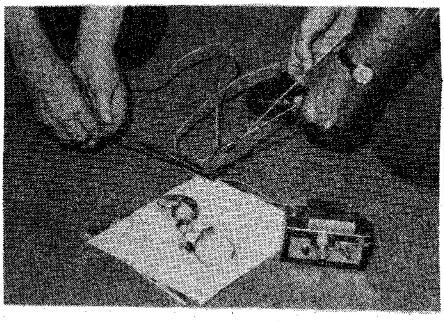

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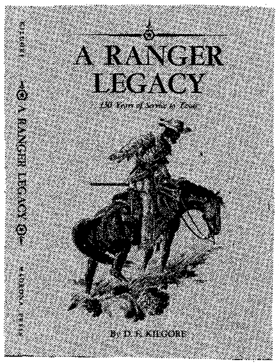

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SHOP BY MAIL! For Gift items. Free Catalog. Velrose Mail Order Selections, 13455 S. W. 6th St., Beaverton, Ore. 97005.

COUNTRY RECORDS AND TAPE CARTRIDGES. Jimmy Rodgers, Carter Family, Bob Wills, Hank Williams, Bill Monroe, Curly Fox. Polkas. Fiddle Tunes, etc. Free circular. Uncle Jim O'Neal. Box A348, Arcadia, Calif. 91006.

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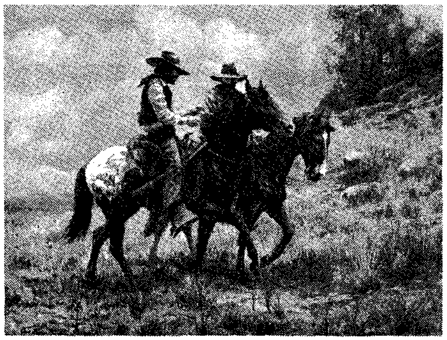

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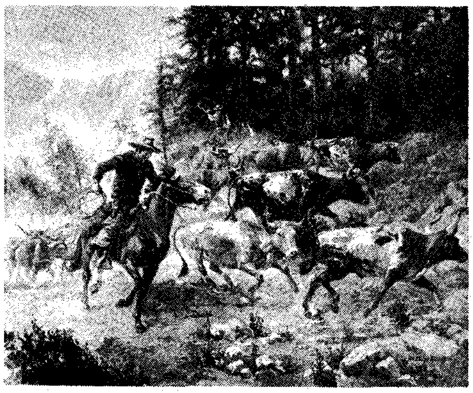

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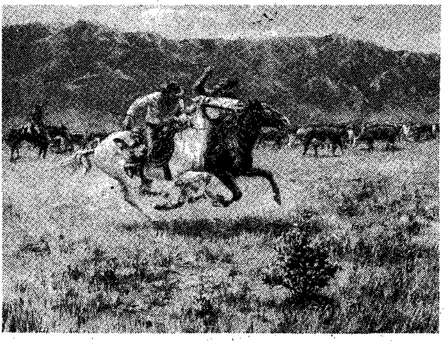

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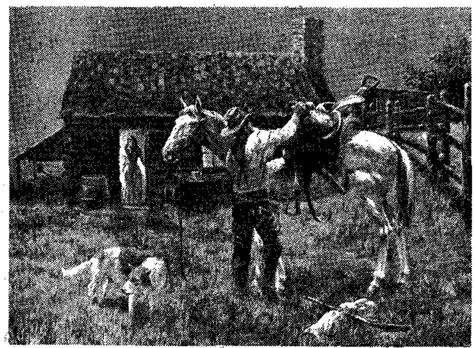


Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 31)

living at Bryant, Oklahoma. In 1911 my uncle James L. Daniel visited there. Ruebin later returned to Idaho.

Nancy, the wife of A. J. Hedrick, had sons R. J., J. M., and J. J., all born in Kentucky. I will appreciate hearing from the descendants of the above or anyone who knew them.—Charles H. Daniel, 4902 East Second Street, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74112

Bean

I desire information on the descendants and forefathers of James Bean, who was born in Virginia about 1800. He lived in Ohio and Missouri before reaching California by 1848 or earlier. Known children were: James, Stephen, David, Mary/Margaret, Amos, Charles, and Meredith. There were probably others.

My grandfather, Amos Bean, and his brother David were sheep ranchers in Jones and Haskell Counties, Texas in the 1880s and 1890s.

According to family tradition James Bean came to Texas in 1880, lived to be 103 years old, died near Stamford, and was buried on the farm where he lived in an unmarked grave. Does anyone have proof of this? I would like to hear from anyone who has information on this family.—Mrs. Ray Caruth, 5342 Longvies, Dallas, Texas 75206

Hall-Grimes

I have an old Bible and it lists John Hall, born July 25, 1767 (in New Hampshire); and his wife Elizabeth, born January 4, 1774. The children listed are: Richard, born August 4, 1792; Jesse, born July 24, 1794; Mary W., born July 25, 1796; Abigail, born March, 1798; Elizabeth, born October 1, 1799; John Jr., born February 4, 1802, died October 22, 1838, and married May 10, 1825 to Sally L. Grimes (my direct line); Stephen, born August 29, 1804; Elmira, born April 25, 1805; Benjamin, born January 30, 1807; Abigail, born January 10, 1809; Kimbal W., born July 6, 1811; and Isaac, born April 29, 1813. The other grandparents are Nathan Grimes, born December 16, 1772, died March 1, 1856, and married November 30, 1797 in Rindge, New Hampshire to Hephizibah Lovejoy, who was born November 24, 1774 in Rindge, New Hampshire and died March 22, 1813 in Orford, New Hampshire.

Their children were: Alvan, born July 23, 1798; Sally L., born November 18, 1800, died January 17, 1873, and married to John Hall; Maria, born December 13, 1802, and died January 17, 1803; S. Harriet, born June 12, 1805; Rebekah, born March 17, 1807; Mary, born May 31, 1809; and Nathan, born November 10, 1811.

I would like to find their parents or even any of the kinfolk of any of these two families.—Alice (Zion) Moore, 140 Beverly Avenue, Red Bluff, California 96080

Knutson

Would like information on my grandfather, Oscar Knutson, who worked for the Canadian Pacific Railroad between St. Louis, Missouri and Winnipeg, Canada, from 1880 to around 1938. His last known address was 1023 Allen Street, St. Louis, Missouri. He lived there with my uncle, Roy Knutson, who was also a conductor for the C. P. R. R.

New Hampton, Iowa was a division point and my mother graduated from the New Hampton, Iowa High School and worked on a farm as a housekeeper and in the telephone office. Her name was Mayme Knutson Russell, and she was born July 13, 1900 in St. Louis, Missouri. My brother Frances Russell was born November 2, 1919 in St. Louis, Missouri. I was born to Mayme Knutson Russell and Harvey Weight, from Des Moines, Iowa in August 26, 1924 in New Hampton.—Robert Paul Russell, c/o Donald Edwards, 1915 K Street, Ord, Nebraska 68862

Beam

I would like information on the Beam family. My great-grandfather was Isaac Beam. My grandfather was Rufus Beam and my father is Scott Beam. My great-grandfather came to Texas from Tennesse, I think.

My grandfather had two brothers that I know of, Glen and Matt, both dead. Matt's wife, Emma is still living in Mason County. My father Scott has five brothers, four still living, and three sisters, one still living. Their names: Manuel Pershing, Robert, Hays, M. and Scott. The girls were Lettie, Jetty, Hannie. Any information will be appreciated.—Nellie Beam Davis, Box 1164, Brady, Texas 76825

Gray

I am hoping you can help me find a brother of my father. My father was William Huey Gray, born December 22, 1861 in Strayhorn (Tate County), Mississippi. His brother, George W. Gray, was born in 1865 or 1866 in Strayhorn and went to Oklahoma Territory where he died. So far as was known to the Gray family, George never married. It is my opinion—and mine only—that he married an Indian girl.

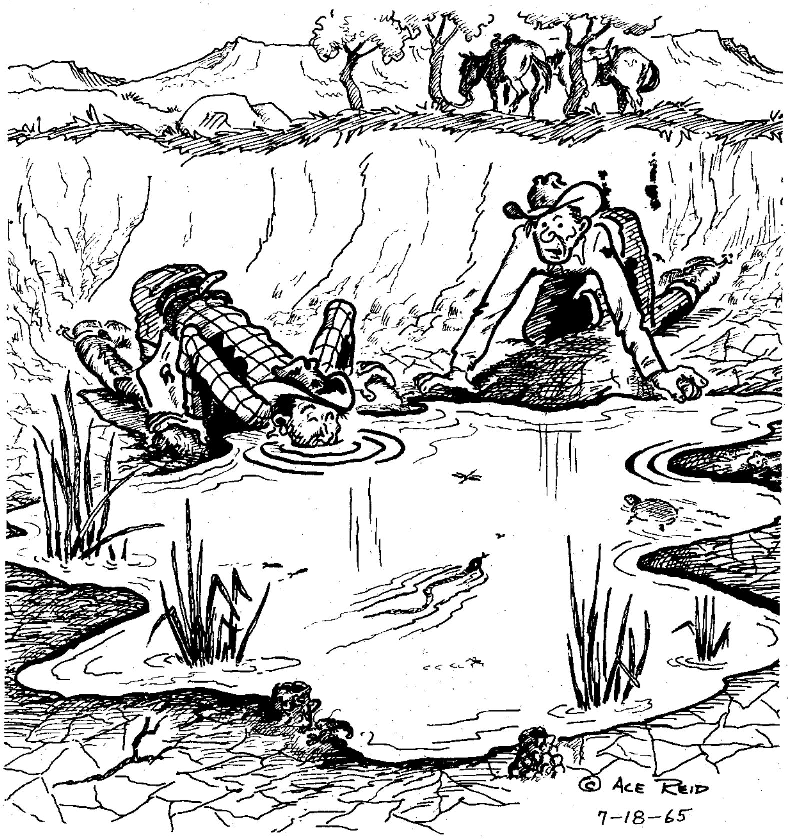
My paternal grandmother, Martha Malinda Smith, was born in Talladega County Alabama May 17, 1843. Her father was a Choctaw Indian chief. My grandmother had an Indian name and if my memory is clear, it was "Moonflower."

I would appreciate suggestions on who to contact about where George W. Gray died, where he is buried, name of county and date of death.—Mrs. C. A. (Gray) Wilkinson, Sr., Box 416, Troup, Texas 75789

Jackson

I would appreciate any information on Frank Jackson or his descendants. Frank Jackson was a member of the Sam Bass gang and was in Sam Bass's last gunfight in Round Rock, Texas. Rumor has it that he left for New Mexico soon after that.

Any person who is, or believes he may be, a descendant of Frank Jackson is invited to write to me.—Felton A. Smith, 2214 Ward, Midland, Texas 79701



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"Jake, it ain't the germs I'm worried about, it's them things I can see!"

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Christmas Cards of the West

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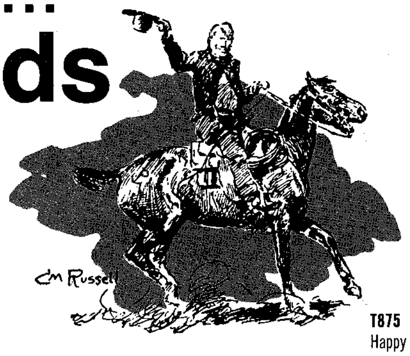
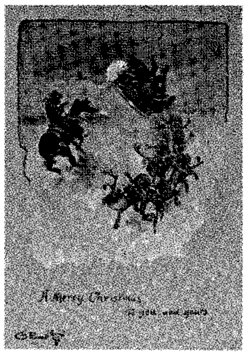
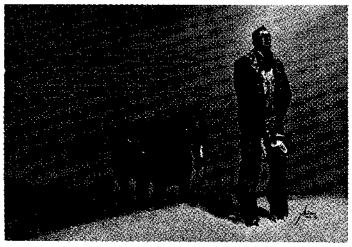
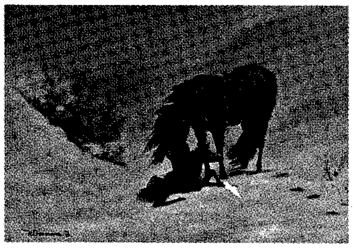



A Merry Christmas to you and yours

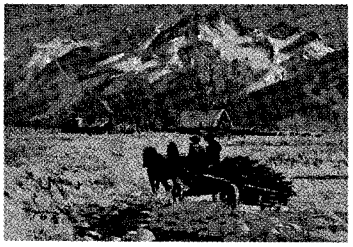
T875 "A Merry Christmas To You and Yours" — Happy Holidays and Best Wishes, etc. — **C. M. Russell**



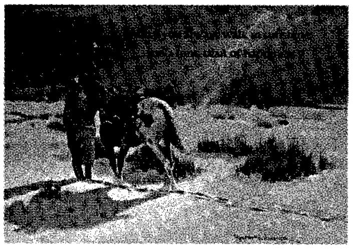
T732 A Cowboy's Christmas Prayer — May the Peace and Good Will of Christmas, etc. — **Snidow**



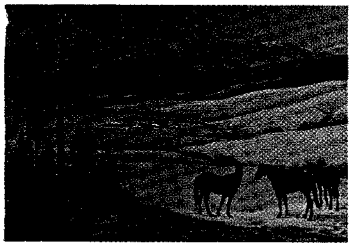
T835 Christmas Foal — With Best Wishes for Christmas and the New Year — **Goodwine**



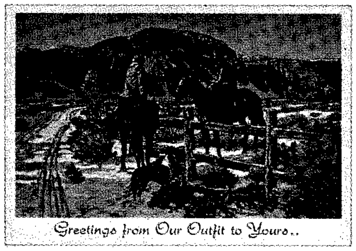
T856 Tree Cutting Time — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Meyers**



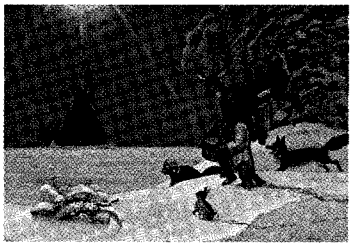
T811 Walk In Sunshine — May the Great Spirit of Christmas bless you, etc. — **Wagoner**



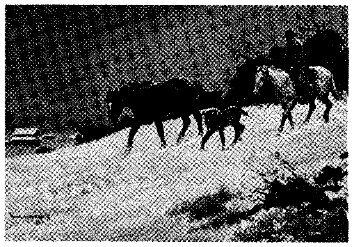
T715 Peace in the Valley — May the Spirit of Christmas abide with you, etc. — **Thomas**


Greetings from Our Outfit to Yours..

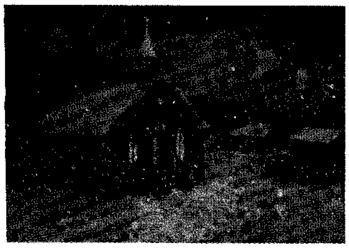
T718 Greetings from Our Outfit to Yours — With Best Wishes at Christmas, etc. — **Salisbury**



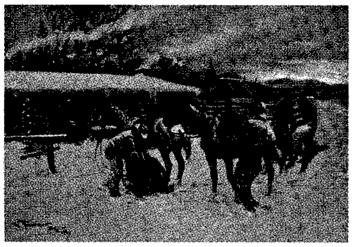
T825 The Little Indian Drummer Boy — May Christmas bring the music of laughter, etc. — **EchoHawk**



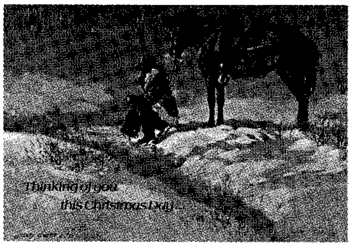
T766 "Never too cold for kindness" — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Moyers**



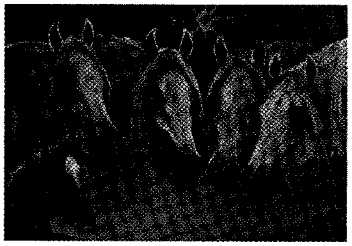
T680 Christmas Eve in the Old West — Wishing you Blessed Christmas and New Year — **Stahley**



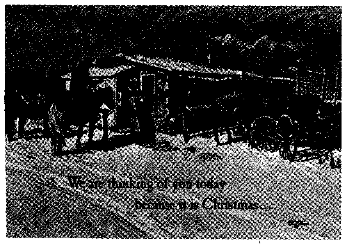
T657 Ridin' In to a Warm Welcome — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Hampton**



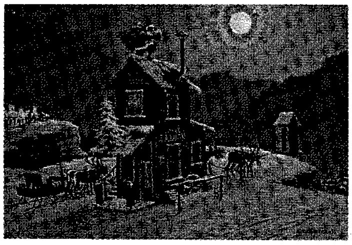
T833 "Thinking of you this Christmas Day..." — With Best Wishes for the Holidays, etc. — **Carter**



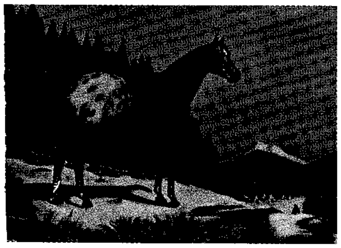
T950 Adoration at the Manger — May you have the Gladness of Christmas, etc. — **Touraine**


We are thinking of you today
because it is Christmas.

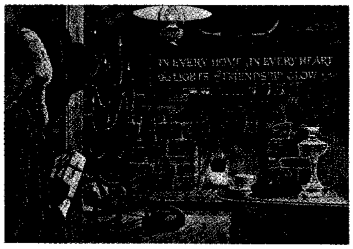
722 The Spirit of Christmas — We are thinking of ou today because it is Christmas, etc. — **Lougheed**



T817 The Night Before Christmas — Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Mitchell**



55 Appaloosa Chief — Merry Christmas and ppy New Year — **Marble**



T814 The Lights of Friendship Glow — Merry Christmas! — **Nicles**

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WITHOUT NAME	$2.75	$3.75	[illegible]	[illegible]	$14.00	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
WITH NAME	4.25	6.50	[illegible]	11.75	16.50	[illegible]	25.00	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
NAME AND BRAND	6.00	8.25	10.90	13.50	18.25	22.50	26.75	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
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	T715	T811	T833	T875
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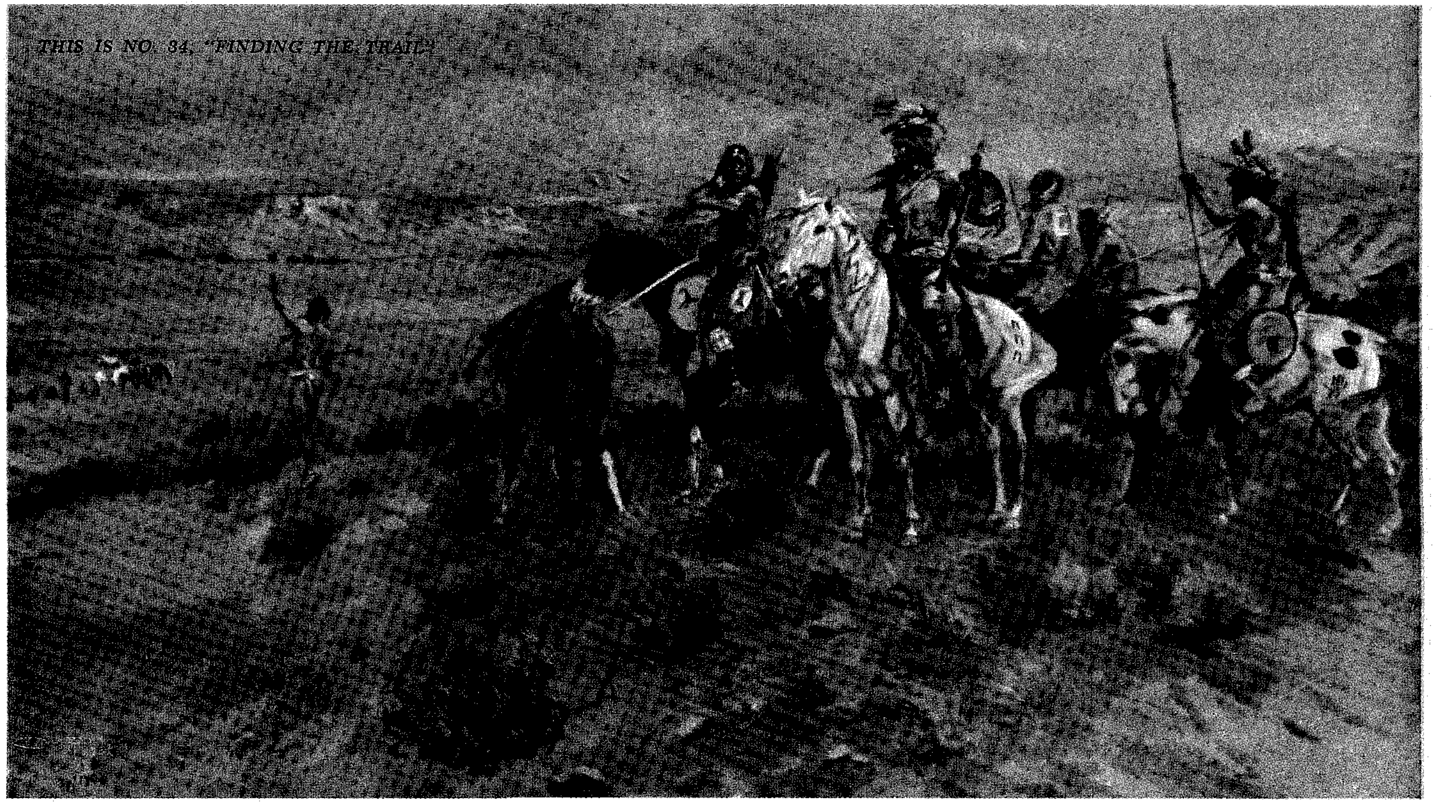

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(PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH)

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 16x11½
15—At Close Quarters 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—Buffalo on the Move, 16x11½
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—In Without Knocking, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Innocent Allies, 14x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Meat's Not Meat Till It's in the Pan, 13½x9½
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x9½
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 16x11½
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
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97—Western Warriors
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99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
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107—Our Warriors Return, 16x11½
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